32 42-18

At about ten thirty in the morning — Saturday June 19th

J. C. Powell and Janette Stand and Bendy Stand arrived. They were busy all day, getting the main room livable and the rest of Camp as neat as possible. The weather was not much to boast about, just cloudy and grey. Sadie and Horace were here to greet them and cook for them.

An uneventful day: J.C.P. and J.S. and — Sunday June 20th

and Bendy worked most of the day while the weather did its best to stop them with occaisional showers.

More work , stock taking and tidying in — Monday June 21st

the morning. In the afternoon the Skipper came bringing with him two more "cookies". Late in the afternoon, just before supper, J.G. Wiggins and B. Preston Schoyer arrived.

When J.G.W. arrived last night he found — Tuesday June 22nd

a new and very beautiful cabin at the end of Bachelor's Row with a sign beside the door saying "Wigwam". In the morning R.R. came out from Gardiner and returned later With the Skipper. Just before supper Francis P. Jackson and James R. Walker II arrived.

We had some sun today to cheer us up. Work — Wednesday June 23rd

in the morning and more work in the afternoon.

J.C.P., Benoy and J.S. went over to Waterville in the afternoon to shop, and on their way back they picked up Rosalind Wiggins and Jane Hamlin at the Oakland station. There was fishing after supper and J.G.W. caught one nice bass. News Item: F.G.J. and B.P.S. didn't catch any.

Thursday June 24th Wind NW Sunny and hot.

This morning all the rangelys were launched and the "eggs" put out by the gents. Meanwhile the ladies looked over the laundry and accounted stock.

The afternoon was very sleepy, naps and snoozes all afternoon. There were a few energetic people such as J.H. who cleaned out the "nunnery and J.G.W. who went out and caught another bass. In the late afternoon George H. Johnson came in time for a swim before supper. Just as we were finishing desert Ted Pitman Jr. and George H. Hackett blew in after their trip up from Boston. After supper B.P.S. read aloud to us "The Sire de Maletroit's Door", and so to bed.

Friday June 25th Wind West Temp. 72.

A heavenly warm and sunny day. The morning was spent in mending the "golden stairs," placing moorings etc. There was a trip to Gardiner to see R.R. and H.R. who turned up here about an hour after the expedition left. The trip wasn't completely in vain though and a few things were accomplished. Last night the Camp Merryweather tru truck arrived; this is a very new and very much to be desired institution and will be a great help on trips and picnics.

Much to our joy Leigh C. Fairbank, Jr came this afternoon; he is going to be our secretary this summer and we wish him luck! After supper J.G.W. read aloud "The Bride's Cup", a delightful story.

Saturday
June 26th
Wind, NW
Bar. 29.7
Temp. 72

Early this morning T.B.P. went over to Oakland Station to collect our third Prefect John J.G. Walker Jr. and the first Camp boy, Mac Walker We fed them breakfast and then they started off like old hands to settle themselves and help settle Camp. After lunch J.G.W. and L.C.F. went over to Waterville to collect Benjamin L. Huntington the Camp Doctor, and we hope he won't have too much work to do! Meanwhile those who were left at home took the Ouananiche for a little spin around Oak Island. They didn't seem to "spin" very fast, but that may have had something to do with their carrying half the lake around with them. Just as we finished our soup Joseph C. Bradley and Eric Cutler blew in. They brought with them, Albert S Lincoln Jr our fifth and last Prefect, so that our Faculty is nearly complete; T.L. will come up on Monday with the Boys.

Sunday
June 27th
Wind SW
Temp. 84

The day started off cold and grey, but gradually cleared toward noon. A mild morning, with a delightful visit from H.R. and R.R. at about eleven o'clock, the only trouble was that didn't stay long enough.

In the afternoon people worked on the canoe rack and patching the Ouanie. After a picnic supper in the Big Room, B...S. read aloud to us from Kipling, unfortunately Some of us seemed to snooze , and therefore didn't hear very well.

Breakfast was brilliant this morning, or at least made so by J.W.'s remark;" Oh see the duck with its chicklings out there on the pond." L.C.F. left right afterwards for Oakland to collect some of our Campers . They arrived at about three thirty in the truck and more arrived later in the afternoon. As soon as they came they tried out the virtues of the pond, and the Swimming Test; These are the ones who passed:

Monday
June 28th
Wind SWS

Arnold	Moller
Chisholm	Peabody, F.
Crane	Searle
Danforth	Sears
Emmet	Turner
Everett	Van Ingen, H.
Everett	Van Ingen, L.
Garfield	Walker
Garland, C	Wallace, H.
Garland, J.	Williams
Garland, P.	Wrenn
Goodhue	Wright
Loring	Zahner, R.

After supper, at quarter of eight there was a rousing game of "Going To Jerusalem" from which Garland, P. emerged victorious. T.L. played the piano for us and kept us going as fast as possible all evening. When the Half Past Eighters had retired the Half Past Niners had an evening of "Go as you please"

We here present the signatures of this years Ship's Company with pride and joy.

L. B. Van Ingen Jr.
Francis D. Everett Jr.
Richard Emmet Jr.
Claude K. Williams.
Lawrence Everett
Herbert Pratt VanIngen
John Robinson Garfield
Fred. D. Wright
Quigsby Chandler Peabody
Robert Sargent Bacon
Bramwell B Arnold
James M Turner
Peter Parlund
Christopher Garland
William C Chisholm
Stanley H. Hillyer
Murray S. Danforth, Jr.
Henry M. Rees

John T. Goodhue
David Lyons
Arthur Snyder
Robert D. Wrenn
William E. Loring Jr.
Philip M Sears Jr.
Richard Zechner
Hugh Wallace
Richard A. Searle
Joseph E. Garland
Francis W. Peabody 3rd
James Jackson
Kenneth Moller Jr.
Tom Ingersoll
Richard Stevens Condon
Edward M. Crane Jr.
Michille W. F. Wallace

Squads were called at nine this morning and though some of us didn't know quite what was up things seemed to get done fairly quickly and efficiently. In the afternoon there was a trip in the Ouananiche with the following members as crew;

Tuesday
June 29th
Wind, N.E.
Bar. 29.43
Temp. 78 F

G.J.

Bacon	Chisholm
Searle	Everett
Peabody	Hillyer
Wrenn	Rees

As far as we can make out the expedition went down the Pond to al little below Stony Point sticking close to the East shore, and came back outside of Pickerel Rock.

There were also ballgames in the afternoon. The "Bugs", Captained by D. Lynes came out on top, but not without a struggle. His team was as follows;

Walker, catcher	Peabody, shrt stp
Lynes, pitcher	Turner, rght fld.
Loring, 1st	Danforth, lft. fld.
Condon, 2nd	Everett,E. cnt. fld.
Garfield, 3rd	

Larry Van Ingen's line upwas;

Van Ingen, L. pitcher
Snyder catcher
Goodhue 3rd
Van Ingen, H. 2nd
Emmet 1st
Wright shrt stp.
Ingersoll rght fld.
Sears lft fld.
Wallace, Cent fld.

The final score between these mighty teams the "Bugs" and the "Balls" was seven to four in favor of the "Bugs".

The other Ball Battle, between the "Saltatrices" captained by B.P.S. andthe "Vexillarii" was a fierce and bloody battle with the "Saltatrices" coming out on top with a score of nine to five

Saltatrices vs Vexillarii

At 5 19

Umpire 3 4 Time of Game 6 7 Attendance

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
B.P.S.	3													3	2	1				
A.L.L.	6													3	1	0				
E.C.C.	2													4	1	2				
J.B.	1													4	0	1				
Garland, P.	4													3	3	2				
Garland, J.	5													4	0	0				
Crane	8													4	1	0				
Miller	9													2	0	0				
Zahner	7													3	2	0				
TOTALS																				

Vexillarii vs Saltatrices

At 5 19

Umpire 2 3 4 Time of Game 6 7 Attendance

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
J.R.W.	8													4	1	2				
V.G.J.	6													3	1	1				
G.H.H.	1													3	0	1				
J.B.P.	4													4	0	0				
L.C.F.	2													4	2	1				
Garland, C.	5													3	0	0				
Wallace, H.	3													4	0	2				
[illegible]	9													4	0	0				
Williams	7													2	1	0				
TOTALS																				

In the evening after supper there was a game of "Observation" for the improvement of our brains. The Brainiest among us was shy and didn't put his name on his paper, but his score was 29 in case he is interested. The nine following with the unknown person make upt the ten most observent people in Camp, supposedly.

NAME	PLACE	SCORE
Williams,	2nd,	28
Moller,	3rd	27
B.L.H.	4th	26
Zahner.	5th	25
Wallace		25
Garland J	7th	24
Millyer	7th	24
Snyder	9th	22
Goodhue	9th	22
Van Ingen, L.	9th	22
Garland, P	9th	22
Emmet	9th	22

At about quarter of nine T.L. read us a delightful short story, and then we retired for the night.

Wednesday, June 30th
Wind, SSW
Warm, clear.

Squads in the morning as usual. There was a trip to Gardiner for some books and also the Camp Camera. Int the afternoon there was an expedition to Meadow Brook in the Ouananie, the Carrabasset and the Abagadasset. Those who went were;

OUANANICHE		CARRABASSET	ABAGADASSET
J.B.		E.C.	G.H.J.
Danforth	L.C.F.	Everett, F.	Snyder
B.L.H.	Condon	Arnold	Emmet
Goodhue	Garfield	Garland, C.	Garland, P.
Loring	Moller		
Garland, J	Wallace, H.		

There were also people who fished, and we hear that they were quite successful on the whole. They and their respective boats were as follows:

Green Boat	Identical	Pantaseate	Yammerschooner
Zahner, R.	Wright	Peabody, G.	Van Ingen, H.
Hillyer	Peabody, F.	Williams	Searle
Turner	J.G.W.	T.L.	B.P.S.

Green Boat
Wallace, M.
Sears
J.R.W.

We were told that the first Green Boat (Zahner, R. etc.) caught ten fish; the second Green Boat, five; the I dentical five and the other two we do not know about.

Those who were not fishing or canoeing were playing the first game of Skowhegan of the season, which, even though it was not perfection in the art of scouting, it was interesting to watch. The two fighting tribes were the Rappahanocs vs. the Arapphoes. The line up of the braves was as follows:

RAPPAHANOCS	ARAPPHOES
A.L.L.	J.Y.G.W.
G.H.H.	Chisholm
Van Ingen, L	Crane
Bacon	Walker
Lynes	Rees
Ingersoll	Everett
Jackson	Wrenn

The final score was in favor of the Arapphoes since they won two out of three games.

In the evening at supper the Charade sides were annuonced and the list was posted on the door. The Charade sides met at the appointed places and the propre times, to plan their performens for the evening, and at seven thirty the horn blew and we all went into the big room to watch the first Charades of the season.

CHARADE SIDES

T.L. Capt	B.P.S. Capt.	J.B. Capt.	B.J.H. Capt.
J.S.	J.C.P.	R.W.	J.H.
E.C.C.	G.J.	L.F.	F.G.J.
A.L.	G.H.H.	Everett, F.	J.Y.G.W. Jr.
Hillyer	Van Ingen, L.	Danforth	Garfield
Meller	Zahner	Snyder	Emmett
Garland, C.	Garland, P.	Searle	Toland
Bacon	Arnold	Garland J.	Chishlom
Ingersoll	Everett, L.	Lynes	Goodhue
Jackson	Loring	Turner	Peabody, G.
Sears	Peabody, F.	Wallace M	Van Ingen, H.
Walker	Volkmann	Wrenn	Wallace, H.
Rees	Wright	Crane	Williams
			Condon.

The first Charade was given by T.L.'s side and their word was "trepan" . The curtains opened on a lecture hall where a very interesting Professor was telling a group of nature lovers about the strange trees he had seen in the jungles of South Africa. Some of these trees were oddly maned, such as the Vest Tree, the Pan Tree, the shoe tree and many other strange trees were mentioned that we had never heard of. Thus we have the first sylable,"tre". Next came "pan", illustrated by a very gorey automobile accident, where many pans were used. The whole word was demonstrated by a scene in an operating room. The victim of the accident was brought in and placed on the operating table where he underwent a very serious operation on the skull; during this a"trepan" was used.

The next word was "melancholic", acted out by J.B.'s side. The first showed Andrew J. Melon very worried because of a shortage of three cents in the United States Treasury. (and there we have the first two sylables) Mr. Melon decided to bet on the races and win a bit of money that way, to make up the amount; our next scene shows the horse that he is betting on. Unfortuneately the horse finds a <u>mellon</u> patch and eats one or two and gets the <u>cholic.</u>

In the last scene we saw the horse very dead lying before us and the owner the trainer, and all the people who bet on him sitting around his prostrate form looking very melancholic.

The Charade given by B.P.S.'s side was Sinod. The curtain rose, revealing an office in the outer wards of Hades. The office belonged to one G. Satan, second cousin to the Devil. He was running a school of "Sins&,Crimes" for the benefit of people who wanted to get even with their enemies. We were given some very nice examples of really excellent sins. Odd was illustrated by a house in which odd things happened, such as chairs tipping. The owner didn't mind that, but he couldn't understand why all his visitors after about a five minutes stay would leap up and run shreiking from the room. We saw a visitor enter the room and talk to the owner of this stange accident The owner explained all that had gone on, and then suddenly the visitor jumped up and ran screaming from the room, for behind the owner stood a hoorible headless man. It was an Odd house! The whole word was a scene of four missionaries who were meeting to discuss the marvelous conversion of the Cannible King, Borio Bungley Boo. Each missionary went out and spoke to the King but oddly enough not one returned!The meeting was one of four missionaries who were talking over religuios affairs, this is known as a "Synod".

The last Charade was put on by B.J.H.'s side, was Sasketchewan, The first scene was of a German teacher conducting an English class. His little charges were really horrid to him and sassed him dreadfully. Thus we have Sas, the first sylable,The last three sylables were acted all together. We were taken to a football game just in the last two seconds of the game and we saw a player "ketch" a pass, so that 'e

"wan the game for his side. All very complicated.The last scene was the whole word. Here we were shown at really beautiful train, with porters and conducters, that was bound for Sasketchewan!

B.P.S. started a thriller for the Half Past Niners, called "The Man Without a Shadow" and we can guarantee that it will be a good one.

Wednesday June30th
Temp. 72.F
Barometer, 29.5
Wind West.

The day started off in a very discouraging way, with fog, wind and rain. Squads were carried out bravely with the aid of rubber boots, slickers and Sou' Westers, despite the weather.Instead of "Addyumps" there was a run to Cooks for "B" class and a run to "Fourway" for the "A" Class. The weather cleared up just after lunch, justenoughto welcome D.L. Volkmann who had to come late to Camp because of a bad knee.

In the afternoon there was a soccer game between the "Grenadiers" and the "Minutemen" at three fifteen. The teams were as follows;

GRENADIERS	MINUTEMEN
Emmett	Walker
Garfield	Goodhue
Arnold	Lynes
Snyder	Peabody, F.
Van Ingen, L.	Van Ingen, H.
Bacon	Searle
Sears	Turner
Rees	Ingersoll
Everett, L.	Wrenn
Wright	Loring
Peabody, B.	Jackson
	HITLER

The game was very speedy with excellent passing and playing all around

Intthe first period Snyder made a goal for the Grenadiers, and in the

second period Wright doubled their score. The third period there was no scoring, but in the fourth period Loring of the Minutemen brought in their first score. This was early in the period so that there was a hard bit of playing to either tie or win. The final score was two to one in favor of the Grenadiers.

At four thirty the "Nazi" team and the "Bolsheviki" met on the field.

NAZI	BOLSHEVIKI
F.G.J.	B.P.S.
J.G.W.	L.C.F.
B.L.H.	T.B.P.
G.J.	A.L.L.
G.H.H.	J.Y.G.W.
Garland, P.	J.R.W.
Garland, J.	Garland, C.
Zahner	Wallace, H.
Crane	Williams
Condon	Wallace,
Everett, F.	Danforth

In the first period there was a "suicide" by the Bolsheviki giving the Nazi a lead of one point. The second quarter there was no score but the rain did its best to stop the game by coming down in bucket loads. In the third quarter there were three goals scored, one for the Nazi and two for the Bolsheviki. The latter were made by Lincoln and then the combined forces of L.C.F. and T.B.P. The final score was two all.

Supper was a picnic this evening, but because of the weather it had to be in the big room. After supper B.P.S. read us a very good ghost story, and then there was singing for a half an hour before the half past eighters retired. More of "The Man Without a Shadow" for the rest and then bed.

Friday, July 2nd
Wind
Temperature
Barometer

This is the really first nice day we have had since Camp started. The wind was strong from the North West for almost the whole day.

Nothing particularly extraordinary happened this morning; The Yard Squad brought more pebbles for our front lawn, but there was nothing else of note. About an hour before lunch The Skipper and Mrs. Wiggins appeared and stayed to lunch, much to our joy. After reading we were told that there would be a Scouting Game between two ancient and well kniwn tribes the Crows and the Chocktaws. This was only a praeriee game, but nevertheless it was very exciting. From the Bone Yard there were "Scouts" sent out to watch and see the scouters faults and to point our mistakes in the technique of crawling. There were a few examples that even we players could see, such as these illustration taken by a Candid Camera Man.

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
ALL	✓	✓	✓	✗	●● ✓	✓	✗	●	1
JRW	✗	●●	✓	✓	● ✓	✓	✓	●●●	✓
GHH	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Arnold	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	●	✓
Bacon	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	●	1
Crane	✗	✓	✓	✗	●●● ✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Everett F	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Everett L.	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Goodine	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Hillyer	✓	✓	✓	✗	●	✓	✗	✓	✓
Jackson	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Loring	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	●●	✓
Lyne	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Sears	✗	✓	✓	✓	●●●● ✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Snyder	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Walker	✓	●	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Williams	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Wrenn	✗	●●	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✗●	✓
Wright		●	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	●●	1
J.H.	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
	11	6	0	5	11	0	18	2	8

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
G. J.	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✓	✓	✓
J.V.G.W.Jr	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1
Chisholm	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	●	1	✗	●	✓
Condon	✗	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✓	1	✓	●	✓
Emmet	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1
Garfield	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✗●	1	✓	●●●	1
Garland, C.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Garland, J.	✓	●	✓	✗ ✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	1
Ingersoll	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	●	✓	✗	✓	✓
Moller	✗	●	✓	✗ ✓	●	1	✗	●	✓
Peabody, F.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✓	●●	✓
Peabody, G.	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Rees	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Searle	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✓	✓	✓
Turner	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	●	1
Van Lingen, H.	✓	●●●	✓	✗ ✓	●	✓	✗	✓	✓
Van Lingen, L.	✗	●●	✓	✓	●●●	✓	✗	●●	✓
Wallace, H.	✗	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Wallace, M.	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1	✓	●	1
Zanner	✓	✓	✓	✗ ✓	●	✓	✓	●●	1
R.W.	✗	●●●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	1
	6	11	0	12	15	7	11	17	8

After a very thorough bath in the pond, much needed and much demanded because of grubbiness and Poison Ivey, we went into supper to restore the inner man. After truly sumptuos repast there was a grand game of Boston. More of the Thriller for the Half Past Niners and then we really welcomed our beds.

Saturday July 3rd

Temp.
Barometer
Wind

Another lovely day, sunny and warm, and to celebrate we had a Pea Shelling squad. As a matter of fact we get through in record time.

After following more of the "Modern Aladin's" adventures there was found posted on the door various and sundry trips.

FISHING

Green	Arklet	Panta.	Terror
J.G.W.	Moller	J.R.W.	Zahner
Everett, L.	Wrenn	Van Ingen L.	Rees
Crane	Sears	Turner	Peabody, G.

Herapout	Other Green
Garland, J.	B.P.S.
Hillyer	Van Ingen, H.
Searle	Danforth

Camping On Oak Island

	L.C.F.		)	
	G.J.		)	
Arnold		Lynes	)	(Carabasset
Emmet		Peabody, F.	) ____ in the___	(and
Garfield	Wright	Walker	)	(two Rangelys
Goodhue		Wallace	)	(

PHILIP MOUNTAIN

Ouananiche		Abagadasset
F.G.J.		E.C.C.
J.Y.G.W.	J.H.	Snyder
Garland,C.	Chisholm	Everett, F.
Wallace	Condon	A.L.L.
Volkmann	Ingersoll	
Loring	Bacon	
Williams	Jackson	

The fishing seemed to be very successful from all reports, but the Home Guard can't quite make out why people seemed to appear so soon after supper. Maybe they caught all the fish in the lake, but we doubt it. Van Ingen,(N. did his best though and scored the record catch for the afternoon in the way of size, with a thirteen inch Perch. Rees caught the most fish, thirtteen in all. Mr. Danforth tells us that his contribution was one very lively fresh water mussel. The Pantasoate caught five in all so we were told , And Ken Moller said something about only one, but that may have been something besides fish, we sincerely hope so.

The trip to Philip Mountain was evidently a great success, and also very speedy. Snyder rushed up and down the mountain and then paddled back to Pine Parlour with tremendous energy and out did everyone in the way of supper too! There was a star reporter along on the trip who has written up the expedition for the benefit of out readers.

This afternoon under the able skippership of F.C.J. the "Cuani" departed for Philip's Mount accompanied by the "Abagad" skippered by E.C. After dropping an incapacitated traveler at the swimming dock all hands started vigorously under the able stroking of Garland, C. Throughout the whole paddle to the place in question Miss. J.H. kept up a steady stroke combining the Apache, Crow, and Blackfoot style of padaling. Whether much power was applied will tell in the morning. The gang arrived at port to be greeted by a shore party of we know not who. A short rest was taken, end then they started the climb up Philip's Mount. The lesser Jackson became tired after a short period of vigorous climbing and was carried up part of the way by F.G.J. (Uncle Frank) and A.L.L. As we found out later, he had no trouble in coming down; in fact he slid most of it. On the top J.H. passed a coment on how beautiful the view was, and commenced to sing her favorite hyms. A member of the party suceded in uncovering a few clusters of delicious strawberrys, which were greedly consumed by Jy. Y. G..W. for the most part. After everyone was rested, we started down.

The paddle home was harder than going over due to a stiff wind coming from the south. E.C.C.'s craft had to put to shore because they were taking in a good deal of water over the gunnals. We headed for Pine Parlor where we took a swim and had a very delightful supper put up forus by the ladies. It was corking! After supper we paddled home with the lesser Jackson, who had maned a sweep, in place of Bacon. It is my belief that a certain small number of campers will sleep very soundly tonight.

J. Y. G. W.

THE OAK ISLAND CAMPING TRIP

The first camping trip of the season started on Saturday afternoon, July 3rd. It consisted of a party of eleven, all inhabitantants of Copley Plaza.Transportation facilities included two rangeleys and one canoe. Destination - Oak Island. The take off was uneventful except that half way across the lake one boat to return for our fishing worms.

We appraached the island from the east, skirted the shore, and rounded the southern point. The south end of the island was well clearéd and offered an ideal camp site, but certain entusiastic members of the party(their names better left unmentioned) were bent on going into the wilderness, so into the wilds we went. Final location of camp - on a slight rise of ground fifty yards from the north-west shore of the island.

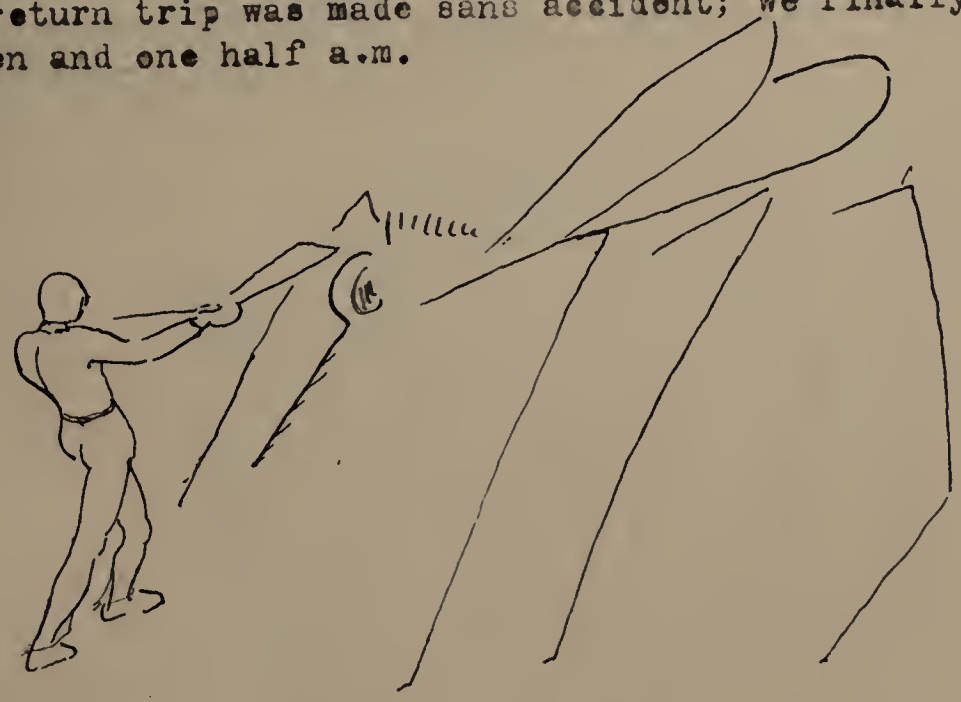
Camp was set up, firewood collected, supper cooked, and destroyed in due course of time. The would-be fishermen tried their luck after supper, but all their luck turned out to be bad luck.

The night was divided into nine watches of an hour each and the boysmatched for choice of watch. At nine o'clock all turned in and the battle to the death with the mosquitos began. For the first 9.9 hours we fought a losing fight, but a final rally was made and we came through with a swatting vicrory.

During the night, G.J. made a one man expedition back home to raid the ice house for some milk and bacon. The undertaking was successful. G.J. also spent the night in the canoe, at anchor in the middle of the lake, thus missing out on the bloody battle in which the rest of us participated.

Breakfast was served in four sittings, since the frying pan could only take five eggs at a time. The table squad spent an enjoyable hour washing dishes, during which time the majority of the squad fell in the lake.

The return trip was made sans accident; we finally docked at eight fifty-seven and one half a.m.



A glorious day for the Glorious Fourth

July, 4th, Sunday
Temperature, 75
Barometer, 29.74
Wind, NW in morning
SW , P.M.

Clear and warm with a mild breeze all day. Just as we were finishing our breakfast the Campers from Oak Island blew in. Their trip was evidently a success even though they did leave the mosquito netting behind. After Service and letter writing there was a general rush for the ball field where everyone did his best to make as much noise as possible without blowing off an piece of stray anatomy. To those below it seemed like one long bang with a few interuptions for louder bangs! Swim was short so that all the firecrackers could be set off before the afternoon. Then lunch and oh! how good. After lunch Mrs. Powell read aloud "Zadoc Pine", a story that is always read aloud on the Fourth.

At quarter of four the baseball games began, one game for each field. On the field by the Shop we had the Ho Chings against the Ching Hoes. This was a rather one sided affair for the Ching Hoes, who put twirler Peabody on the mound. Peab kept the score fore the Ho Chings at a very low ebb. The latter however never said die, and kept up a good fight against terrific odds. The final count was 20 to 2.

Runs Batted in By Ching Hoes
2 Base Hits
3 Base Hits
Home Runs
Sacrifice Hits
Hits off
Stolen Bases
Double Plays
Left on Bases
Base on Balls off off off
Strike outs by by by
1st Base on Errors
Passed Balls
Wild Pitches
Hit by Pitcher

PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
Peabody																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
[illegible]																			
TOTALS																			

Runs Batted in By _____ 3 Base Hits _____
2 Base Hits _____ Sacrifice Hits _____
Home Runs _____ Stolen Bases _____
Hits off _____ Left on Bases _____
Double Plays _____ off _____ off _____
Base on Balls off _____ off _____ by _____
Strike outs by _____ by _____ Passed Balls _____
1st Base on Errors _____ Hit by Pitcher _____
Wild Pitches _____

PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
Condon																			
Van Pupen																			
Sears																			
Reynold																			
Pupp ell																			
Gordon																			
Bacon																			
Wilson																			
Reeds																			
Tenant																			
TOTALS																			

The other battle was between two well known contestants, the Roosevelts and the Duponts. This was a close and well fought fight for nine innings. On the mound we had Professor Bradley, Whacker Hackett and Uncle Frank. Prof. B. and Uncle twirled for the Duponts, while Mr. Hackett held up the Roosevelts. The Duponts came out from the battle with one extra scalp,; the finalscore being 12 to 11.

Duponts vs. Roosevelts of Washington at Mt. Ms, Me 193

UT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	T.C.J.								6						5	1	3	0	1
			2	J.E.					1-4		4		6-3					5	3	1	0	0
			3	A.L.		K			K		K								0	1	0	2
			4	T.C.F.					4-3	9			K					6	1	1	0	2
			5			8				K			4-3		1				1	0	0	1
			6			K		4-3										4	1	2	0	1
			7															1	0	1	0	1
			8				6-4				6-4	6-4						2	2	3	0	0
			9				4-6			3	4-3	6						1	0	0	1	
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	2	1	3	4	3	0	0					11	1	6	0	6

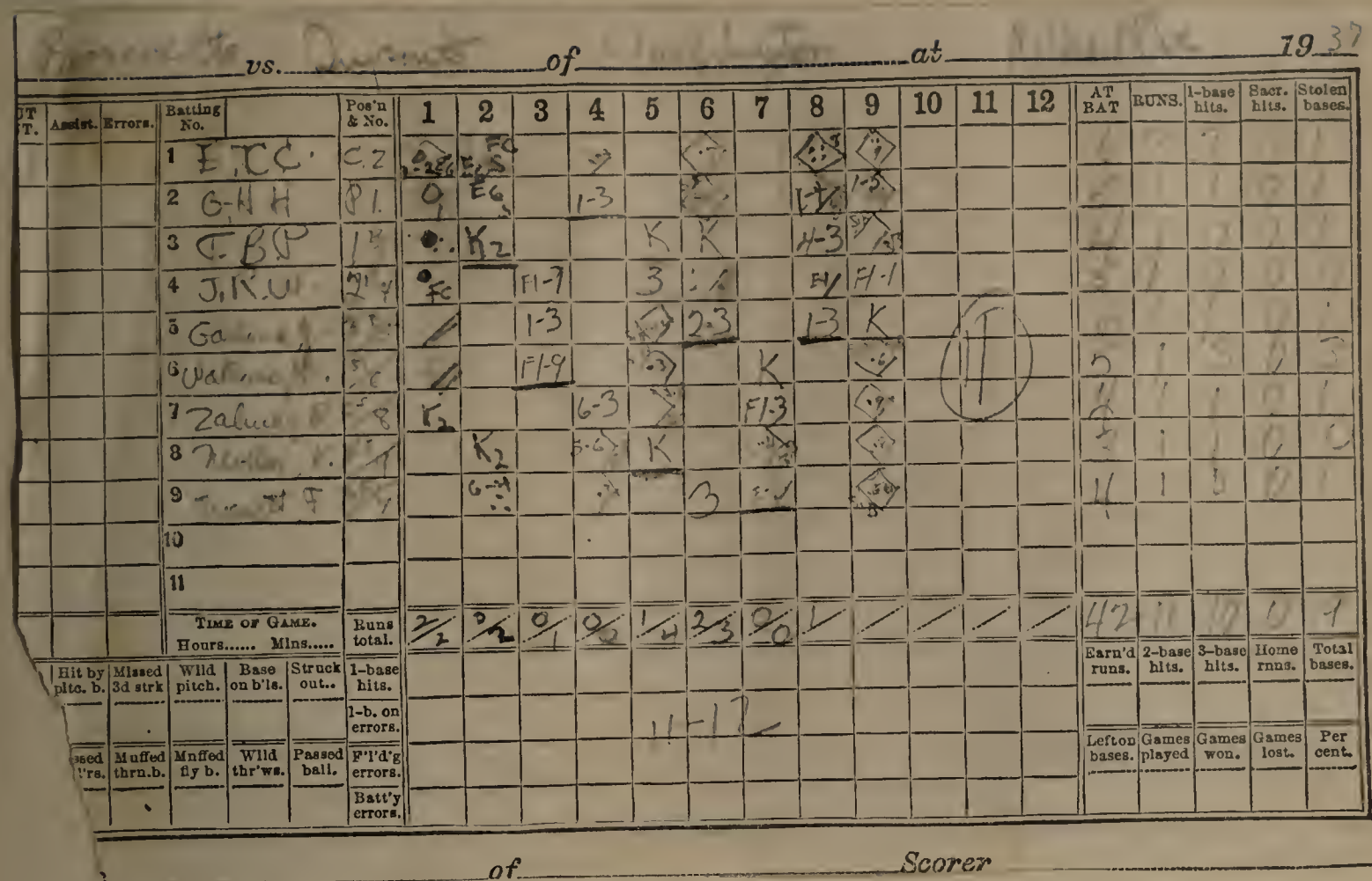
...s.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	F'l'd'g errors.	Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.

...ed ...y.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

...pire _____ of _____ Scorer _____



Supper being pushed ahead a half an hour, we didn' t swim until six oclock. Supper was at the Piano after it we retired to the Big Room and sang a few Hymns and they were such an improvement over this morning! At eight thirty we all went up to the Ball Field to watch the Fire works. There isn't much to say about them, because they were all lovely, rockets sparklers, "Roaming" Candles and everything. At ten we all came down from the field quite ready for our beds.

Nothing remarkable happened this morning, except that we didn't get up until eight, but then we didn't particularly notice because we were asleep. Poor Peter Garland's ear is being nasty again, so he is having to stay rather quiet.

Monday, July 5th
Temperature
wind
Barometer

The wind came up a little this afternoon, making it a perfect day for our first Track and Field of the season.

TRACK AND FIELD
Monday July Fifth, 1937

CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C
Crane	Condon	Arnold
Danforth	Emmet	Bacon
Garland, J.	Everett, F.	Everett, L.
Garland, C.	Garfield	Ingersoll
Wallace, H.	Goodhue	Jackson
Zahner	Peabody, F.	Hillyer
	Van Ingen, L.	Loring
	Walker	Lynes
	Wallace, M.	Peabody, G.
	Wright	Rees
		Searle
		Sears
		Snyder
		Turner
		Van Ingen, H.
		Wrenn

CLASS A 100 yd dash

1st heat: Wallace-1st
Crane -2nd
Danforth-3rd
time: 11.25 sec.

2nd heat: Garland, J.) 1st
Garland, C.)
Zahner, 3rd
time: 12.5 sec.

The second heat was particularly exciting with the two Garlands running a tie race the whole 100 yards.

Finals: Wallace, - 1st
Garland, J. 2nd
Garland, C 3rd
Crane 4th
time: 13 1/2 sec.

CLASS B 100 yd dash

1st heat: Condon 1st
Walker 2nd
Garfield 3rd
time: 13 sec.

2nd heat: Everett, F 1st
Goodhue 2nd
Van Ingen, L 3rd
time 13 sec

3rd heat: Emmet
Peabody 2nd
Wallace, M.
Wright 1st
time: 13.5 sec.

Finals: Condon
Everett
Wright
Peabody
time: 14 sec.

CLASS C

1st heat: Arnold
Bacon 2nd
Everett, L. 1st
Ingersoll
Sears
time: 16.5

2nd heat: Snyder 1st
Rees 2nd
Jackson
Hillyer
Wrenn
time: 16 sec.

3rd heat: Van Ingen, H. 1st
Searle 2nd
Loring
Turner
Peabody G
Bendy
time: 16. 1/25

FINALS: Snyder 1st
Everett, L. 2nd
Van Ingen, H. 3rd
Bacon 4th
The finals were very close and well run. All four were good races.

CLASS A SHOT PUT

All members in class A competed and these are the Champs who made the finals:

1st Garland, J. 25'11"
2nd Garland, C.
3rd Wallace, H.

CLASS B SHOT PUT

Those in the finals were:

1st Walker 18' 5"
2nd Peabody, F.
3rd Condon

CLASS C SHOT PUT

Those in the finals were:

1st Sears 20'7"
2nd Snyder
3rd Ingersoll

CLASS A HIGH JUMP

Those in finals were:

1st Wallace 4' 5"
2nd Crane 4' 4.5"
3rd Garland C 4' 3.5"

CLASS B HIGH JUMP

Those in the finals were:

1st Peabody
2nd Everett
3rd Walker

CLASS C HIGH JUMP

Those in the finals were:

1st Snyder 3' 8"
Sears

The high jump looks particularly promising this year and we seem to have a lot of new dark horses that turn out astonishing heights .

CLASS A BROAD JUMP

The winners were:

1st	Wallace	16' 10"
3rd	Garland, J.	13' 10"
2nd	Crane	14' 1"

CLASS B BROAD JUMP

The winners were:

1st	Everett, F	13' 11"
2nd	W Wright	12' 3"
3rd	Peabody	12' 1"

CLASS C BROAD JUMP

The winners were;

1st	VanIngen, H.	11'1"
	Snyder	11'1"
	Arnold	11'1"

After this very profitable afternoon there was a quick swim and then supper. At about seven thirty we were called into the Big Room for the First Merryweather Sing Song of the year.The program was as follows;

Overture ---- T.L.
Accordian solo--- Williams
Song ------- The Van Ingen Brothers
Chouses----- All
The Triumph of Putnam
Choruses
The Tourist Agents of Saigon
Camp Song

Mr. Lynes' Overture was an example of the lost art of the pianist who played for the silent moving pictures.This was really a treat and he had the whole Camp in stitches of laughter.

The next to perform was Claude Williams.He played us three popular songs with the greatest of ease and had us all Oh-ing and Ah-ing at his skill and asking for more.

The Van Ingen Brothers sang us a most delightful song about the Chivalroud man eating shark, who would never think of dining on a lovely lady or of touching a tender babe no matter how tender or tough he was.To prove his Gentlemanlyness when a fair Damsel fell into the sea, even though she was very nice and tender and even though he hadn't had any lunch, he brought her safely to the ship that was anchored in

the harbor. But to prove his contempt for humans he ate up the Captain who was a nasty man anyway and neede to be eaten up.

After this we all sang a few Merrweather Songs, and then we witnessed the great drama of Israel Putnam. This was a truly stirring bit of acting, done by B.H. Jim Walker(Israel Putnam) T.B.P., Zoo, C. Williams and J.B. who were very speedy Minyte Men.Perhaps it would do better if you read the script yourself; it is on the next page.

More singing and then a another stirring drama. This time we were taken to the Orient. The curtain rose on a street in Saigon, and centerdd on two tourist agencies(The name of the play is " The tourist Agmeies of Saigon") On one side we see the shop of the hard working Frenchman, and on the other we have the store of the brainy Irishman. Two tourist heave in sight, a Mr. and Mrs. Smith (spelled with a "y") who wish to see Saigon; at least they are persuaded so by the two Tourist Agencies.After long long bargaining, during which time the two poor travelers get more and more hot and bothered, the two agents demonstrate their cars. One is a nineteen fourteen model, the other came our of the Ark, so we were assured by Mr. O'Brien. Strangeley enough both cars Bell apart with a little encouragement, and at this point the customers left, but they missed a perfectly glorious fight! They really should have stayed around.

Then the Camp Song was sung and we all retired after a very delightful evening.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

Act One.

Scene 1:Godfry Melbone's room.

Enter Melbone singing to the tune of British Grenadiers

Melbone:

My name is Godfry Melbone, and I live in Brooklyn Town,
I'm a staunch and loyal king's man, and a Tory of renown,
I've an envied reputation throughout this countryside,
I live up to my station, and am full of pomp and pride.

There's one thing doth annoy me, that I fail to understand,
'Tis the Radical upheaval that appears on every hand.
It is led by men like Washington, and Hancock too and Rush,
And men Israel Putnam has tarred with the same brush.

****

(Sound of horse galloping)

Who comes? I seem to hear a horse!
Somebody's on it? Yes!Of course!

(Knocking) (Enter Putnam) sings to tune of General Grant

I'm Israel Putnam, come to call,
And pass the time of day,
Give me a drink and a cigar,
And then I'll go away.
Cause our politics don't mix,
You're a Stodgy Tory,
You'll be in an awful fix
When we run up Old Glory!

Melbone(the following is sung to Yankee Doodle)

Israel you're a firebrand!

Putnam:

No I'm patriotic!

Melbone:

You belong to Adams band!

Putnam:

You need a good narcotic!

Melbone:

Israel, you are all wet!

Putnam:

I'm Freedom's staunch defender.

Melbone:

There'll never be a war I'll bet!

Putnam:

We'll make you guys surrender!

Melbone:

All right you're talking awful big!
Ten pounds shall be the wager!

That Continentals dare not fight,
Or I'm an Ursa Major!

Putnam:

Take my hand and call it done,
Things will soon get better,
Redcoats will be on the run,
Georges crown will totter!

(horses galloping outside)

Revere, outside:

What Ho! What Ho! I've spread the alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm!
And o'er the rough roads ragged rut!
I've penetrated Connecticut!

Malbone:

What silly ass is that I hear?

Putnam:

That is our famous Paul Revere!

Malbone:

What is he doing? Pray tell to me?

Putnam:

One if by land, and two if by sea!

Malbone:

One if by land, and two if by sea! So what?

Putnam:

Well it doesn't really come into this part of the story,
But that's what Longfellow's Poem says anyway.

Malbone:

Oh, quite! Quite! But do sit down, Israel, and drink your toddy like an intelligent person. You're always so impetuous getting burned at stakes and pulling animals out of dens. I'm really serious in saying that there's not the barest possibility that you can get any real organization into this rebellion of yours.

Putnam:

Organization? Did you ever hear of the Minute Man?

Malbone:

Minute Men? Faugh! Pish!

Putnam: Faugh! Pish! Indeed! There's a recruiting sergeant judt outside! I'll call him in and show you!

(goes to door and calls Sergeant)

Sergeant:

Yes, General! (enters)

Putnam:

How goes the recruiting?

Sergeant:

Haven't begun yet, General! I'm a Minute Man, and it's only fifty eight seconds yet.

Putnam:

One! Two! You may fire when ready, Gridley, but only when you see the whites of their eyes!

Sergeant:

Who will join the Minute Men? The Minute Men, The Minute Men?
Who will join the Minute Men and be a Minute Man?

Private:

I will join the Minute Men, The Minute Men, The Minute Men,
I will join the Minute Men and be a Minute Man!

Putnam: Ad lib

Putnam:

You chaps had best be on the run,
Or you'll be late for Lexington!

(shot outside)

Malbone:

There' a sound on the hillside's dew-pearled!

Putnam:

That's the shot heard from 'round the world!

Malbone:

One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one shot make a revolution!

Putnam:

One of my swallows makes a quart pot look sick, and one of my shots is in the bull's eye.Hell! I'll prove it's a revolution.Where's your radio? Turn on WBZ.

****

RADIO

Liebe Freunde in Amerika wir wunschen Ihuen allen emere recht guten Empfang. Dies ist Leipzig das Ihuen spricht. Das selbe schoene wetter der letzten Paar Tage fahrt immer fort mit dem Wind im Sudwestern, und angenehme Warme.

****

et alors, M. et M, c'est ce soir que je vais vous donner, vous expliquer, que je vaux que vous comprenez, enfin, que je vais vous analyser le "miracle du temps perdu" C'est a dire, mes amis, C'est de la gloire merveilleuse de la belle France, que je parle!

****

Sixteen to one!Gentlemen! Sixteen to one! And shall humanity, then be crucified upon a cross of gold?

****

(From Vienna we hear the Blue Danube)

********** **

(station identification) We pause here a moment for station identification: This is WNAC the Shepard store s of Boston

****

A bit bit of Chinese music

****

and so Ted Husing told you in his inning by inning account it was what must be called a Phyrric victory.

When Double X made his infield out Higgins crashed a triple over Wally Moses head in deep right field and Joe counted.

******

and so dear little playmates you know that sweet Mary Hedgehog Coverdd up her prickle wickles with her nice quilty wilty [illegible] mossy wossy and soon fell into a quiet slumber wumber

(Fire- crackers and noise. Commands)

****

Malbone:

I say the ststie is something frightful!

Putnam:

Statie my eye! That's the Minute Men!

Announcer:

You have just heard, ladies and gentlemen, the first attack of the Battle of Bunker Hill, brought to you over the Columbia Network. General Warren is fighting gallantly, but it seems doubtful that General Putnam(113 man of Brooklyn Conn) will be able to arrive on time.

Malbone:

Israel, I'll have to admit it! You won your bet! Here's the ten pounds.

Putnam:

By jove, I'll have to hurry, Godfrey, how about giving me that second hand Chevy of yours, instead?

Malbone:

Sporting proposition! Done!

Putnam:

Well, so long, Godfrey! See you after Yorktown!

Malbone:

Cheer-ho!

(Putnam exits in Pitman's car.)

Tuesday, July 6th
Temperature, 82
Barometer, 29.79
Wind, NNW& shifring to NW
Forecast, fair and possibly slightly overcast.

An uneventful and calm morning, that seemed to insist on a boat and canoe day. The after lunch Pow-wow at Faculty seemed to agree with the suggestion of the weather, and so this afternoon the skill of the Campers was tried upon the water. We wish to mention that there was a tremendous "sea" around the slip, at least there must have been because so many people fell over board. Was it because of the waves?

BOAT AND CANOE, JULY 6th, 1937

SENIOR STANDING SINGLES

1st heat:
Garland C. 1st Hecuba
Garland J. 2nd Squannacook
Williams 3rd Pink

Chris Garland won this race handily, keeping up a steady even stroke for the whole lenghh of the course. Jee Garland was a spectacular second catching up a whole lap after turning a wrong flag.

2nd heat:
Chisholm 1st Squanny
Wallace 2nd Hecaba
Danforth 3rd Pink

"Cheese" led an excentric zig zag course, but came in first with flags flying. Danny paddled a slow steady stroke that got him there.

3rd heat:
Zahner 1st Hecaba
Moller 1st Pink
Crane 2nd & 3rd Squanny

Zeke and Ken were neck and neck the whole way, keeping the fans on pins and needles. They came across the line togther. Crane was speeded on his way by a bee that chased him half way down the course and then stung him.

Semi Finals

1st heat:
Garland, C. 1st Squanny
Moller 2nd 2nd Pink

2nd heat:
Chisholm 1st Squanny
Zahner 2nd Pink

News Item: The Hecuba died quite suddenly, hence the semi finals.

Finals

Chisholm 1st Pink
Garland, C. 2nd Squannacook

JUNIOR SITTING DOUBLES

1st heat:

Everett, F) 1st (
Lynes) (Cob.

time: 4.18

Emmet) 2nd (
Loring) (Abagad.

Goodhue) 3rd (
Arnold) (Carab

2nd heat :

Peabody, F.) 1st (
Garfield) (Cob.

time: 5.

Sears) 2nd (
Snyder) (Carab.

Wrenn) 3rd (
Van Inegn, 1) (Abagad.

3rd heat:

Wallace) 1st (
Searle) (Carab.

time: 4.39

Wright) 2nd (
Everett, L) (Abagad.

Walker) 3rd (
Turner) (Cob.

Finals:

Lynes) 1st (
Everett, F) (Cob.

time: 4.15

Garfield) 2nd (
Peabody) (Abagad.

Wallace, M) 3rd (
Searle) (Carab.

These races were all very close, except for the second heat where the Cob. won handily, but therace forwsecond place was very close.

SENIOR SITTING DOUBLES

1st heat:

Volkmann) 1st (
Wallace) (Cobb.

Time: 3.55

Garland, J.) 2nd (
Moller) (Carab.

Zahner) 3rd (
Crane) (Abagad.

2nd heat:

Chisholm) 2nd (
Williams) (Carab.

Garland, C.) 1st (
Danforth) (Abagad.

time 3.35

Finals:

Wallace) 1st (
Volkmann) (Abagad.

time: 3.38

Garland, C) 2nd (
Danforth) (Cob.

Garland, J.) 3rd (
Moller) (Carab.

In these races there was great excitement, all of them being very close and well paddled.

RNA

RANGELEY RACES

Peabody, G.	1st
Rees	2nd
Jackson	3rd
Bacon	4th

Peabody G showed speed and excellent management as he came across the line just about a length in front of Rees. Jackson came in a strong third with Bacon a length behind but putting on a brave spurt. of energy.

SENIOR FOURS

Abagadasset
- Garland, C)
- Wallace,M) 1st
- Wiaàliams)
- Volkmann)

Carabasset
- Chisholm)
- Emmet) 2nd
- Snyder)
- Danforth)

Aboljockomogus
- Zahner)
- Goodhue) 3rd
- Arnold)
- Wallace,H.)

Cobbosseecontee
- Garland,J.)
- Everett,E.) 4th
- Crane)
- Moller)

The time of the winners was two minutes and twenty-five seconds.

JUNIOR FOURS

Abagadasstt
- Garfield)
- Wrenn) 1st
- Wright)
- Lynes)

Cobosseecontee
- Van Ingen,L.)
- Loring) 2nd
- Sears)
- Peabody F.)

Carabasset
- Walker)
- Searle) 3rd
- Everett, L.)
- Turner)

The winning time was four minutes and twenty-five seconds.
News Item: Van Ingen, L. paddled so hard that he broke his paddle - we think he eats spinach on the sly.

After this tremendous afternoon there was a short swim, even though some had tried the water before and then a wonderful supper. Games on The Hill afterwards that sounded veryr energetic indeed.

Wednesday, July 7th
Temp.
Barometer
Wind

The weather seems to be getting hotter and hotter. We were told that it was because of the sun spots, so we wish that they would go away. There was a little breeze however that kept us from frying, and so it isn't really too hot.

Despite old Sol there was a ball game this afternoon, in fact there were two. On the field by the shop we had the "Round Cylinders" vs. the "Square Cylinders". From a glance at the score sheet it looks as though that amazing phenomena the "Square Cylinders" came out on top with eight runs to their opponents five. Even though the Rounds lost they made one or two astounding plays, such as Mr. Walker whacking a three bagger. He and Lynes shared the mound, while on the winning team Peabody F, and Emmettook turns twirling.

Runs Batted in By Square Cylinders.
2 Base Hits
Home Runs
Hits off
Double Plays
Base on Balls off off
Strike outs by by
1st Base on Errors
Wild Pitches
3 Base Hits
Sacrifice Hits
Stolen Bases
Left on Bases
off off
by by
Passed Balls
Hit by Pitcher

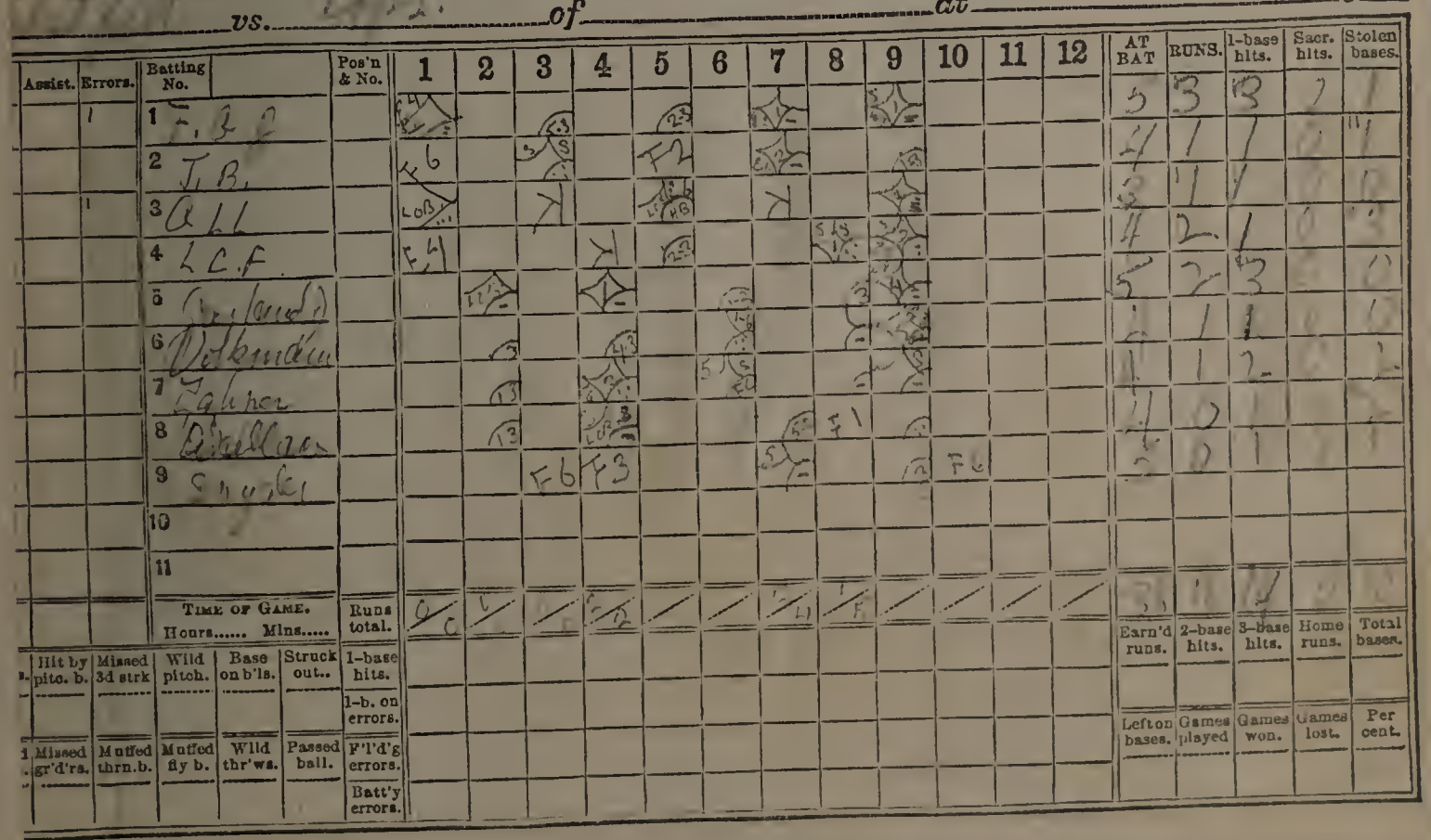
	PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos.
1	Vandusen L. 2																			
2	Peabody F. 1(3)																			
4	Emmett 3(1)																			
7	Arnold 4																			
6	Gordon 5																			
8	Beard 6																			
3	Jackson, J. 9																			
5	Turner 7																			
9	Everett 8																			
	TOTALS																			

Runs Batted in By Round Cylinders.
2 Base Hits
Home Runs
Hits off
Double Plays
Base on Balls off off
Strike outs by by
1st Base on Errors
Wild Pitches

3 Base Hits
Sacrifice Hits
Stolen Bases
Left on Bases
off off
by by
Passed Balls
Hit by Pitcher

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.
Walker	1															
Loring	3															
Lynes	6															
Bacon	8															
Goodhue	2															
Dingwall	5															
Searle	9															
Wallace, M.	4															
Wrem	7															
TOTALS																

The game on the other field was between some old acquaintances (dare we say friends) of ours, The Cops and the Flatfeet. Whacker Hackett was king of the mound for the Cops, while Uncle Frank and the Professor twirled for the Flatfeet. The Cops definitely won the game, bringing in eighteen runs to the Flatfeet's ten. The Cops were characteristicly slow and steady, bringing in at least one run per inning, The Flats waited too long to sprint, but gave the Cops a horrid scare when they brought in five runs in the very last inning and made some truly spectacular plays, such as A.L.L.'s home run and a couple of mere two baggers. B.P.S. proved to be an annoyance to the Flatfeet, when he caught two of their best swatters Bayls. The swatter made up for this though by playing a remarkably good game in the field.



vs. _____ of _____ at _____

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
			1																	
			2																	
			3																	
			4																	
			5																	
			6																	
			7																	
			8																	
			9																	
			10																	
			11																	
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.															
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-b hi
						1-b. on errors.														
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Ga w
						Batt'y errors.														

Umpire. _____ of _____ Scorer _____

Copy vs. [illegible] of _____ at _____ 19__

...T T.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Hawk [illegible]		1			1	F2		K						6	3	2	0	1
			2	E. C. C		3	1											6	4	3	0	1
			3	J. R. W.		2	LOB			K								6	2	4	0	1
			4	T. B. P.		3	F2					F9	K					5	2	0	0	2
			5	[illegible]		K			K									5	1	1	0	1
			6	B. P. S.		LOB												5	2	2	0	1
			7	[illegible]				F2										2	2	0	0	1
			8	[illegible]														6	2	4	0	1
			9	[illegible]					K	F3	K		K					5	1	0	0	1
			10																			
			11																			
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3/3	2/5	3/4	3/4	4/5	1/13	/	/	/	/	/	/	46	14	16	0	10

...s.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.					
...d ...y.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

...pire _____ of _____ Scorer _____

Between five minutes past seven and seven minutes past seven the Charade Sides met and concocted the following masterpieces. Mr. Lynes side came first with the word "candidate" to illustrate. The first three sylables were presented in the first scene and in the last scene we had the whole word.(?) The curtain rose on a room in an ancient castle, where the lord of the castle was awaiting the arrival of two young men who were asking the hand of his lovely daughter. They both were righ and we gathered that the lord of the castle would rather have their lands than they themselves as possessions. First the host begs them to try the Mulberry wine, but unfortunately he lets slip that the butler took a bit on the sly and died because of it. The visitors refuse and the host covers up his disappointment as best he can. Then he tries some candied dates on them (candy dates, see?) and the poor unsuspecting youths accept and then shortly after drop dead upon the stoney floor of the castle. The next scene presented the whole word, and the stage was set for a political rally,The two fellows wishing the job of Postmaster were presented to the assembled company and they were the Candidates!

The next word was mix-up, presented by B.P.S. and company.The first scene presented the first two sylables, and the last scene the whole word.Dr. Jekyll sent his valet away early in the evening giving him special instructions not to interupt him, and then as soon as the door closed, he rushed over to his work table and started to mix-up some strange concoction, which he told us would either make him a completely good man or a completely bad one. We know the horrible result

and before our very eyes he changed to the most horrible of monsters. We saw him go out into the street and commit dreadful crimes(this took some very tricky scene shifting, managed by G.H.H.) Then we saw him return to his house and change back to his normal character. The next scene was typical of our feelings before a charade goes on and presented the dread of the hea of the Charade side. It showed a horrible mix-up of clothes, costumes and scenery; people squabbling over a hat and trying to find out just what they were meant to do. Then just as they were about ready they heard to their horror halfpast eight being called --- oh my what a mix-up.

The Doctors side used Duration for their word. The first scene was of a nasty landlord coming and banging on the door of one of his many houses and demanding of the poor occupants that they either pay up or get out, because their rent was DUE. Of course the whole family had to move, and what a family it was! There seemed to be thousands of them. Then there was ration, and this was presented by a long Chain Gang going up and getting their ration of food for the day. The last scene was very distressing to see,; a really very rough man was being judged before a court, he evidently didn't like to be judged because he tried to get away rather often. The gentle man behind the desk, with the white wig however was quite harsh and sentenced the man to Singsy Wingsy for the DURATION of his life.

Mr. Bradley's side presented a very colorful series of scenes, but the word was a bit too well disguised. The first scene took us over across the seas to India with a Mr. and Mrs. Sneeks, who were looking through the market in some well known city.They stopped

at a stall where an East Indina was selling a truly elegant piece of jade for one hundred and fifty thousand rupees. They thought this was a bit steep so they had a long argument and finally pushed the price down to a mere hundred thousand rupees(a lakh)
Thus we have the first sylable. Rimosa came next which means pitted and scarred. This was represented by Doctor Berdoff's remarkable shaving cream and lotion. You put the AfterLotion on before you shave and then you don't after shave, at least that is what he said. His cream and lotion leaves th e face smoothe and unscathed, and he proved this by showing examples of men who had been using his cream and other poor souls who hadn't used it. They were very much scarred or you can use the word "rimose" there too if you wantto. The last scene was the whole word, and the spectators should have been able to see what the word was from this tearful ditty. The word was LACHRYMOSE. Here we have the words of the song; and they are sad enough to make anyone weep.

It was sung to the tune of

We have some verses sad to sing
They make us weep full sore
We've wept for days and days on end
And still we weep some more
About a certain place we know
Our melancholy tale
In numbers sad and slow we tell
Until our voices fail.'

****

One day some lads a fishing went
To catch some little fish
That they should stay a long long time
Was our most ferverent wish,
But with the sun still shining bright
O! about half past six
The piscators came rowing back
Cause all the fish said "nix".

And then along came Monday eve
   A merry time for you
But to our saddened ears there came
   You will not believe it true
Word of one bright lad among us
   A paragon no less
One who scoffed wothout compunction
   Can he ere surpass us?
   *** *** *** *** ***

This tale becomes more sad anon
   In truth it is most sad
For boys who whine "O gee" and "Why"
   They make us awful mad

Beware imaginary ills
   O doctor dear beware
The cut that is invisable
   The pain that isn't there.
   *** *** *** ** *** ***

Then the're curious little boys
   Who ask how t'is we do it
"What's that for" and "who's that pray tell"
   Soon we'll make them rue it
Those who want to know what squad
   The're on, to them we say
"Now we'll put you on the yard squad
   To pass the time away."
   *** *** *** *** *** ***

Rebl out the old, drag in the new,
   Our napkin rings are square
And all the table-bowling fiends
   Shout out it isn't fair.
But everyone who knows what's what
   Will frown upon this shout
And who wauld roll his napkinring
   Must turn it inside out.
   *** *** *** *** *** *** ***

And last of all we warn you now
   Beware expolsive stoff
Moon going rockets, sparklers,
   Things that blow your head off.
But now we've dropped our final tear
   That is very certain ---
This place is much to sad for us,
   Boys, please pull the curtain.
   *** *** *** *** *** *** *** ***

Curtain

Thursday, July 8th
Temperature, 89
Barometer 29.71
Wind NW
Fore cast, Slightly overcast

Would that our weather man had been correct, today was a scorcher. We were surprised by a sudden shower this morning, and a bit relieved by a northwest breeze for the rest of the day.

Late yesterday afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Reidy blew in. Unfortunately they could only stay the night and had to leave early this morning. Just after they left T.B.P. left us for the Army, we wish he didn't have to go but we were lucky to have him that long. One more departure, and that was a fishing trip. They looked at the rain at five minutes past nine and said nix; then they looked at the sun at quarter past nine and said yes. So finally they got off, but just a little bit late.

FISHING TRIP
E.C.C.

J.R.W.	Van Ingen, H.
Peabody, F.	Danforth
Peabody G.	Van Ingen, L.
Chisholm	Zahner

This afternoon ther was a battle on the Scouting Ridge between two very bloodthirsty tribes, the Fireflies and the Bumblebees. In the first game the Bumblebees stung the Fireflies into retreat, with twelve shots to the Fireflies nine. The Fireflies came through in the second game with six runs and twelve scalps hanging at their belts In the last battle the Bumblebees came through again, but this time with three runs to the Fireflies two. We were told by one of the warriors that there is an excellent spot for skiing, in fact it was so good that he couldn't stop and skiid right onto the water.

Fireflies

	1st game			2nd game			3rd game		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T. G. J.	X	•	✓	✓	✓	1	X	✓	✓
R. L. L.	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	✓	✓
G. H. V	X	••	✓	X	••••	1	X	••	✓
Arnold	✓	•	✓	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓
Bacon	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Barrett	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	X	✓	✓
Burrell	X	✓	✓	X	••••	1	X	✓	✓
Bradshaw	X	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	1
Jackson	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Irving	X	•••	✓	✓	✓	1	X	✓	✓
Sears	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	••••		1
Snyder	X	✓	✓	✓	••	1	X	••	
Walker	X	••	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	••	✓
	11	7				4			2

Bumblebees

	1st game			2nd game			3rd game		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
J. B.	✓	•••		X	✓	✓	X	✓	1
G. J.	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	✓	✓
Emmet	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, C.	X	•••	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland J.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓
Ingersoll	X	•	✓	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓
Mailer	X	••	✓	X	✓	✓	X	•	
Rees	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	•	1
Searle	✓	•••	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓
Turner	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Williams M	X	✓	✓	X	•••	✓	X	•••	
Williams	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wright	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	1
Volkenburg	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	10	12		12	5	6			3

Those who didn't scout, fished and took their suppers with them. These are the fishers.

B.L.H.	Wallace
Williams	Crane
Lynes	Garfield

The press thinks they caught about ten fish, but but if thats wrong we beg to be corrected.

There was a Water Drinking squad led by Condon -- twenty-eight glasses, but we haven't been told much about it.

Those who supped on the Point found an old Camper come to join them - J. A. Lowell ; he has come to stay for a while and we hope it is a long while.

Friday, July 9th
Wind SW
Temp.
Barometer

We have an engineer or something in our midst, namely G.J. who is patching the Aquarium and filling it up with water. This he does with an amazing arrangement of pails and pipes, and mkes the water jump from the lake into the aquarium without thinking.

This afternoon there was a visit to Meadow Brook just to see if it was alright. These were the inspectors.

J.A.L.	G.J.	F.H.J.
Lynes	Wright	Garfield
Goodhue	Arnold	Snyder
G.H.H.	Garland, C.	A.L.L.

There were those also who fished, but they weren't so very successful, not really catching much until they were coming back. They stopped off the Point and began hauling them in , but it was late then so their catch amounted to only about a dozen in all.

"Camp Red-Man"
Camping Trip - July 8th-9th

After a few discouraging minutes of rain early in the morning the weather started to clear, helped by a good northwest wind. We finally started off for Chute Island, three Rangeleys providing our transportation. We arrived on the southern point of Chute and decided that a swim was in order. During the row up from camp the sun had come out and now provided us with plenty of warmth. We left the lake and came on shore to eat a picnic lunch which was welcomed heartily. E.C.C. and J.R.W., having no pots and pans to clean, lay down and slept while the other members of the trip argued out the selection of a camping spot for that night. Upon the awakening of these two we all fell into the boats again and went out to fish. The wind was still fairly strong, so it was decided to stay on Chute for the night. The fishing of that afternoon

was all done in the vicinity of this same southern point of Chute. Towards the end of the afternoon Chisholm tired of using hook and worm, so he resorted to unorthodox bait. This turned out to be an inflated section of an air mattress. Van Ingen minor also thought not so well of worms as bait and tried to catch fish by wiggling his toes in the water. Despairing of any further fishing, the majority voted for a return to shore with a swim. The return to shore was effected but camp was more important to E.C.C. and J.R.W. Duffle was unpacked, beds were laid out, firewood was collected, and even a tent was finally erected. Most important of all, there was mosquito netting for all. Chisholm declined any at all, proclaiming that he was too tough for any insects. Camp being fairly well in order the swim came next. The catch of thirteen for the afternoon was bewailed as unlu

Thereupon all hands betook themselve in underwater attacks upon the denizens of the deep. No luck, but plenty of very minor scratches from the rocks resting securely on the bottom of the lake. Supper was served from a picnic basket at 8:15. Both E.C.C. and J.R.W. welcomed the fact that the ladies were kind of heart and supplied us comfortably with two meals. More fixing up of camp followed this meal until all was ready and the fire was finally lighted. The mosquitoes were beginning to be noticed by then, and the smoke was a bit of relief. After much deliberation Zahner and Chickolm cooperated in the telling of a fearful ghost-story called "The Fraternity Brothers." It scared most of us, but its effects were dire on Peabody, G. His stomach turned in horror and illness resulted. E.C.C. and Zahner made a quick dash for Camp, and Peabody G. was left on the float to make his way to

the infirmary. Upon reaching back to camp the members all took a final dip. Bed was a welcome reward after a long day, 12:00 being very late for all.

Waking up the next morning was hard for nearly all, but there were reports of the Van Ingens having been up at 5:00. The rest managed to rouse themselves at 6:45, and some took the customary morning dip. Firewood had to be collected but the food tasted even better after a short walk before breakfast. Corn-meal mush, scrambled eggs and bacon were on the morning's menu, and very few refused.

Breaking camp took quite long, with many grunts and groans. The site had been very good, except for a fringe of poison ivy at the water's edge, but no one caught it.

We rowed down to the point just south of Meadowbrook and anchored there at 11:30. Zahner and Chisholm

rowed all the way down in circles having no weight in the stern to aid their straightness of direction. J. R. W. caught a fine white perch as well as a good-sized bass here, taking the latter on a fly. The day was very warm with just a faint south wind in the morning. This provided all with skin-shades from Danforth's rosy pink to Chisholm's deep tan. The heat prompted many requests for another swim. The next landing place was then made at North Beach.

More fire-wood collecting was followed by a cooling game of water tag. Luncheon was downed heartily and all was then put away again. E. C. C. and J. R. W. again caught some sleep in their "siesta."

The worms having given out entirely that morning, it was decided that trolling would solve the question of bait, as well as making it less warm to row.

By 5:15, after two hours of rowing ve
slowly, we found ourselves down by
Crooked Island. We had come up from
Meadowbrook to the gap between Chute
and the mainland, and then back dow
on the opposite side of the mainland.
It was decided that the east shore
of Hoyt's should provide our last
stopping place. We then crossed over
and started up the shore. The bas
trolling here was quite good, especia
as the water was calming down and
the sun was away from that shore. Va
Engen minor caught a good-sized ba
while the other boats caught smaller
ones. "Cheese" will have one to writ
home about, for "the big one got away
when he took the spinner and ten feet
line as he struck. The last picnic sp
was finally found and the majority g
felt that a swim would do them g
Even J.R.W. decided that with a

soap and water we could all give the camp a surprise and come back clean. No one approved, though, so J.R.W. decided to be on the safe side and dispensed with soaping. Supper was a very scanty meal for all, as most of us were hoping for an ice-box raid when we got home.

The last long mile did not prove the hardest at all. We arrived home at just 8:00. "Soap on the point" removed the last traces of the trip from us, and a soft bed was very welcome. The fishing was nothing to talk about, 16 being the final amount, but "a good time was had by all."

—

FISHING PEOPLES

B.L.H.	Wallace, H.	Walker	Garland, P.	Garland, J.
Sears	Rees	Volkmann	Wallace, M.	Everett, F.
Emmet	Turner	Moller	Williams	Peabody, G.

We are told that these worthies were visited by the kindly Fish Warden, but they merely bowed and smiled and parted friends.

Venatores:

B.P.S.
Bacon
Everett, L.
Ingersoll
Jackson
Loring
Searle
Wren

These brave adventurers went to the swamp behind the Cooks and hunted the Bufer Carnivor to his lair. They laid trps, baited with soap, so one of the adventurers told us and are going to return later to see what they have in their traps. Reports are that though they didnt actually see the terrible creature they heard it in the near distance. Even though they were unsuccessful in catching the Bufo Carnivor they did catch two Pitcher Plants. These aren't so vicious, but just about as hard to catch.

At about eight o'clock the Campers returned, and one or two of them looked about three shades darker brown than when we last saw them. Boats and go as you please in the evening and then more Duggleby for the half past niners.

Saturday, July 10th
Wind NW
Barometer
Temperature

Last night was really cool and we all slept like logs, consequently breakfast was a sleepy affair. The pond was very flat this morning, so there was a navagation squad. From its office in the deep dark woods the Press heard the ominous buzz of a motor boat, a few frantic yells from what must have been the middle of the Pond and then a splash. The rescue must have been very neat and quick, for that was all we heard.

At about half past eleven Mr. and Mrs. Sears came and stayed with us for lunch, but they had to leave right afterwards. We hope to see t them back tomorrow. Just two minutes before the horn blew Mr. Snyder came bringing with him Mr. Collins. They had driven up from Boston, starting early this morning.

In the afternoon there was a very exciting, though hot baseball game between the "Bufos" and the"Carnivors". It was a fairly one-sided game in favor of the "Bufos" for the first two innings, they bringing in five runs to the "Carnivors" three, but in the last inning Bufo Snyder hit a two base hit, and then baffled the other team into two errors, and came home with flags flying.There were five runs brought in, and another two bagger, hit by Sears. The Carnivors did their best to catch them, but missed by one point.

vs. ..... of ..... at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1																			
			2																			
			3																			
			4																			
			5																			
			6																			
			7																			
			8																			
			9																			
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.																	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire ..... of ..... Scorer .....

vs. _____ of _____ at _____ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1																		
			2																		
			3																		
			4																		
			5																		
			6																		
			7																		
			8																		
			9																		
			10																		
			11																		
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.																	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..

Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	F'l'd'g errors.	Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.

Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire. _____ of _____ Scorer _____

vs. ..... of ..... at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1																			
			2																			
			3																			
			4																			
			5																			
			6																			
			7																			
			8																			
			9																			
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.																	
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire ..... of ..... Scorer .....

At four fifteen there was a soccer game very exciting and speedy, with no scoring until the very last half of the last period. A goal was made for each side, one by Prof. Bradley, and one by A.L.L. We are told by a press agent who was covering the game that the team play and passing in the game was really remarkable. The teams were:

J.B.	J.A.L.
J.G.W.	Mr. Snyder
B.L.H.	E.C.C.
J.R.W.	A.L.L.
G.H.H.	F.G.J.
G.J.	J.Y.G.W. jr.
Mr. Collins	Garland, C.
Garland, J.	Wallace, H.
Zahner	Williams
Danforth	Volkmann
Walker	Moller.

Those who didn't gambol on the green, fished the lake out, and these were,

Garland, P.	Chisholm	Crane
Wright	Peabody, F.	Peabody, G.
Searle	Rees	

Barbara B. Zahner - and Loreen C. Zahner

who is going to stay here at Camp for a few weeks

The Second Sing Song of the season opened with an overture by T.L., it was more or less a continuation of the one he played for us last time only better if that is possible. Next came the Merryweather Elastic Band(Joe Garland, Chris Garland and Claude Williams) who played for us two choice songs of the season.The guest of the evening was one Professor Wilberforce who introduced to us a new form of study, that of illustration by drama. He gave us a very interesting lecture of his reasons for this new and delightful method of study and then illustrate

his point with a few playlets. At first we had the book, Now We Are Six. This wasvery neatly illustrated by the arrival of the Quintuplets Papa Dione received each little bundle with less and less enthusiasm, until there are six Dionnes in the room.

The next scene opened with four people standing in mid stage and each person held a burning match, then at a given signal the matches went out -- with the wind. The value of this method of learning, so the doctor told us was that the child wuould learn without learning, or something like that. The next scene was very like the last one, only here we
here we only had one actor on the stage, and his match was the "Light That Failed". Captains Courageeous was truly a masterpiece, for the good pref collected together the captains, four in number,one of industyy one of the Wellesley Crew, One from the ches team at Rollins and the forth was the Captain of a bridge team or such like. They all told us of their appointments and their brave deeds that they went through to gain their places.The Feet Of The Young Men wase to be fitted to some shoes that they didn't want, and O! what a fuss they made. J.A.L. who was one of the small boys played a very sympathetic and very alive part, we wish to congratulte him on a superb bit of acting.Next came Horatius At The Bridge, only Horatius couldn't play very well and wasn't appriaiated by anyone else who played the game. Next we had Doctor Thom who would saw your leg off for you(Tom Sawyer, see?) The Highwayman came next, and he galloped down the isle between the spectators on a fine steed, his great black cloak floating out behind him and a Baseball mask to hide his face from the overwatchful police force. He met his gal on the corner in front of the drug store and left her with great sadness when a nosey sort of person came around and asked his business.

The next lesson was on different methods of warfare in the

four warring countries of today, Spain, Cina, India and the Russians in Siberia.The frst was a scene was at the trenchess in Spain; here we found three soldiers all arguing about the relative benefits of their patties. They each one belonged to a different one anf tried to convert the others, so they did and they all killed each other. Then we were shifted to China where there was about to be an execution, The officer in charge called out the order to fire and the squad of three took careful aim, but unforunately their aim wasn't too good so that they missed the culprit and shot the officer. They tried again, with one of the soldiers taking the place of the officer, but again it happaned. After the forth try we finally see five dead men on the stage, the officer the three soldiers and the culprit. India was our next port of call, where we found two English officers awaiting their death in the cold grey dawning. There was also a private in the room and after a long talk about serious matters and various toasts to the King the two officers decided to see to it that the private faced his death in the morning as a true Englishman should and as a gentleman should. They talked to him of all the tradition they could think of, and did their best to make a gentleman out of him, but the private was a bit indifferent, and would yawn in the most serious spots. In the end they decided that he wasn't a true Englishman and so theynocked him off before the morning came around, but the private didn't seem to care even then. Last of all we went to an army post in Siberia where there were tw delightful Russians were defintely bored with life, so they brought in a nice looking soldier and started to take bites out of him, but the soldier soon got tired of it and died off. They tried a few more, but they found even this got dull after a while, so they started to talk. They found out that they were really life long enemies, because their two towns were right next to

eachother, s that was great, they had at last found something they could really have fun killing, so they went to it with a will and finished themselves off very fleatly.

During a change of scene there was a bit of time, and Mr. Wiggins came out and sang to us a really delightful song, we the Press hope sincerely that we can get hold of the words for our readers.

News Item: Bacon passed his Swimming Test! Hurrah for him!

Sunday July 11th
Wind NW shifting to SW in P.M.
Barometer 29.8

Cool again, and we are a very thankful Camp, for we have been quite definitely too hot for the past week. Nothing unusual in the mornong, e xcept that we sang with more volume, so much that even Mrs. Stayd who has been forced to her bed in Sun Shine Alley, could hear us very plainly.

Mr. and Mrs. Sears came for lunch today as we had hoped they would, and the Van Ingen brothers left us for lunch. They brought back with them some of the best cookies ever tasted, and enough for the whole Camp, so we had them for supper.

In the afternoon there was a game of Skowhegan on the ridge. The first game was won by Chief Chisholm and his braves, who brought in eleven scalps and onr run, to the other tribes nine runs. The next Captain Moller came through and did the same for his former captors. The past game looks ab bit complicated, but thetribe of Chisholm seems to have come throughagain, but this time with three runs instead of only one.

On the base ball field we had a very good game, with two home runs scored for the F.G.J.'s, one by the captain and one by Whacker Hackett. The final score was 13 to 7 for the F.G.J.'s.

F.G.J's vs. J.B's of _____ at _____ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	G.H.H.	2			K										5	3	3		11
			2	Wallace H.	6													4	3	2		
			3	F.G.J.	1													4	3	3		
			4	J.A.L.	3													4	3			
			5	Garland P.	5	K					K							4	0	0		1
			6	L.C.F.	4	K				K								5	0	2		
			7	Garland J.	7								K					4	0	0		
			8	Snyder	8													5	1	1		
			9	Emmett	9													4	0	0		1
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	4/6	2/8	5/13										

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	11					1-b. on errors.					
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
					11	Batt'y errors.					

Umpire. E. Peabody of _____ Scorer H. Van Ingen

J.B's vs. F.G.J's of _____ at _____ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Garland C.	4							K						5	1	1		
			2	J.R.	1	K						K		K				5	1	2		11
		11	3	B.P.S.	6			K				K						5	1	1		1
			4	E.C.C.	2	K												4	1	0		1
			5	J.R.W.	3	K												4	2	1		11
			6	A.L.L.	5		K		K		K		K					4	0	0		
			7	Zahner	8													4	1	0		
			8	Walker	7		K			K	K		K					4	0	0		
			9	Everett F.	9			K		K								3	0	0		11
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	4/5	4/5	0/7					38	7	5		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	1	1				1-b. on errors.					
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
					11	Batt'y errors.					

Umpire. E. Peabody of _____ Scorer _____

Monday, July 12th
Temperature, 71.5
Lake, very calm
Barometer, 29.7
Forecast, rainy for part of day, then clear.

We had a cold, damp South east wind this morning that was definitely horrid. Besides a bit of rain in the morning there was a strange mist of hair floating around, this was caused by Searles and Wrights lovely locks being snipped from their respective heads. The same thing happened in the afternoon only to Everett, L. and Crane.

In the afternoon there were games of soccer for all hands, one game at three fifteen and the other at four thirty. The first game to be played was between the Oboes and the Hoboes.

Oboes	Hoboes
J.B.	E.C.C.
J.G.W.	J.A.L.
B.L.H.	B.P.S.
G.H.H.	F.G.J.
J.R.W.	A.L.L.
Garland,P.	J.Y.G.W.jr.
Garland,C.	Garland,J.
Danforth	Volkmann
Zahner,R.	Wallace
Williams	Moller
Snyder	Everett, F.

The periods were fifteen minutes long, and in the first was there a brave attempt by Obo Wallace to make a goal, but he was foiled. We are told that Garland,P. was particularly outstanding, and G.H.H. made a name for himself by illustrating his sliding ability. There was a brilliant bit of aesthetic dancing exhibited by J.B. Snyder put a stop to the Hoboes tramping by doing some amazing blocking. Just after the Kickoff at the beginning of the second period the Oboes made a concentrated dash for the Hoboes goal and J.R.W. pushed the pill between the posts with J.R.W helping him. Mr. Lincoln began to feel sorry for the other team and made an attempt to give them just one little point, but was happily prevented by his team mates. The Hoboes tried to catch up, and Everett, F. made a

valiant attempt at a goal, but failed. Mr. Bradley made a solo flight down the field and landed in front of the goal and then missed. In the third period there was no scoring but a few almosts. JAL played brilliantly and B.P.S. did a bit of high kicking, once or twice he kicked too high. In the last quarter F.G.J. held up the honor of the Hoboes and brought one goal into camp. The final score was Two to One for the Oboes after a truly remarkable. game.

At the hour of four Thirty the Mexican Greases and the Dagoes met on the field of battle. In the first peiod there was a goal made for the Greases by Condon. ably assisted by his Mexicans. Van Ingen, of the Dagoes returned the compliment and made a goal for his team with the help of Loring. Mr. Wright was brilliant. In the second period there was no scoring, but Van Ingen played brilliantly. Third period: Condon came through again, but this time unassisted. We wish Condon would stop! Here he comes again, this time the length of the field and then puts the ball neatly through the goal posts. The Dagoes got mad though and came back with three goals, one was an error on Wallace, one byEmmet well assisted by Van Ingen and the third made by Ingersoll assisted by Robin Garfield.

In the evening there was a speedy game of some sort of relay race that practically lifted the roof. People who tried to come through the Big Roomwere forced to crouch against the wall or else they were mowed down. More of the Man Without a Shadow for the Halfpast Niners and then some sleep, assisted by rain.

Tyesday, July 13th
Temp.
Barometer
Wind

There seem to have been several serious omissions during the past few weeks, and we the Editors beg fogiveness, and will try to make ammends. About a week ago four hardy swimmers, namely Everett, F, Williams, Crane and Garland, C swam from the float to Oak Island with Garland J and A.L.L. as their guides. Last night there was a game of indoor relay between the Dormitories, the winner was none other than South, hurrah for them!

This morning before anyone could quite realize it, Mr. Lowell left us. We are desolate without him, but we have hopes that he might return to to us in August. The wind was from the Northwest this morning, and we Knew it even though ouf weatherman did try to basely decieve us and put that it was coming from the South. A perfect Scouting day, at three fifteen the last trial game was played.The two teams meeting on the field were the Gros Ventres vs. the Perce Nez. The latter won hands down as you can see by the score sheet but we have hopes that when the real games come around that the ones who were done to death this time will endeavor to do better next time and keep their scalps on their heads. In the first game the Gros Ventres started from the North end and were swept down by an onrush of Perce Nez, who blasted their guards both on the Shore and in the Underground and came through with eight runs. There was a glorious Battle in the Underground but it was in the end an advantage for the Perce Nez. In the second game the Gros Ventres buckled to and brought in three runs but the other team ran harder and faster and brought in three so that agaim the Ventres lost. In the third game the Gros Ventres helped out the other team a bit by giving away two scalps free of charge, and even though thee guards were large and capable there were three runs let through on the North end.

After this battle the warriors retired from the field to the point and then to supper where a great deal of very good supper disappeared

Perce Nez

	1			2			3		
	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
J B	✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓
B P S	✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●●●	✓
F G J	✓	●●●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
E C C	✕	●	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
G H H	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●●●	
Arnold	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Bacon	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Crane	✓	●●	✓	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Everett F	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Everett L	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Ingersoll	✕	●●	✓	✕	●●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Jackson J	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Loring	✓	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Lynes	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Sears	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Snyder	✓	●●	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Walker M	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wallace H	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wallace M	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Williams	✕	●●	✓	✕	●●	✓	✕✓	●●	✓
Wren	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Wright	⊠	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓
Vollmann	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
	7	18	8	13	20	3	16	19	3

Gros Ventres

	1			2			3		
	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
L C F jr.	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
B H H	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
R W	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
A L L jr.	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
J. Y. G. W jr	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
J R W	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●●●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Chisholm	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	●●	✓
Condon	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	
Emmet	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Garfield	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Garland C	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland J	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Garland P	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Goodhue	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Moller	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Peabody F	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Peabody G	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	⊠	✓	✓
Rees	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Searle	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✓	●●	✓
Turner	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	⊠	✓	✓
Van Ingen H	✕	●●	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Van Ingen L	✕	●●	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Zahner J	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Zahner R	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕✓	●●	✓
	18	0	0	20	13	2	21	16	0

INTELLIGENCE TEST FOR HALF PAST NINERS

1. What nationality is known for its laundrymen?

2. What is the Indian name for land- locked salmon?

3. Who had arms as strong as iron Bands?

4. What Yale man said:" My only regret is that I have but on life to give for my Country"?

5. Who ran away with the spoon?

6. What is the word usually coupled with "kin"?

7. Who was the ninth President of the U.S.A.?

8. What great king was associated with the Queen of Sheba?

9. What American General was named after the Indian Chief Tekumseh?

10. Who wrote the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini?

11. Who is the most famous house painter in the world?

12. Who said we have not begun to fight"?

13. What are dried plums called?

14. What state of the Union was for four years an independent Republic?

15. Who said:" We are too proud to fight"?

16. What is the month in which all American wars have been begun?

17. Who killed Abraham Lincoln?

18. Name the four Evangelists.

19. How many judges in the Supreme Court?

20. Has this always been the case?

21. What book mentions a treakle well?

22. Who founded the Saturday Evening Post?

23. From what poem is the line" and the Umpire said strike two"?

24. Who is it who stoppeth one in three?

25. Why did Jack and Jill go up the hill?

Scores of the intelligent ones.

1. J.H.	20
2. J.B.	19 1/2
3. J.P.S.	19
4. J.C.P.	18
5. J.R.W.	15
6. R.W.	13
7. Moller	13
8. G.F.J.	12
9. Wallace)	
9. Crane)	11
9. Williams)	
10. Garland, J.	10
11. Everett F	10
12. Garland, P.	6
13. Garland, C.	5
14. Zahner	5
15. Volkmann	3

then there were a few songs sung and we retired to our beds, all very sleepy.

Wednesday, July 14th
Wind North
Temp. 70
Barometer 29.83
Forecast clear today and tomorrow

Before anyone was really awake this morning there was a great deal being done about trips of all sorts. First of all a Camping trip was sent off for two nights. The traverlers were:

F.G.J.
A.L.L.
Emmet
Everett,F.
Walker, M.
Wallace,H.

They took the Williwaw and the Terror for transportation. At five minutes past nine, or there abouts, the first half of the Ouanie Shuttle left

OUANANICHE
E.C.C.

J.R.W.	B.H.
Goodhue	Zahner
Garland, P.	Volkmann
Wright	Peabody, F.
Van Ingen	Garfield.
R.W.	
Jackson	

At ten therty the other half of the Shuttle left, with the crew of:

Green	Pantasoate	Identical	Green
J.B.	J.Y.G.W.jr.	Garland, C.	G.H.H.
Williams	Crane	Chisholm	Moller
Zahner, J.	Snyder	Danforth	Wallace, M.
J.C.P.			

The first half of the Ouanie Shuttle had no particularly exciting adventures. They arrived at the first carry in about forty-five minutes and there there was a slight shift in the crew . From then on there were almost no stops or rests, except for the other carry. They arrived at the appionted place in three hours and fifty minutes. Here the Shuttle Shuttled and those who had come in the rangeleys climbed into the Ouanie and disappeared around the bend. We are told that they had to take a bit of water our of the great ship once or twice, but that otherwise they had a very mild trip.

The first to return were of course the ones who had left at nine, and they tied the rangeleys at their moorings at about quarter of four. The Ouanie turned up about an hour later, which was as it should have been and so ended a delightful trip.

Those who didn't gad about all over the country side carried on a very usefull and intelligent Scavenger hunt. The sides were:

Kites	Shrikes	Condors
Garland, J. Capt.	Lynes, Capt.	Condon, Capt.
Arnold	Peabody	Ingersoll
Loring	Bacon	Searle
Rees	Everett,L.	Sears
Turner	Van Ingen, H.	Wren.

Umpire, B.P.S.

Instead of Charades, there was a game of Bumb Crambo. The highlights were numerous, but the most outstanding were when Peter Garland stood as a May Pole in the middle of the room, while B.P.S. et al danced around him. Truly a lovely sight. Garland J. made a very nice sort of lion in a zoo (while trying to find a word that rhymed with new) and J.B. as Sherlock snooped around the flour and found a clue. The word was finally found out to be Yew. The word that B.P.S. and his followeres were trying to find was Bray and in the process we had some words such as slay and flay graphically acted out for us.The last word was Skate, And as a word to rhym with it there was Bait, delightfully acted out by three tried and old fishermen, Bacon, Rees and Ingersoll. There was not time for the Doctors side to perform bacause of the inevitable Half Past eight. The Half Past Niners had a bit more of Dugglehy Dugglehy read to them, and then rerired.

We forgot to mention that this morning Class A Chinned.

Williams, C.	6	Walker, M.	1	Moller	8	Garland, J.	4
Garland, C.	9	Everett, F.	5	Danforth		Garland, P.	11
Wallace	11	Volkmann	3	Crane	2		

As you can see the Chief Chinners are Garland P. and Wallace, H.

Thursday, July 15th
Temp.
Barometer
Wind

A smokey south west kind of a day, with a pleasant cool breeze. During the last part of swim there were amazing things being done with the kyaks in the way of handling and formations. The fleet was made up of people from Copley, and led by Mr. Fairbank. At about eleven thirty the Skipper and Captain John arrived after driving up from Indian Point, they have come to spend a night here but we wish they'd stay longer.

In the afternoon there was the second Track and Field of the season.

TRACK AND FIELD, JULY FIFTEENTH

100 yard dash:

Class A.

1st heat:

Garland, C.	1st
Crane	2nd
Volkmann	3rd

time; 11.8

2nd heat:

Garland, P.	1st
Condon	2nd
Zahner, R.	3rd

time; 11.8

Finals:

Garland, P.	1st
Garland, C.	2nd
Condon	3rd

time; 11.4

The two Garlands made this last race very close and exciting, Peter keeping just ahead of Chris the whole way.

Class B.

1st heat:

Wright	1st
Garfield	2nd

time 14.8

2nd heat:

Goodhue
Wallace M
Van Ingen, L.

Finals:

Wright	1st
Wallace	2nd
Goodhue	3rd

time; 14.8

Class C.

1st heat:

Ingersoll	1st
Bacon	2nd
Everett	3rd

time; 15

2nd heat:

Snyder	1st
Searle	2nd
Sears	3rd

Time; 14.8

Class C. 100 yard dash, continued.

3rd heat

Van Ingen, H.	1st
Lynes	2nd
Zahner	3rd

Semi Finals:

Shyder	1st
Ingersoll	
Van Ingen	
Everett, L	

Finals:

Snyder	1st
Van Ingen, H.)	2nd
Ingersoll)	

Class A Shot Put

All the members of class a competed, and these are the finalists.

Garland, P.	1st	Distance,	31'
Garland, C.)	2nd	" "	26.1
Garland, J.)			
Volkmann	3rd	" "	15.

Class B Shot Put

Wright	1st	Distance	15.8'
Van Ingen, L.	2nd	''	14.4
Goodhue	3rd	''	14

There was an exhibition by graduate Peabody, an ex- athlete who threw the pill for 16'4''

CLassCC. Shot Put

Sears	1st	Distance	20' 4"
Snyder	2nd	''	19' 8"
Lynes	3rd	''	18' 6"

Broad Jump

Class A

Garland, P.	17'1"
Garland, C.	15'6 1/2"
Crane	14' 9"

Garland J. was forced to act as an official because of a cold.

Class B

Wright	11' 10"
Goodhue	10' 9"
Garfield	10' 2"

Class C.

Arnold	11'2"
Snyder	10'11"
Van Ingen, H	10' 9 1/2"

Class A High Jump

Garland,P.	1st	4'6"	After class A high Jump Peter
Crane	2nd	4'4"	Garland did a little practice
Garland C.	3rd	4'2"	jumping on his own and cleared
Zahner	4th	4'	4'8"

Class B

Garfield	1st	3'6"
Goodhue	1st	3'6"
Wright	2nd	3'4"
Van Ingen, L.	3rd	3'2"
Wallace, M.	3rd	3'2"

Class C

Snyder	1st	3'8"
Lynes	2nd	3'7"
Arnold)		
Bacon)		
Everett, L.)		
Ingersoll)	3rd	3'5"
Searle)		
Sears)		

440 yards:

Class A		Class B		Class C	
Garland,P.	1st	Walker	1st	Snyder	1st
Garland C.	2nd	Wallace,M	2nd	Arnold	2nd
Crane	3rd	Garfield	3rd	Bacon	3rd
time 62.7sec.		time 78.4 sec.		time 77 sec.	

This Track and Field seemed to be run off with the greatest speed and efficiency so that there was time for a good long swim instead of a rather hurried one. When we came down we found that Pierpont Stackpole and Julia Stackpole had arrived and happily for us, are going to stay here for almost a week.

After supper the Charade Sides met at seven or there abouts in their usual haunts, and concocted words and charades for the evening. The first word was "Excelsior" acted out by B.P.S. and Co. The opening scene was of a meeting of the W.T.A.A.(th Women's Talking Association of America) The chairman

Mrs. Powell explained to us that this was to be a competition between the best and fastest talkers of the Association, and that last year Mrs. Schoyer had wnn and was defending her title again this year. On the word go" Mrs. Schoyer and a dark horse, Mrs. Johnson went to it, the latter however soon began to stutter and stammer and finally lost her breath and gave up completely. The other competitor was a Mrs. Van Ingen, who gave Mrs. Schoyer a run for her money, but in the end the old time Champ did excel, and retained her title. The next scene was in the streets of New York City. Our attention was focussed on a mild looking gent who was using a pair of Opera glasses to look at the tall buildings with. People on the street began to notice this gent and tried in vai n to see just what he was looking at. Finally a new comer decided he'd better f find out, so he asked him.The man replied " I see ore in them thar sky scrapers"(see ore---si or) Just after this astounding statement a man came rushing in, who had a sign on his cap saying keeper, and snatched the gold prospecter away. The last scene was from Longfellow's poem Excelsior and this was all very dramatically acted out, with a new verse on the end. Thus we had the whole word Excelsior.

The next word was acted out by the Doctor's side. The curtains rose on a street brawl, and we were given a few seconds of breathtaking combat and then a horrble scream pierced our ears. An ambulance was rushed to the spot and out of it jumped a very business like Doctor(our Doctor) who took one kook at the patient and then started to saw of the man's leg Here the curtains mercifully closed. Scene two was of a large and well filled lecture hall. In a few seconds the Sage from Maine the famous Professor Mugwump (as you know, he is a remarkable mind-reader) appeared on the platform and volunteered to read any ones mind.

The first to step up was a sweet little old lady from Skowhegan, to ask just what it was that she was trying so hard to remember. The kind Sage told her that she had forgotten to put the cat out before she came to the lecture. The sweet little lady made a hasty exit. Next came a big tough who said he was told that he was going on a long journey and he wishedto know where. He was told that it would be one of two places, and it would probably be the hot place. We now have the two sylables, saw and sage. The last scene was the whole word and was abley described by a Hot Dog Stand, or a place where one may buy sausages.

The third company to perform was that of Mr. Bradley, and their was spillway. The first scene should have made us squirm a bit in our seats. It was of Mr. Bradley at the head of a table at meal time. The people around the table looked as though they were eating perfectly normally, but they would spill things. Finally Mr. Bradley began to send them away for being so messy, but shortly he was left all to himself. He gave a sigh, and promptly tipped over the water pitcher. Way, the next sylable was acted out by the story of Little Miss Muffet. She sat on her tuffet as she should and ate her curds and whey like a good little girl, when along came a spider oh, a great big one and said, "Is this seat taken" and of course Miss Muffet got up and ran away. Last of all there was a scene of the building of a damn just on the Southern boarder of Kentucky to catch the liquor that was overflowing from this state. There was a long disscussion between the engineer and the state senator as to whether a spillway was needed or not. It was finally decided that the workmen would be able to drink up any overflow that came along. And so we have the whole word, spillway.

The last word was one of seven sylables, onamatopoetic. The first scene was all the seven sylables and the last scene was the whole word. The curtain opened on a scene in the main office of the Atlantic Monthly, and we saw Mr. Sedgwick behind his desk, looking very busy in deed. Shortly a aesthetic looking poet, with a long grey beard was ushered in. He wanted to know just why his poetry hadn't been printed in the last issue. It was all very politely explained, but the poet was not easily put off and insisted on reading his peotry aloud. We saw Mr. Sedgwicks point. The last scene was a lecture on poetry and various ways of writing it and the explanation of the metres of many well known poems. It was a truly absorbing lecture.

(The picture on the next page was done by one of our most famous artists, and is taken from life. The result of the duel was that Sir Jackson was cloven to the chine.)

The poems that the long haired poet brought in to Mr. Sedgwick are masterpieces and must never be lost. The press feels it an honor to be able to print such perfect examples of our modern poetry.

SPRIG

Leabes grow
Od every bough,
Birds sig
Od every twig,
Sprig!

Back Bay Lobe

What is so neat as Baecod Street
Or Cobbodwealth Avenue?
What is so fair as Cobley Square?
Dothigs as fair as You!

Sir Jackson
Sir Rees.
J. E. Bradley

Friday, July 16th
Temp.
Wind
Barometer

A mild morning and a little cooler than usual, which is very nice. Again there was a kyak drill led by Mr. Fairbank just after swim, and today they looked really quite professional.

In the afternoon there was Skowhegan on the Point and a game of baseball going on. On the point there were ten furious battles fought between the two fierce western tribes the Buzzlenoses and the Wuzzwuzzes. The Cheftains were Van Ingen H and Everett,L. and their braves were:

Wuzzwuzzes	Buzzlenoses
Van Ingen,H.	Everett,L.
Arnold	Bacon
Peabody, G.	Van Ingen, L.
Wren	Rees
Ingersoll	Zahner, J.

As far as the Press can make out there were at the end of the afternoon a total forty-five runs scored in all, fourteen of them for the Buzzlenoses and thirty one of them for the Wuzzwuzzes. The shots were ten and twenty- one respectively . From the sound of it , it was a very exciting game and a well played one with very few mistakes.

On the ball field there was a we had the base ball teams from the same tribes that were fighting it out so bravely on the point. For the Umpire of this game we are told that a new and very professional kooking man man has been called in, namely Joe Garland. E.C.C was playing on both teams at the same time to add excitement and to give himself a bit of excersise. He says that he succeeded. The teams were made up of the following players.

Wuzzwuzzes		Buzzlenoses	
Garland	Goodhue	Garland, P.	Peabody, F.
Moller Za	Garfield	Volkmann	Wallace
Zahner	Sears	Condon	Searle
Loring	E.C.C.	Wright	E.C.C.
Snyder		Lynes	

vs. ..... of ..... at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1		1	1-3		K														
			2		3	1-3				K	K											
			3		4																	
			4		7			1-3		K		1-2										
			5		5					1-3												
			6		9		K		K	K		K										
			7		6		K		K	K												
			8		8		1-3															
			9		2																	
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	1	3	3	5		9										

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-h. on errors.	F'l'd'g errors.	Batt'y errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.					Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire..... of ..... Scorer.....

In the evening there was a snappy little game of Boston for all hands and then bed for the halfpast eighters. THere was a new book started for the halfpast niners, since we finished up the Man Without A Shadow the night before.

The next few pages are an account of the Camping trip that went out on the fourteenth. We the Editors express great joy and gratitude for such speed on the part of the author.

In the evening there was a snappy little game of Boston for all hands and then bed for the halfpast eighters. THere was a new book started for the halfpast niners, since we finished up the Man Without A Shadow the night before.

The next few pages are an account of the Camping trip that went out on the fourteenth. We the Editors express great joy and gratitude for such speed on the part of the author.

Camping Trip, July 14-16, 1937
Frink's Folly - Camps Kiki

After a rather uneventful start, we rowed across the lake to the mills where, after much grunting and groaning we carried the rangeleys across to Long Pond. We rowed a few more blisters on our hands across Long Pond and stopped for a short swim and lunch. We lolled in the sun eating lunch and listening to the music of an orchestra emanating from Belgrade Hotel. During lunch Everett, 7. had trouble with a few hornets and practically gave up his lunch in order to get away from them.

After lunch we rowed a very short distance, left our boats on a bank, got packs on our backs, and started up a terrific hill. In fact the hill was almost as terrific as the hill. On the other side of the hill was a road which we followed for about three quarters of a mile to Beaver Brook where we spent an hour debating whether to start up the mountain right then or to stay down for the night and go up in the morning. We decided on the former and with

our packs considerably lightened, we started up, blazing a trail as we went. The mountain was rather disappointing because it had no clearing on top, so we came down a little way to a clearing we had passed on the way up. The mosquitoes were almost unbearable at first, but got better. After a bitter and you supper which was well earned and very much enjoyed, everybody turned in, dog-tired. However the return of the mosquitoes prevented any sleep whatsoever, and at 4:30 we arose and ate breakfast composed of eggs and bacon and coffee. After breakfast we packed up and made record time coming down, arriving at the bottom at 6:30, where we cooked a second breakfast composed of bacon and coffee. Emmet, while packing his load, decided it didn't set right, so instead of untying his improvised tump line, his necktie, he pulled out his trusty knife and cut it off.

On the walk back to our boats we stopped on top of Hinks's hill, the aforementioned terrific hill and picked blueberries for lunch. We lunched on Hinks's point and intending to camp there that night, Wallace, H. and Everett, F. did some fishing while the others of us went over to the Falls to buy some

playing cards for after supper amusement. Just before supper, we were visited by four cows (with bells so they warned us they were coming), but they didn't stay very long. We cooked a large supper and played cards for a while Then since the weather looked threatening, everyone set about preparing for the worst. F.R.S. and A.L.L. slept under the rangeleys, making the berths very similar to Pullman berths. Something should be said about the excellence of our camping place. It is one of Mr. L.A. Fink's private place and with permission one can use them. We had a short talk with Mr. Fink when we asked permission and he seemed to know both the Skipper and Mrs. Richards. During the night, A.L.L. wandered all over the camp in his sleep, it seems he couldn't get comfortable.

We woke up about 6:00 and everyone ate an enormous breakfast. We spent most of the morning cooking the breakfast and getting sufficiently packed so we would leave Mr. Fink's place in order. Finally we got off and rowed to the hills and carried into Great Pond again. We rowed to Chute Island for a swim and dinner after which we were due back at camp.

Thus ends a very tiring but wonderful

trip Everyone did his share of the work with a smile and things kept going all the time. We arrived back a little earlier than expected because F. G. J., Everett, F., and Wallace, H. developed sore ears, which we thought were caused by mosquito bites, but which the doctor says is something else.

F. G. J.

Saturday, July 17th

Temp.
Barometer.
Wind, SW

Last night we had a series of short storms that we hoped would clear the air and take away the hot weather. They did a little , but today could have been a bit cooler without making us uncomfortable. The seventeenth is The Skipper's birthday, so there was an expedition to Indian Point by J.C.P. and R.W. to bring him the Camps best wishes.

In the afternoon there were two soccer games, one at 3:10, between

Rum Soaked Crooks		Cremos
J.G.W.		B.P.S.
E.C.C.		J.B.
B.H.		G.H.H.
L.C.F.	and the	J.R.W.
J.Y.G.W.		Garland,P.
Goodhue		Moller
Garland, C.		Volkmann
Condon		Wallace, M.
Wright		Walker
Emmet		Snyder

In the first quarter there were several attempts to either kill the goaly or get a goal. The first dash down the field was made by the Cremos and J.B. tried to push the ball throughthe posts but E.C.C. of the R.S.C. made a valient stop. We are told by our press agent who was covering this game that the playing was slow, "not because of the heat, but because of the humidity" but that the headplays were truly amazing. The second quarter was a spectacular one, with a free kick for the Rum Soaked Crooks and then a goal for the Cremos shortly after by J.B. with the assistence of G.H.H.The R.S.C. returned after this blow and caught a goal for themselves, J.W.G.W. doing the footwork. In the third period Mr. Moller got a bit mixed in his signals and pushed the ball thru his own goal posts, thus making a goal for the other side. We were told that the score was two all but we can't find out when the fourth goal was made, or by whom

The second game of the afternoon was between the two world famous teams,

Old Golds	Lucky Strikes
Arnold	Garfield
Bacon	Everett.L
Ingersoll	Lynes
Jackson	Peabody,F
Loring	Rees
Peabody,G.	Wrenn
Searle	VanIngen H
Van Ingen	Zahner
Sears	Turner

In the first quarter there wase no goals scored, but there were a few new methods of playing the game introduced, such as Jim Turnners way of collapsing in front of the ball as it came along. A good way, but we understand a bit wearing to the player.Lynes tried chanting to himself to keep up his spirit, while Bendy was a true all around fellow and played hard and well for both teams at once. In the second quarter Peabody F. made a goal for the Lucky strikes assisted by Garfield. Then Garfield made one all on his own. David Lynes tried to make one, but the goal post was too wide. In the last quarter(only three quarters were played) Turner crashed through with a third goal for the Lucky Strikes, making the final score three to nothing.

This evening there was the Second Camp Sing Song of the season. The evenings entertainment started off with the Ships Concert on a French Liner. The Concert was held in the after-lounge and the room was kept cool by an open port- hole. We could see through the port that there was quite a sea running and that there was a thick fog. Every few minutes the fog horn would give a melancholy toot and once in a while a bell would clang in the distance. In a minute or so the Captain appeared and announced the program. It was too bad that the fog horn had to keep on blowing because

The Captain had to stop and start all over again a good many times. The first on the program was the Ships Band, naturally a French one, but we saw one or two familiar faces just the same. They played for us some delightful music, and to mke us feel at home they played an all American selection. Once or twice they too had difficulty with the fog horn, but M. Garland J. did his very best to drown it out by tooting all the louder. The fog horn thought it was a race and tooted back. In spite of adverse conditions we were very well entertained and the Bamd received hearty applause as it went staggering out of the room.
Next a sweet little lady recited that lovely poem "Trees" with all the proper gestures--- too bad about that fog horn, it did seem to come in injust the wrong places. Then those two cute Van Ingen sisters came up and sang the dearest song for us and they were so sweet and shy! Just as the two little girls finished their piece a sailor came rolling in to tell some thing to the Captai n. We were amazed by the way the man could keep his feet in such a terrific sea. A Magician came next, he started off a bit on the wrong track and began to lecture us about freedom and Liberty, but soon came round and remembered to do his tricks. He did a few amazing things with spoons, but he couldn't get used to the fog horn and jumped almost every time it blew, poor man. He pulled rabs out of his hat instead of rabbits, and this he explained was because all the rabbits were sea sick. Then four representatives of the Yale Glee Club stepped up and sang Abdul to us, only they hadn't yet got their sea legs and began to feel a bit queezey in the middle of their song and had to retire. Then the First mate was summoned to play the Marseillaise, but he was an Englidhman at heart and began to play God Save The King by mistake. So ended a delightful evening aboard the S.S. Filet De Boeuf.

Next a play by the Van Ingens, called a "Quiet Game Of Bridge", showing us how not to play and what not to do. The cast was

After this delightful display of local talent Mr. Lynes sang the songs on the following pages and the Camp joined in on the chorus. Then a few songs were sung and we retired for the night.

In the midst

BELGRADE SONG

1) As President and Fellows of our University,
I address you on a subject that is very close to me,
Though it's something most important you are likely in a fog,
So I'm going to explain to you the Belgrade Catalogue.

Chorus: It's a hard road to education,
But we love our old school!
We refuse, too, the long vacation,
And we keep the Golden Rule!
Thanks for our Halls of Learning,
Thanks to moral aid,
We salute those dear old haunts with yearning!!
Hail to Belgrade!

(2) Professor Schoyer teaches both the Latin and the Greek,
On the "Purpose of the Drama" does he lecture every week.
Though from aspirated consonants he gets a touch of spleen,
His charm ng eccentricities define him as the Dean. (Chorus)

(3) The Student Council's president is Moller, don't you know,
Although his French is ratty, and his mind is weak and slow,
He has a charming manner with the ladies, and is calm,
And is really very handsome as he leads the Junior Prom. (Chorus)

(4) We will carol of the Freshmen who have lately come to school,
Of Van Ingen, and of Condon, who will always play the fool,
Of Turner, and of Jackson, who are students of repute,
Knowing History, Geometry, and Chemistry, to boot! (Chorus)

(5) We sing of Danny Danforth, he's the Clubman of the place,
We warble, too, of Eddy Crane, and Everett's smiling face,
Of Peabodys, and Wallaces, who really should be panned,
And then of Half-back Williams, who leads the College Band. (Chorus)

(6) The graduates are many of our University,
And they guard our feeble country from the peoles oversea,
An d the olde st living graduate is Mr. Bradley, so,
You must shake him by his fai ling hand, for him you ought to know.

BUFO CARNIVOR

(1) Oh, come, oh, come, you venitor,
All along, down along, out in the swamp,
And let us go hunt the Carnivor,

Chorus
Wi' Bob Wren, Jimmy Jackson, Larry Everett, Roaring Loring,
Ingersoll, Dicky Searle, wee skinny Bob Bacon and a',
wee skinny Bob Bacon and a'.

(2) We'll hunt him and catch him with mirrors and soap,
All along, down along, out in the swamp,
And snare in his lair the Bufo with rope, (Chorus)

(3) Mr. Schoyer has set two traps in the swamp,
All along, down along, out inothe swamp,
Down where the Bufos and Caribou romp, (Chorus)

(4) Then through th trees came a sigh, like "Woo - Woo,"
All along, down along, out in the swamp,
"A Bufo," cried all, "or a fine caribou, said (Chorus)

(5) With a quest quite so rash one should not be tasked,
All along, down along, out in the swamp,
So home we'll go quickly with no questions asked, said (Chorus)

(6) But at home, when asked about the Bufo,
All along, down along, out in the swamp,
"We killed a dozen or more, we know!" said (Chorus)

Sunday July 18th
Temp.
Wind, NW
Barometer 29.

Definitely a Scouting day, cool, a good northwest breeze and a clear day. Yesterday afternoon Margery Peabody arrived, but alas she can only stay this one night, but we hope she will come back later this summer.

After lunch and reading the first real Scouting game started at three thirty, with the Iroquois at the North end and the Algonquins at the South. The day went decidedly to the Algonquins, who won the first two games handily. The first game was won by four runs to the Iroquois none, and those who made them were J.B., F.G.J. and then two new scouts, Sears and Wallace, M. The second game was a real massacre, the Gonqs taking nineteen scalps into camp and then making five runs ontop of that. The last game was won by the large margin of one shot by the Iroquois. Both teams made three runs, but the Algonquins killed only seventeen people while the Iroquois killed all of eighteen, anyway it won the game and thats the point.

Supper was on the Point, and it was especially good after such an afternoon. Just as we finished our last bananas, there was a sudden cry of cake, and a large white box, that had been hidden behind the larger Van Ingen suddenly appeared. The Faculty greedily pounced on it, but it was snatched from them by J.B. who whipped it off to the woods. In a second the whole camp was in full cry after him, and he led them a tremendous chase until he was ruthlessly tripped up by G.H.H. To be sure the trip was meant for the best, but it ended by G.H.H.& J.B. and the cake all in one large pile. We adjourned shortly to the Big Room where we sang a few hymns and then the Halfpast Eighters retired. There was more of the Voice In The Rice for the rest of us and then bed. At about halfpast ten Miss Peabody left to catch the midnight train for Boston so that she could get back to wrok on Monday morning.

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
J B	✓	•••	1	✕	• •	✓	✕	•	
B P S	✓	••	✓	✓	••••	1	✕	•	✓
F G J	✕	•	1	✓	•	✓	✕	•	✓
E C C	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
J H	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
G H H	✕	••	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	1
Arnold	✕	•	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	1
Bacon	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Crane	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Danforth	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Everett F	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Everett L	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	••	✓
Ingersoll	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Jackson	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Loring	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Lynes	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	••	
Sears	✓	•	1	✓	•••	1	✓	✓	✓
Snyder	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	1	✕	•	✓
Volkman	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Wallace H	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Wallace M	✓	•	1	✓	•••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Walker M	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✕	✓	✓
Williams	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Wrenn	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✕	✓	✓
Wright	✓	✓	✓	✕	••	✓	✕	•••	1
	11	11	4	[illegible]	19	5	18	17	3

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
L C F jr	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
B L H	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
R W	✓	••	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
A L L jr	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
J G Y W jr	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
J R W	✓	•••	✓	✕	•	✓	✓	•••	1
G J	○	○	○	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Chisholm	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	•••	1
Condon	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Emmet	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garfield	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland C	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland J	○	○	○	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland P	✓	•	✓	✓	•	✓	✕	•	✓
Goodhue	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Moller	✕	•	✓	✕	•••	✓	✕	••••	✓
Peabody F	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Peabody G	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Rees	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Searle	✓	•	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	••	✓
Turner	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	1
VanIngen H	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
VanIngen L	✕	✓	✓	✕	••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Zahner J	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Zahner R	✓	•••	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
	11	11	0	[illegible]	10	0	17	18	3

CAMP "SLUM and GRAVY"

Camping Trip to Shute Island on July 19-20

Just before lunch on Monday morning a camping trip lead by Mr. Fairbank and composed of ten boys mostly from Mammoth Cave set out for ~~Indian~~ Shute Island in four Rangelys. After some hesitation camp was pitched on the southern point of the island and then there was a short swim before our picnic lunch. After lunch everyone set out again in the boats to fish and after an hour or so of patient fishing, two fair sized perch were caught by John Palmer and John Goodhue. Another swim which finished in time for a delicous supper of "slum and gravy" made expertly by Mr. Fairbank. With some argument each boy finally chose his place to sleep and soon singing and stories were in full sway. Bobby Bacon was yelling for a ghost story but finally when one was told, he fell sound asleep and missed it. There was some talk by the campers of staying up rather late but everyone was tired and after a good ghost story about head-hunters by Mr. Fairbank, all retired.

No one stirred until fairly late (6.30 A.M.) in the morning and after bacon and eggs there was more fishing and swimming. One fifteen inch bass was picked up just after it had been thrown back by another boat by Larry Everett and we had fish for dinner. After a short rest we set out to fish again but a sudden rainstorm put an end to that idea as everyone scurried to put everything under shelter. We had planned to row to Oak Island for supper but the rain changed our plans, and we remained on ~~Indian~~ Shute Is. G.H.H. dropped 50 cents in change into the water which created a great treasure hunt but only one penny was recovered by Robin Garfield who threw it back with disgust. During the afternoon Mr Fairbank led an exploring party around the dense underbrush of the island and on the return trip along the shore everyone fell in. Consequently the fire looked warm and dry and the baked beans were recieved whole-heartedly. Soon after supper we set out for home ~~and~~ against a head-wind, but finally we reached the dock and though all had a wonderful time, we were glad to get home again. G.H.H.

Monday, July 19th
Wind
Temp.
Barometer

At about halfpast nine, after food had been made ready and Lady Chain well groomed sixteen brave men went out into the wilds to climb Tumbledown Mountain. They started off with a rush and we didn't see them again until seven thirty. These were the mountaineers:

E.C.C.
F.G.J.
J.R.W.
Major Peril
Lady Chain

Condon	Rees
Arnold	Sears
Chisholm	Turner
Emmet	Wright
Garland, C.	Wrenn
Ingersoll	Zahner, R.

Wallace, M.

The only mishap was that they forgot Zu and left him sitting at the bottom of the mountain, and didn't remember him until they got to the top; then E.C.C. rushed down the mountain in record time and they came whipping up the mountain They came so fast that they met the others about half way down.

There was also another trip sent out, but this one was for two nights. The Campers were:

L. C.F.
G.H.H.

Loring	Goodhue
Everett, L	Snyder
Searle	Van Ingen, L.
Bacon	Volkmann
Zahner, J.	Garfield

and they went in the

Yammerschooner Erebus Terror Pantasote

Those who were left at home spent a lazy and comfortable day doing a great deal of nothing, except for those energetic ones who built houses and things. At about halfpast seven the mountaineers returned after

what sounded like a grand trip.They murmured something about the ham sandwiches tasting queer but the culinary department lays that to the fact that they didn't have any ham sandwiches, so no wonder they didn't taste like ham! After supper there was Go As You Please, so we went out in boats or else sat around and were lazy.There was reading for the halfpast Niners and then a great deal of heavy sleeping.

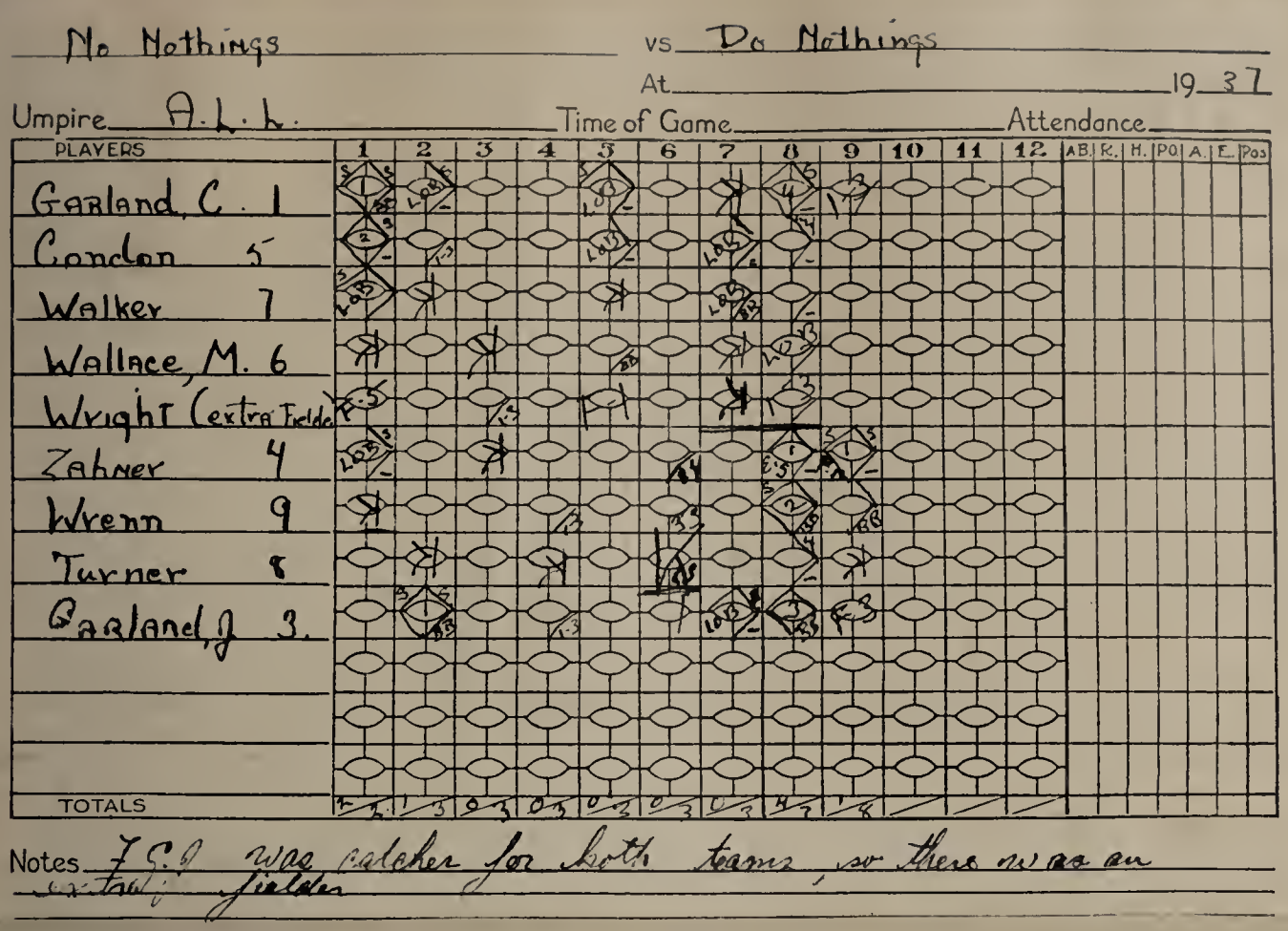
Tuesday July 20th
We know that it was a nice day but not much else, our weatherman has gone on a strike.

A mild morning, squads as usual. There was a trip to Waterville by J.C.B. and R.W. to do a few errands. At home there was a bit more building by J.B. and others.

In the afternoon there was a baseball game that, from the scoring looks as though it was a good game. Garland J. made himself a nuisance to the other side by catching three flys. Garland C and Garland P. each twirled for their respective sides. F.G.J. was a traveling catcher and alternated between teams, thus making an extra man on each team who was put out in the field. The Ump. was A.L.L. and the scorer, J.H.

Runs Botted in By
2 Base Hits — 3 Base Hits
Home Runs — Sacrifice Hits — by Sears.
Hits off — Stolen Bases
Double Plays — Left on Bases
Base on Balls off — off — off — off
Strike outs by — by — by — by
1st Base on Errors — Passed Balls
Wild Pitches — Hit by Pitcher

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos.
Emmet	6	K		1 LOB		1		K		2										
Van Ingen, H	4	K		K		1-3		1-3												
Crane	5	K		K		1-3			1 LOB	9										
Williams	2		K		1 LOB		K-3		K											
Arnold	8		K-3				K		K											
Wallace N.	3.		1		K		K		1-3											
Sears	7		1-3					1 LOB		1										
Ingersoll	9			K	K-1					K-3										
Garland, P.	1			1	K	K		1-3		1										
TOTALS		0 0	1 1	1 2	0 2	1 3	0 3	0 3	0 3	2 5										



The final score of this game was eight to five for the No Nothings.

For those who did not play ball or look after sore ears there was Shop Permission

A little before supper Mr. Rees and Bill Rees came to see Mac and stayed with us for supper and the night. Mr. Wheatland came with his son also but could not stay as long as we could have wished. After supper there were games on the hill, then a bit of reading and then bed.

Wednesday, July 28th
Temp.
Wind. SW
Weather man still on strike.

Our weather man is still on strike but the press can tell you at a glance that it was a perfect day for Scouting, cool with a good southwest breeze to muffle the snorts of the scouters. In the first game the Algonquins won by two runs. The Iroquois had the chance to make at least two if not three through the Undergound, But they didn't choose to. The party of nine that was sent through the Underground stopped just even with the Bone Yard and stayed there for the rest of the game, why we don't quite know, The Gonqs runs were made by George Hackett and Hugh Wallace.

The Iroquois evidently don't like this busines of staying behind

because in the next game they rose up and smote the Gonqs and flattened them with six and maybe seven runs to the Gonqs one and not satisfied with that, they took nineteen scalps from their enemies.The Iroquois braves who made runs were, L.C.F., J.R.W.,Condon, Garland, J., Goodhue, Moller, Turner and maybe Peabody, G. John Goodhue was seen by the Skipper to run almost three quarters of the length of the field from the North end and then after a good look around to find a nice place to hide his lovely face. We think he was probably carefully guarded by St.Patrick.

The last game was terribly exciting with the Gonqs well ahead until the very last, then the Iroquois slowly began to catch up. They were within one scalp's worth of a tie when their scout Condon came crashing through with the deciding run, making the score one to nothing for the Iroquois and tying the season so far.

After a supper that amply fed a very hungry all the Charade Sides were called together at odd minutes past seven. At half past seven Mr. Lynes and Company pulled aside the curtains to what we suppose was a hillside. Shortly up the hillside came two men who stood cavern(we couldn't see the cavern, but we knew that it was there) before the cavern and asked the Oracle or the SAGE who would win the Scouting Cup this year. The answer was that the best side would win, but since both were best, that either neither or both would win(?) A few other people came up and asked very intelligent questions of the Sage and then the scene closed. Next came a very domestic scene, the Fuller brush man in the act of selling brushes. He had stopped at a house where the lady of the house happened to be out, so that her husband took over the job of ordering the brushes. We the Editors think that he did very well by the Fuller Brush Man. (in this sylable we had brush) The last scene, or the whole word was truly tragic and terrible,

Algonquins

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
J B	×	•••	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	••••	✓
B P S	×	••	✓	✓	•••	✓	×	•	✓
F G J	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
E C C	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	••	✓
J H	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
G H H	✓	✓	1	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓
Arnold	×	✓	✓	✓	••	✓	×	✓	✓
Bacon	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓	✓	•	✓
Crane	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓
Danforth	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Everett F	×	•	✓	×	•	1	✓	✓	✓
Everett L	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	••	✓
Ingersoll	✓	•	✓	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓
Jackson	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓
Loring	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lynes	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Sears	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Snyder	✓	✓	✓	×	•	✓	✓	•	✓
Volkman	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓
Walker M	×	••	✓	✓	•	✓	×	✓	✓
Wallace H	✓	•	1	×	•••	✓	×	✓	✓
Wallace M	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
Williams	✓	✓	✓	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓
Wrenn	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓
Wright	×	••	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
	14	15	2	19	15	1	15	16	0

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
L C F jr	×	•	✓	×	✓	1	×	✓	✓
B J H	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
R W	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
A L L jr	×	•	✓	×	•	✓	✓	••	✓
J Y G W jr	✓	✓	✓	×	•	✓	×	✓	✓
J R W	×	•	✓	✓	•	1	×	••	✓
G J	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
Chisholm	✓	•	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
Condon	×	•	✓	✓	•	1	✓	•	1
Emmet	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
Garfield	✓	•	✓	✓	•••	✓	✓	••	✓
Garland C	×	✓	✓	×	•••	✓	×	••	✓
Garland J	✓	•	✓	×	✓	1	✓	✓	✓
Garland P	×	••	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	•••	✓
Goodhue	×	•	✓	×	✓	1	×	•	✓
Moller	×	••	✓	×	••	1	×	✓	✓
Peabody F	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Peabody G	×	✓	✓	×	✓	1	✓	✓	✓
Rees	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓
Searle	✓	✓	✓	×	••	✓	×	✓	✓
Turner	×	✓	✓	✓	••	1	×	✓	✓
Van Ingen H	✓	✓	✓	×	•••	✓	×	✓	✓
Van Ingen L	✓	••	✓	×	✓	✓	×	•	✓
Zahner J	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
Zahner R	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
	15	14	0	15	19	1	16	15	1

for we were witnesses to the last few minutes of the lives of six weary men who were slowly dying of stavation in the desert. They were looking for a large piece of Sage Brush under which they might find a bit of coolness and shade. So we have the whole word, Sage Brush.

The next word was <u>witness</u> acted out by J.B. and his troupe. The first scene was at a school of Wit, where one could learn Home wit, or wit that could be practised in the home.(We already have the first sylable) A few of the least known bits of wit shown to us were, (A) Putting salt in the sugar, or (B) Untying peoples shoe laces and then watching them trip when they started to walk. A third was pulling a chair out from under a person just as he was about to sit down. The fourth and last and best was setting a two inch salute off under an unsuspecting person who is reading the paper. Bob Wrenn did the setting off in just the proper style, with all the slyness and stealth that should go with it. The second scene was of the terrible Loch Ness Monster. We saw a sightseer come up and ask a worthy Scot(J. Garland) who was standing on the banks of the Loch if this was the right place and time etc. The Scot assented and just as he was nodding his head along came the awful monster, hissing and writhing through the water. The sightseer fled in fright and the curtains closed. The second sylable was NESS. The last scene was taken from the ballad of the Highwayman. The Highwayman and Bess were bidding a fond farewell to each other, all unsuspecting of a WITNESS, but there was Tom the stable boy who saw them and told the police. It was a very touching and tragic scene.

The third Charade was put on by B.P S. and his side, and the first scene was a frantic one. The curtains rose on a Customs office on the boarder between Maine and Canada. Here we saw a desparate man and his wife with a large family trying to get through in a hurry. The Inspector was a very careful

man and would not let a single piece of clothing go without being thoroughly looked thgough. Beside that he liked the clothes he was inspecting and commented on them all. Then just as he got through, he realized that he was looking at the wrong declaration slip. There was a low moan from the worn out parents, and they said with a sigh that they had missed their train anyway by now, so the inspector kept on on his leisurely way.The first half of the word was TERRAF, or tarrif (BOOO) Next we had a Baby Naming Agancey with that handsome Mr. Johnson on M.G.M. come all the way from Hollywood to give all the little babies that came in that day a sp special name that he would pick out himself. The first fond Mama to came brought with her,her little son and the name that was chosen was Elmer. Next came a little girl and the name for her turned out to be IRMA. (Now we have the whole word, terrafirma, tarrif Irma or terra firma) The last scene was truly a masterpiece. We were shown the dramatic taking off of the famous doctor SomeOne, who was making a trip to the Stratosphere in his balloon. There was an anxious crowd of friends and news hounds to wish him a good trip and a safe journey back to Terra Firma. The doctor stepped bravely into the basket of the balloon and then drifted up into the ether.

The last word was put on by the Doctor et al. The curtain drew to disclose the sweet scene of the parlor of a suburban house with Pa sitting in his armchair reading the paper. Around him were playing three adorable children, who were asking him all mannere of questions and trying to look over his shoulder. Strangely enough Pa (or Par) wanted to read his paper and didn't want to play. Things were said and the curtains c closed.

The next scene was in a drug store, or something of the sort. There was behind the counter the clerk selling a bit of perfume to a lovely lady.(clerk was Condon, lady J.H.) Then in came an ad catcher, J.Y.G.W. Porr man he had a very hard time getting the clerks attention, and whenhe did the clerk didnat want an ad anyway.(thus we have the next syllable) The last scene was very familiar to us. We saw four very hot gentlemen sitting on a porch on a very hot day. We were very sympathetic, but thought they were softies when a waiter appeared bringing a large pitcher of ICE water. The last scene was truly perfect, whith all the angels up in Heaven playing on their harps. Suddenly they got bored with sweet music and dropped their harps and picked up a pair of dice, and started toshoot craps. (the angels in Paradise were playing with a pair of dice, see?)

Thursday, July 22nd
Temp.
Wind, SW

A day of trips and all day expeditions.By ten o'clock a fleet of rangelys had left to climb Muskrat

These climbers were;

Yammerschooner	Derrer	Panta
Garland, P.	G.J.	J.Y.G.W.
Wallace.M.	Condon	Williams
Everett, F.	Bacon	Searle

and in canoes

Abagadassett	Carrabassett
J.B.	E.C.C.
Arnold	Walker
Snyder	Emmet
Garland,C.	Garland,J.

These mountaineers crossed the lake, carried across the Mills and then crossed over to Muskrat.We are told that they ate their lunch, climbed the hill and had a delightful afternoon. They had left their supper at the bottom, in a pleasant pasture, beneath a large and shady tree, and when they returned they were hungry for food and looked forward with pleasure to meal. Cows often dwell in pastures, so we are told, and cows dwelt in this one,

and they weren't ordinary cows, for they had a taste for sandwiches. Onseeing a pile of sandwiches, what would you do if you were a hungry cow? Well they did and they ate every blessed sandwich and a few bananas for desert. Poor mountaineers, no supper! They retired to the Mills and bought more bananas and more sandwiches and then returned home, with a distinct dislike in their hearts for cows.

Beside climbing there was fishing, and the piscators were:

EREBUS	WILLIWAW
Zahner, R.	J.R.W.
Wallace&H.	Chisholm
Everett, F	Goodhue.

They haven't as yet told us what their luck was but from various clues we gather that they had some luck anyway.

In the afternoon, after Mrs. Powell had read us a very good short story, more people left us, some to fish and some to camp.The former were:

Crane	Moller
Garfield	Williams
Peabody, G.	Wallace, H.

The Campers were:

B.L.H.
L.C.F.

Everett, L.	Ingersoll	Turner	Wrenn	Zahner, J.
Peabody, F.	Rees	Jackson	Loring	Bendy Staud

At about four o'clock they shouldered their packs and went marching off toward the great North, and we didn't see them again until just before squads this morning.

Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins and L.E.W. came and stayed faor the night, but unhappily had to leave early Friday. It was grand to have them here. Those who were stay at homes had a peaceful lazy supper in the Big Romm

NATIVE WAR-WHOOP

The Log of Camp Faraway

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. PEABODY

On July 2 a party of ten boys and two faculty members left for an overnight expedition into the Maine woods. We set off into the wilderness at four thirty in the afternoon. And after a long and weary march along a little-known trail that skirted the shores of Great Pond, our foot-sore party pitched camp in a new and strange region called Pine Parlour. Slightly further on, as was discerned by able

scouts, the vast bulk of four-ways loomed at the head of a sharp declive.

Camp was pitched, the ground cleared (of sticks), and the party indulged in an irregular game of water nigger-boy. Refreshed by their swim and heartened by a repast of sandwiches and milk, our men were peacefully resting from their labours, when suddenly from a wooded ridge to the east the barbaric war-whoops of savages inhabiting this region were heard.

Our men sprang to their feet and deployed upon the piney terrain. Two figures being descried, move was cautiously made by certain of our party to take them captive, not so much

from any desire to hurt them as from curiosity regarding the peculiarities of their primitive behaviour. One stalwart aborigine, answering to the quaint and barbaric name of Red Wright, strongly resisted capture and retreated; pursued by a band of our men led by Loring, an outstanding though somewhat boisterous member of our company. The other tribesman was taken alive. Upon questioning it was revealed that the man's name was either Bert Van Ingen or Bert Flannigan, the original name lying somewhat between these two transcriptions, but defying a more accurate interpretation. Him, because he resisted and spoke contemptuously,

we decided to drown; and therefore cast forthwith into the Great Pond. The rest of the marauders, probably numbering about one hundred were obviously frightened away, for we saw no more of them at that time. The duplicity of this tribe may well be their outstanding trait: for the prisoner Flannigan, before we drowned him, stated that he and Ted Wright were the only members of the attacking party — it being, the while, most manifest to several of our men that there had been at least one hundred savages in all.

Encouraged by our mighty success, but also warned by this episode to fear a second and stronger attempt, we straightway took counsel for

for our defense. The following men, comprising our ~~our~~ entire force were appointed their rank:

L. C. F., General
B. Staud, aide to the General
B. L. H., Surgeon-general
J. Jackson IIIrd, aide to the Surgeon-general
F. Peabody, Brigadier-general
Loring, Colonel
Wrenn
Turner
Rees
Ingersoll
J. Zahner
L. Everett
} Captains

The watch was apportioned between ten men, each one to serve sentry duty for one hour during the night from 8:00 P. M. to 6:00 A. M.

To the General, the Surgeon-general and their respective aides was left

the labour of guarding the camp and baggage wagons in case of another attack. The rest of the party was divided so that both Brigadier-general Peabody (F.) and Colonel Loring commanded three captains. To these men was to fall the brunt of the defense should danger again threaten us. It was indeed a reassuring sight to see the Brigadier-general personally leading his troop about the periphery of our camp as he pointed out to each man his battle station in case of attack. And although to our General and Surgeon-general it was a cause of fervent thanks in the morning that we had no more of savages by that time, to the younger and

and more hot-blooded members of the company it was a sore disappointment, so brave and warlike was their temperament.

After laying such plans for defense, the Brigadier-general and his men returned to camp and rested before a roaring camp-fire built by our elderly General who had felt too indisposed by the long journey of the afternoon to accompany them. To the proposal of the wary surgeon-general, who though he had seen but little actual combat was well versed in the strategy of the ancients from his deep reading, that a mole be cast up about the encampment and that a ditch set with brambles be digged beyond that, the brigadier-general turned a deaf ear, remarking brusquely

that such was not the mode of war in these parts.

At the camp-fire the aged General and wrinkled Surgeon-general, as is the wont with elderly men, recalled tales of a wer-wolf known to earlier sojourners in these regions. This demoniacal beast had been reputed in the time of the full moon during the months of July and August to give ~~to~~ vent to a deep-throated baying. It became evident upon the rising of the full moon above the eastern ridge that a visitation by this ferocious beast might be imminent. Certain of our more waggish members disappeared into the darkness surreptitiously and bayed lustily to the slight discomfort of some, and to the intense displeasure of the crabbed Surgeon-general who objected with a vigour remarkable in a man of his years.

to divert misguided energy and hasten bed-time the crafty general next demonstrated on Captain Stand's bedding the method of making an apple-pie bed. This plan, with individual and at times unhappy modifications, employed the hands and ingenuity of the party. Captain Wrenn apple-pied so many blankets together it was with exceeding difficulty that he tugged it into his tent. The diffident Captain Ingersoll, who had brought but two blankets, sought vainly as it were to make both ends meet.

Finally the camp was silent save for the ungentle noise of the heavy-footed guard on sentry duty. This sound though reassuring to some, kept others of us awake for long. The surgeon-general in particular was annoyed by certain sentries, who walking a figure of eight beat, tramped within a foot of his hoary locks. His reproaches and occasional slanderous rebukes, however died of sheer weariness, and the camp at last slept.

In the early morning just before dawn to the lone watcher by the camp-fire, now burnt low, there floated through the pines an unearthly and beautiful sound: the wakening songs of the veeries. Their clear tones melted into the dark air, lit here and there by silver shafts of a setting moon. The sensation of cool smoothness returned a few hours later when we swam in the clear still water of the Lake before our breakfast.

After that meal, our men broke camp so well that at times the broken fragments seemed irreparable. But shouldering each his pack, all finally bade farewell to Pine Parlour and camp Faraway, as with rapid step and firm mien we set our faces to the south for the long march home to Camp Merryweather.

B. L. H.

Friday, July 23rd
Temp. 84, min.
74 max.
Barometer: 29.85
Wind: none
Lake: Smoothe
Forecast: Clear

At about ten o'clock this morning the Wiggins caravan left for the North.Squads and swim, and then at half past twelve Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue stopped in to see John and to stay for lunch. Unhappily for us they had to laave shortly after because they had a long drive ahead of them.

In the afternoon there were baseball games, one on each field. The Bug Ball teams were as follows:

Sears	Loring
Arnold	Bacon
Garfield	Emmet
Ingersoll	Searle
Van Ingen,L.	Turner
Wallace,M.	Wright
Wrenn	Van Ingen, L.
Everett, L.	Volkmann
Zahner, J.	Jackson.

We are told by one who knows, that the game wasn't much to write home about in the way of playing, but was good fun all the same. The final score after a battle of three innings was nine to five for Mr. Loring and his Company.

The other game, between the Gin Rikshaws and the Gin Slings was a much longer game, taking in all the nine inings. Though it was a rather one sided game in the way of score, it was made exciting by the nunber of home runs swatted in by the Gin Rickshaws and by some very neat fielding of Hugh Wallace This man was one of the stars of the day, bringing in two home runs and swatting a triple with the bases loaded. The rival pitchers were George Hackett and Jim Walker, while the cathhers, E.C C. and F.G.J. umpired when the were not too busy in the field of batting balls. The final score was definitely overpowering, the Gin Slings bringing only nine runs to the RickShaws twenty-one. The game was a long one and they didn't pick up their bases until about ten minutes before six.

Runs Batted in By
2 Base Hits
Home Runs
Hits off
Double Plays
Base on Balls off ____ off ____
Strike outs by ____ by ____
1st Base on Errors
Wild Pitches

3 Base Hits
Sacrifice Hits
Stolen Bases
Left on Bases
off ____ off ____
by ____ by ____
Passed Balls
Hit by Pitcher

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
1 [illegible]	[illegible]													6	3	3				
2 Garland [illegible]	[illegible]													5	2	4				
3 E.C.C.	C.													4	2	4				
4 B.P.S	1st													4	0	2				
5 Garland P	[illegible]													5	0	1				
6 Williams	[illegible]													5	0	1				
7 Hatch	[illegible]													4	1	2				
8 [illegible]	[illegible]													5	0	0				
9 [illegible]	[illegible]													5	1	1				
TOTALS							1/5	2/4						43	9	18				

[illegible]

Runs Batted in By
2 Base Hits
Home Runs
Hits off
Double Plays
Base on Balls off ____ off ____
Strike outs by ____ by ____
1st Base on Errors
Wild Pitches

3 Base Hits
Sacrifice Hits
Stolen Bases
Left on Bases
off ____ off ____
by ____ by ____
Passed Balls
Hit by Pitcher

PLAYERS		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
1 Garland, C	3rd													6	2	3				
2 J. B.	1st													6	5	5				
3 Wallace	SS													7	4	5				
4 F.G.J.	C.													7	5	7				
5 J.R.W.	P.													6	2	5				
6 Zahner	[illegible]													5	0	0				
7 L.C.F.	2nd													4	1	1				
8 Everett F	CEN													5	2	2				
9 Walker, N.	[illegible]													4	3	0				
TOTALS														50	24	28				

[illegible]

Just as supper started Mr. G. Barber and Thomas H. Barber arrived and are going to make us a visit. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Hackett came and stayed with us for the night, but had to leave us soon after breakfast.

Saturday, July 24th
Wind SW

A roasting day with lots of storms brewing all around us, but avoiding us. In the morning there were chins:

Garland, P.	11	Crane	3
Williams	7	G.H.H.	10
Walker, M	0	J.R.W.	13
Everett, F.	7	F.G.J.	14
Garland, C.	11	G.J.	5
Zahner, R.	5	A.L.L.	13
Wallace, H.	11	E.C.C.	13
Garland, J.	10	Jackson, J.	10
Volkmann	3	J.B.	13

In the afternoon there was the third Track and field of the season.

TRACK AND FIELD, JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

CLASS A
100 yard dash

1st heat:
Crane)
Garland, J.) Garland, J. 1st
Garland, C.) Crane 2nd
Williams)

2nd Heat
Garland, P.)
Wallace)Garland,P. 1st
Zahner, R.)Wallace 2nd
Volkmann)

FINALS:
Wallace, H. 1st time: 10:8 sec.
Garland, P. 2nd
Garland, J. 3rd
Crane 4th

CLASS B
100 yard dash
1st heat:
Everett, F. 1st time: 13:5
Peabody 2nd

2nd heat:
Wright 1st time; 13:5.
Walker 2nd

CLASS B continued:

FINALS:

Wright	1st	time: 13:5
Everett, F		
Peabody, F.	2nd	
Walker		

This was a very close and exciting race. Wright crossed in front of Everett just at the very end without realizng it so they tied for first place.

CLASS C

100 yard dash

1st heat:

Ingersoll	1st
Everett, L.	2nd

2nd heat:

Snyder	1st
Loring	2nd

3rd heat:

Van Ingen, H.	1st
Zahner, J.	2nd

FINALS:

Snyder	1st
Everett	2nd
Ingersoll	3rd
Van Ingen	4th

CLASS A

Broad Jump

Winner:	Garland, P.	17'
	Garland, J.	16'
	Crane	15'10"

CLASS B

Broad Jump:

Winner:	Wright	13' 2"
	EVerett, F.	12'11"
	Emmet	11'11"

CLASS C

Broad Jump:

Winner:	Arnold	11'7"
	Snyder	11'5 1/2"
	Van Ingen H.	10'8 3/4"

CLASS A

High Jump:

Winner:	Garland, P.	Height 4'10"
	Crane & Wallace	4' 8"

CLASS B

High Jump:

Winner:	Walker	height	3'7"
	Wright	"	3'6
	Everett, F	"	3'0"

CLASS C

High Jump:

Winner:	Snyder	height	3'3"
	BAcon	"	3'2"
	Arnold	"	3' 2 1/2 "

Shot Put

CLASS A

Winner:	Garland, P.	31'
	Garland, J.	20' 8"
	Wallace H.	25' 8"

CLASS B

Winner:	Walkar	18'
	Peabody, F.	16' 8"
	Wright	16' 6

CLASS C

Winner:	Sears	20' 2"
	Snyder	19' 11"
	Van Ingen, H.	18'

CLASS A 440 time: 59.8

Wallace

Garland, P.

Garland, J

CLASS B 440 time: 73.

Wright

Everett

Peabody

Class C 440 Time:

Snyder

Arnold

Everett

After this there wsa a prefects 440, George Hackett coming in first. Tarzan looked like a human cannon ball when he started off and led the pack half way around the field, but then had to slow down his terrific pace.

Just after supper Virginia B. Arnold and David B. Arnold arrived to see Bram and to make Camp a visit. At about the same time E.W. Abbot came and showed us a bit of very speedy baseball today (Sunday)

At seven thirty the Third Merryweather Sing Song started off with T.L. playing the score of music which he wrote for Mrs. Richards' poem "Prayer Of The Naturalist Poet"

Let me be dreary, O god of the garbage-can!
  Let me be dreary and largely obscene!
All the is bright, may I see it obfusculate,
  All that is gold, may I see it as green!

Green not of grass that the donkey may nibble at,
  Green not of leaves that may pleasure the fool!
Nay! but of mould that the sexton may dibble at,
  Nay! but of slime that o'ermantles the pool!

Give me for music a stridor stentorian;
  Give me for beauty the contents of sinks;
Give me for fragrance no attars Victorian,
  Nay! but a compound of manifold stinks!

Let me be dreary, O god of the garbage-can!
  Let me be dreary and largely obscene;
Grant me obscurity, grant me impurity,
But for the sake of an anguished futurity,
  Make it not easy to see what I mean!

The first stunt of the evening was put on by Claude Williams, and called the Kentucky Horse Doctor. The characters were, the doctor(C.Williams. the washer woman (Joe Garland) the darkey (Edward Crane) and the carpenter

was Condon. The play was about the horse doctor's patient, a negro who came in to the room where the doctor and the washer woman were arguing. The darkey demanded an operation right away, and we saw a most marvelous one take place. The patient seemed to survive the treatment of the doctor and his assistant the carpenter, even though it was a bit rough and the doctor was more used to working with horses than with men.

Next came the well remembered stunt, Helen Of Troy the cast was as follows:

Menelaus	J.R.W.	Achilles	Peabody, F.
Paris	B.P.S.	Hector	Chisholm
Helen	J.B.	Chorus	T.L.
Priam	J.Y.G.W.		
Andromache	J.C.P.		

T.L. was a delightful chorus, and held up the parts of three when there was only one. Helen was her same beautiful self and the fight between Achilles and Hector was truly breathe taking. The last scene was sad and sweet and the singing very tuneful. The script can be found in the nineteen thirty log.

After a few Camp songs there was a Chinese play put on by B.P.S. that was about Ch'u Yuan and told why certain customs had grwnw up around his name. The play was done of course in the style of the Chinese dramatists, with no changing of scenes except by the stage hand who was always at hand. A copy of the play will be put into the following pages so that you may read for yourselves and see just how delightful it is.

When the stunts were over there was a short story started for the half past niners and then we all gratefully retired to bed, knowing that we would have a half an hour extra sleep in the morning.

THE STORY OF CH'U YUAN

SCENE - A dark room with an old man sitting up in his coffin. He is Ch'u the miser.His little grandson squats on the floor as the old man gives him the "coffin" lecture.

Charachers. Ch'u the Miser
Ch'u Yuan, his grandson
Two friends
Old servant

Ch'u. Small pig, and son of a turtle, I am about to die, so hear my last words before I join your stupid father and foolish mother in the Green Jade Mountains west of the clouds.

I have told you muchmonhhow to husband your money. Men call me a miser, but they are louts, purple with envy. It is right for a man to hold his money which he has honestly come by. Now listen welleto my last words, st stupid son of a stupid father.

When you go into the market to barter, see that your hands are well greased with wood-oil, and if perchance in the passing to and fro of cash a copper sticks to your palm, then it is yours, and who can say it is not. Besides, all vendors are fools.

A second counsel is this. When you go to the market where they sell Peking Chickens, finger them well with both hands as if about to buy; then do not buy, for on your fingers there will be enough gravey fat to feed you well ffor a day if you suck a finger slowly every two hours. This is my last advice to you. Leave me now in peace in my coffin, for Death is now sitting upon the ridge-pole. (He lies down in the coffin, But rises again.) And see that Horse the servant buys no more wine than is exactly required for a funeral by the Book of Rites. (He lies down again. Ch'u Yuan tip-toes out of the room.and

returns with First Uncle and Second Uncle.)

Ch'u. Grandfather says that he will go with a person called Death to the Green Jade Mountains to visit my honorable father and mother. What is the meaning of the words of the Old One?

First Uncle. Hear the words of the luttle jumping skin! Small brainless one, he will die. O, First Uncle of this brainless one, did you bring the candles, for it is right that the Ancient One have candles!

Second Uncle. I have them, O, Second Uncle of the brainless one.

(He goes out and returns with two candles and places them at the bottom of the bed. The old Miser stirs, opens his his eyes, looks dissatisfied and raises a lone finger)

First Uncle. What is the meaning of this, Second Uncle?

Second Uncle. I know not First Uncle.

Ch'u. Honorable Uncles why not ask the Ancient One?

First Uncle. What is your meaning, O, Prior Born?

Second Uncle. Yes, what is it, Honored One?

(The old man's lips move but he says nothing, and holds up one finger)

CH'u. Horse the servant will know his meaning. (Ch'u goes out and returns with Horse. Horse surveys the scene, grunts, goes over and puts out one candle. The old man smiles and dies.)

First Uncle. -- He is dead. It is indeed sad. Now we must go and divide the money.

Second Uncle.--- There is much of it as he was as frugal with it as with candles. We must go at once as there is much to be counted.

(They all go out except Ch'u who comes to the front of the stage to speak)

Ch'u.--- My esteemed grandfather was a miser, and wished me to be one.

My honorable uncles are greedy, foolish merchants, and they wish me to be asthey. But I would study books, and become a great man, for this life is distasteful to me. To study books is a good thing, for as Confucious has wisely said, to know the knowledge in a book one must first read it. Thus I will become a great man like Li Po who drank wine by the Bamboo Brook or Lao Tze who was last seen riding a donkey thruogh the Haikwan Pass.

SCENE TWO

Twenty years later, or perhaps fourty years later, we are at the court of Pao the Tiger, King of the states of Lu. In the scene are Pao the Tiger, Ch'u Yuan, now a famous statesman and attendant.

Pao.-- I am the ruler of the States of Lu, which is a great state and very civilized. It says,"Those who drink tea in the state of Lu, drink tea indeed" Or another"There is no grace like the grace of a man from Lu when he draws forth a banana from its spotted sheath." I am often called Pao the Tiger, because I am very fierce in battle. Indeed I rose to my prominence through battle and am not of noble family. Thus I am not soft but rule the people with an iron hand. Today there is a tricky matter before me. I fear that the people are mocking the birth of my wife. I will ask the tedious but wise Ch'u Yuan for counsel. He is a good minister, but eats too much.

Ch'u--- (Coming to the front of the stage) I am the same Ch'u Yuan whose father was a miser. You probably do not recognize me as fourty years have gone by and this is the year of the Rat in the third cycle in the reign of Pao Wang, which means King. I have become a great man as you see, as I am now minister to the King, but I am not a happy man, Pao is a cruel tyrant, and oppresses the people. I have tried to show my disfavor but he is an ill- born lout and does not catch the meaning of my subtle

The Great Merryweather Dam

The Legend of Chu' Yuan By B.P.S

sayings.If he continues to be cruel I will have to take drastic measures. At one time I thought I must keep my valuable position at all costs for as the wise PU Pu said," He who is full of dissatisfaction should remember that to have a piece of jade with a flaw in it one must first have a piece of jade. But now I know that Wu Wu was wiser when he said the best way to get rid of a flaw in a piece of jade is to get rid of the jade, So if Pao is still cruel, I will tell him that I must go home as my liver is upside down and my spleen has changed places with my stomach. This he will plainly see means that I would resign.

Pao --- Worthy Ch'u, I have a problem here. What is the meaning of this paper which the people are putting on their houses now that it is New Year time? I believe it is Traitorous.

Ch'u --- (Taking up the paper) It is an ancient conundrum such as the people delight in to bring them good luck from the Gods. This woman represents the woman of each house. The lemon that she holds over her head is the lemon of good luck. It will keep away harm and bring prosperity to the household.

Pao--- That is a bad interpretation. Its meaning refers to my first lady who is fond of lemons, and see it gives her big feet, as if to point out that she is ill born. Thus clearly it traitoeous and is a sign of rebellion and dynastic change. I will now send out an order that all people who have this sign on their houses shall be killed(He writes an order, hands it to the attendent who goes out.)

Ch'u --- O Honorable Lord, I fear that I am no longer fit to serve thee. My liver has suddenly turned upside down, and my spleen has changed places with my stomach. I wish to return to my home.

Pao-- (Aside) The old fool does not like my order. It is better that the bleary eyed old turtle go back to his home, but I suppose that I must observe the

ceremonies. (To Ch'u) O worthy Teacher, I can not let you go for without you the state will slip from under me as tea from a broken teapot.

Ch'u---(Aside) His words are mild. He is eager that I go. (To Pao) I would not go but that I am a very sick man. Just now my blood has begun to flow backward in my veins so that I have a strange tendency to stand upon my head. In that position I would be of little service t o you.

Pao --- If you depart, the everything is of the city will fall apart for lack of your counsel.

Ch'u --- I am a worthless one. Without me the state will prosper.

Pao--- Without you there can be no state. (Aside) There now, I have made the three necessary refusals. I hope that by three dragons and nine tigers that the old fool will not heed me.

Ch'u --- Now I may depart, praises be to Kuan Yin. (To Pao) I am much grieved to go, but I am on my last legs. It is time lest death overtake me before I reach the Tung Ting lake where is my home. (Aside) Now I will be able to eat my favorite dish of sharks fins and pidgeons eggs. The food here at the palace of Pao Wang is not fit for a dog. (He goes out)

SCENE THREE

Ch'u Yuan is seen alone in a bot writing. The boat is in the midst of Tung Ting Lake.

Ch'u---- I am sitting in my boat in the middle of the Tung Ting Lake. I am full of sorrow. It grieves me much; I am indeed as sad as a Peach tree in the Bitter Moon, but I have decided that I must commit suicide for it is the custom when a minister finds that his Lord is a tyrant who has forsaken the mandate of Heaven that he kill himself and thereby show his disapproval to the people of his Lords actions. I have always thought it a good custom, but at this moment I regard it as rather rash, and am beginning

acted

to think that Confucious, rather hastily. Still I shall obey it, for as the proverb says, he who dies for that good of the people shall have rich food in heaven, and that is a good thing. I have rid myself of all desires except one, and that is for rich food. I do have a fondness for food. I have heard from the Spring and Autumn Analects that in the land of shadows they even serve bear paws baked in jasmine leaves. If that is so, this drowning is but a small thing.

But first I must finish my poem on how I have come to drown myself. It is the famous Li Sao, and will trouble scholars for years to come. I will not read it now as it is long and boring. Many Oriental Scholars are wondering what is the meaning of the two words Li Sao and write great eight legged essays on its deep meaning and significance. But that to me is all laugh talk, Ha Ha, and very funny. Really if you want to know the meaning of my famous poem, Li Sao, it actually means , "With a hey, nonny ho! But I am rather anticipating myself by twelve dynastic cycles, as all this happened many years ago in the year of the Rat and so forth. I must now drown myself It has been pleasant to be in this world, but as the proverb says, meeting is but the begin ing of separation. I shall now cast myself into the waters but first I must add more lines to my poem. These are they:

Should no spirit lamp guide my lost soul to the Green Jade Mountains
Let rice be cast upon the waters that my ghost mat hunger nor grow
so thin as to be swept away on the night mist.

To this I will add <u>see note</u>. In this I will say, "Let the rice be good Hunan rice, and see that it is thrice polished, and well spiced with cassia" I add tis as a note because it will not fit into the rhyme scheme.

Now I say my last fasrewell. Farewell and as we say in China, " Tsai huei" I die. (He casts himself into the lake hugging a stone)

SCENE FOUR

The scene is the same, but several centuries later. Two farmers are talking on the bank.

Farmer Wang --- It is the day of the Dragon Boat festival we must scatter rice upon the waters of the lake that the good spirit of Ch'u Yuan will have food to eat. Come now little dragon and cast your rice. There has been little rain, and perchance the good spirit will hsee our plight, and persuade the Pearly Emperor to send rain, but not too much Wang the Younger.

Wang the Younger. ---It is written, O father, that no matter how much money one has, no one can buy dry weather curing the sixth moon.

Wang. --- That is true. It is said that if the skies continue dark through the sixth moon no one can afford to eat heartily. So let us pray that the rain be just so, and no more, or the wheat will be ruined. Remember the proverb,"Wheat is not food until it is safely stored in baskets."

Wang the Younger. ---There is another proverb that comes to me at this moment. It is - who can say there will not be a flood after the fifth day of the fifth moon.

Wang --- Stop your praverbs, Wang the eight pounder, and cast your rice or Ch'u Yuan will be angry. (He casts his rice upon the waters. A fearsome dragon appears and eats it up. Then the ghost of Ch'u Yuan appears.)

Ch'u --- Good Farmer Wang and Wang the eight pounder, hear my sad tale and you will shed green jade tears in the white jade palaces whe of the moon when you die. I have not had a thing to eat in the past two hundred years, except for three small shell fish. I have been unable to avail myself of the good offerings of the kind people of this region because of the huge dragon that you have just seen who immediately devours

all things cast into the waters. I request you therefore, to wrap such offerings in small pieces of silk, and to carefully bind the same with five threads of different colors. Offerings which are in this manner enclosed the huge reptile will not dare to touch. Please carry out these instructions to the letter, for as Tu Fu said, there is nothing so wonderful as an empty stomach and a good appetite and the means to fill the former and satisfy the latter.. I must now go. (He goes)

Wang the Younger --- We must do quickly as the spirit says. It is indeed sad.

Wang --- It is indeed. What you say is right, little dragon, though I strongly believe running away would be wiser. (They make food bags, and cast them into the water.) Now we will see if the spirit spoke true talk.

(Enter dragon)

Dragon(sniffing in terror) O, Heaven, O Earth, O by the seven peaks of the Tiger Mountains. I am lost. Green fear is oozing out of me. Crimson terror is siezing me. Silken offerings tied with threads of five Colors. O Pearly Emperor, O jade curses, I am undone. Aiyah, Aiyah, Aiyah. (He goes out screaming "Aiyah, Aiyah!")

CURTAIN

Characters:

Ch' th Miser	B.P.S.
Ch'u Yuan	Emmet
Two Friends	Moller & Garland, J.
Servanrt	L.C.F.
Pao The Tiger	J.B.
Ch'u Yuan	B.P.S.
Farmer Wang	J.B.
WAng	Everett
Dragon	L.C.F.

Sunday July 25th
Temp. 90
Barometer 29.8
Wind North
Partly cloudy today, fair tomorrow.

There was a toothe brush raid this morning and many unwary ones were caught. After breakfast and a little before Service the Barbers left. At about twelve thirty Mrs. Van Ingen came and stayed with us for lunch and supper. She came alas to take away Larry and Bert, who are going abroad in a week or so. May they have a delightful trip!

In the afternoon there were baseball games. The one on the field in front of the shop looks from the score sheet like a pitchers battle, and those who stood on the mound were Walker and Emmet. The final score afterfive innings was nine to three for Emmet's team.

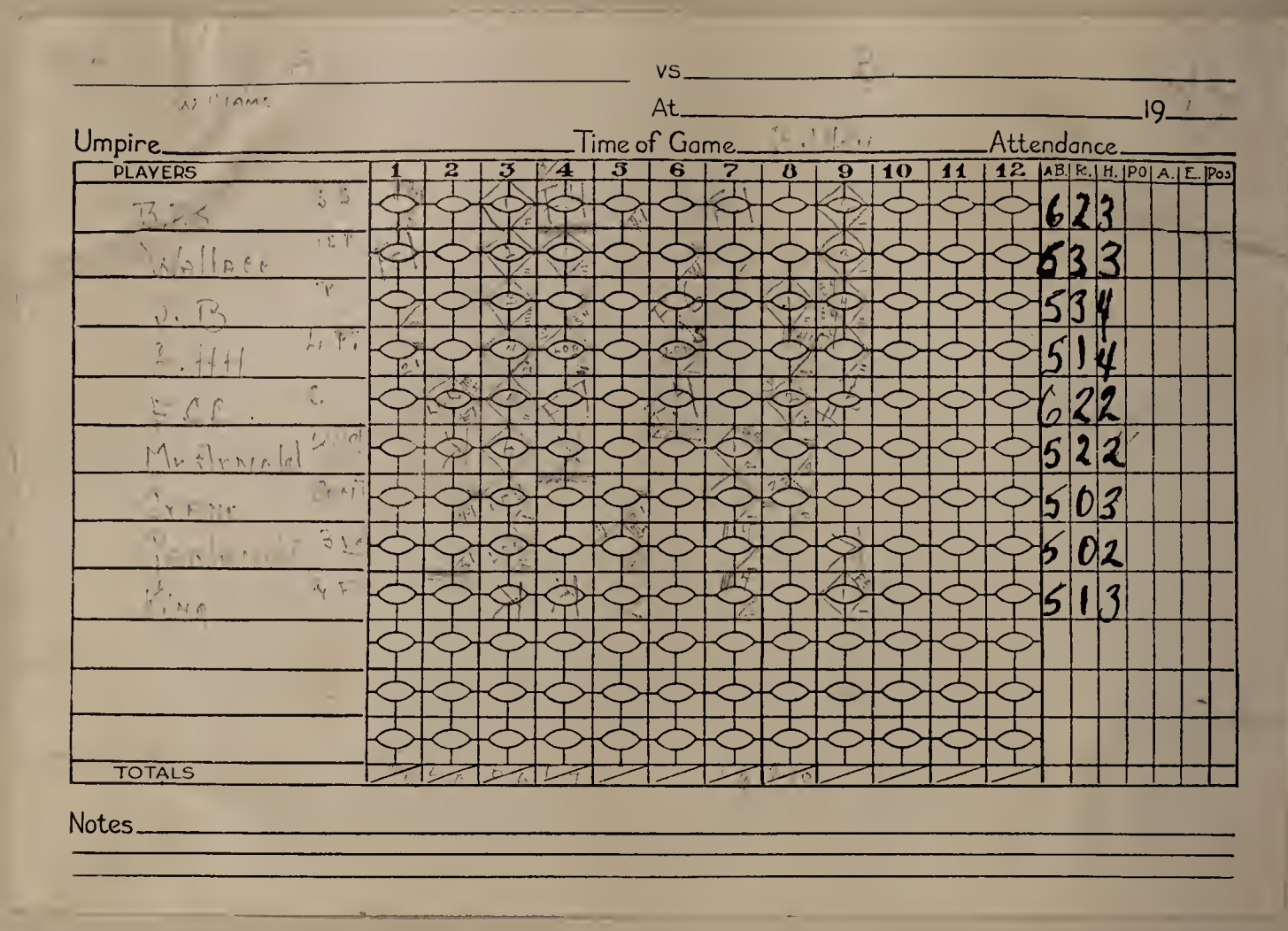
Runs Batted in By _____
2 Base Hits _____ 3 Base Hits _____
Home Runs _____ Sacrifice Hits _____
Hits off _____ Stolen Bases _____
Double Plays _____ Left on Bases _____
Base on Balls off _____ off _____ off _____ off _____
Strike outs by _____ by _____ by _____ by _____
1st Base on Errors _____ Passed Balls _____
Wild Pitches _____ Hit by Pitcher _____

PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
Oswald 8	K				K														
Everett F. 4	K																		
Garfield 5	K				K														
Van Ingen L. 3		K	K																
Peabody F. 2			K																
Goodhue 6		K		K															
Walker M. 1				K															
[illegible] 7				K															
Everett F. 9			K		K														
TOTALS																			

The major leagues on the other field came out rather unevenly as to score but there was a great deal of very spectacular playing in the field. In the fourth inning Joe Garland caught a beautiful fly out in center field. and in the inning just before Mr. Abbot put B.P.S. out very neatly in the same way. The two captains did their bit and each batted home a home run. J.B. brought in two other men with his ball, while F.G.J. went steaming around alone. Mr. Abbot was the third person to make a home run, and with his run, and another that he brought in, he chocked the score of his team up to an even twenty. The press could fill out the next ten pages with an account of this game, but regrets that it has not the space. The final score of the game was twenty-four to fourteen for F.G.J's team.

Runs Batted in By _____
2 Base Hits _____ 3 Base Hits _____
Home Runs _____ Sacrifice Hits _____
Hits off _____ Stolen Bases _____
Double Plays _____ Left on Bases _____
Base on Balls off _____ off _____ off _____ off _____
Strike outs by _____ by _____ by _____ by _____
1st Base on Errors _____ Passed Balls _____
Wild Pitches _____ Hit by Pitcher _____

PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Pos
													6	3	3				
J.R.W.													7	4	4				
F.G.J.													7	3	4				
S.I.A.													7	3	4				
													6	3	3				
													7	1	2				
													6	2	5				
													5	4	3				
													4	1	1				
TOTALS													56	24	29				



vs

At 19

Umpire Time of Game Attendance

PLAYERS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AB.	R.	H.	PO	A.	E.	Pos
B.S.													6	2	3				
Wallace													5	3	3				
J.B.													5	3	4				
E.H.H.													5	1	4				
F.C.C.													6	2	2				
McDonald													5	2	2				
Crane													5	0	3				
[illegible]													5	0	2				
King													5	1	3				
TOTALS																			

Notes

At six thirty the Van Ingens left us, Mr. Jackson taking them over to Waterville to catch the train. After a quick supper of sandwi sandwiches on the porch they were given a most glorious send off, with horns tooting and drums thumping (drums, or moabs, as you will) There was a grand rush to the top of the hill to give them a last toot as they left us, and then we all retired to the Point, where we ate large amounts of food. At eight we sang hymns as usual and so to bed for some. Reading for the half past Niners, and the gruesome story was finished, so that we went to bed thinking of nasty little snakes that jump out of boxes and guard the jewels of the gods.

Monday, July 26th
Barometer, 29.7
Temperature, 81
Wind, SW
Forecast, cloudy today and tomorrow.

Early this morning, just after squads, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Abbot left us to return to Boston. A little later Mrs. Snyder went too. She had come up late yesterday afternoon to see Arthur and spend a night here.

In the afternoon there were two soccer games, one at Three- thirty and one at four thirty. Those who played at three thirty were:

J.B.		E.C.C.
B.P.S.		F.G.J.
L.C.F.		A.L.L.
J.Y.G.W.		G.J.
Garland, C.		G.H.H.
Moller	VS.	Volkmann
Garland, P.		Garland, J.
Williams		Wallace, H.
Crane		Zahner, R.
Wallace, M.		Everett, F.
King		Snyder.

This game started at three twenty six, and the first quarter was interesting not for the number of goals made, but J.B!s and F.G.J's duelling for the ball, and for the formers remarkable"dribbling" ability. The second quarter started at three fourty three. Garland C. and Garland J carried on a furious kicking battle at long distance, and E.C.C. we are told tried to knock himself out with the ball as soon as he got hold of it. J.B. made a goal for his side in the last part of the period. In the third period Zu made a goal, but evidently for the wrong side so that it was not counted.In the last quarter a goal was made for each team, one by J.B. again and the other by A.L.L. The final score was two to three for J.B. and his men.

The next game was divided into thirds instead of quarters because of a shortage of time. The sides were:

Emmet		Bacon
Everett, L.		Garfield
Goodhue		Ingersoll
Searle		Loring
Wrenn	VS	Sears
Peabody, F.		Turner
Rees		Wright
Jackson		Walker
Arnold		Staud
		Zahner, J.

In the first period Garfield pushed the ball through the goal posts, and later in the same period Mac Walker did the same. Peabody, F carried the ball down the field at a terrific spead, intent on the goal, but was stopped in full career by John Zahner who booted the ball with all his might. The second third was uneventful as to scoring, but James Jackson was noted by the press for his excellent work, and Sears was seen to kick the ball so hard that he lost his shoe! The last period was as uneventful as the second Both Bendy and Tom Ingersoll were doing very good work as full backs. Mr. Bradley made a goalbut we can't quite make out for which side, so the final score stood two to nothing for Mr. Bacon's team.

After supper there was a grand game of Spin the Platter until half past eight, and then for the half past niners there was a game "Noses", and J.B's side won the first bout handily. The second round was Eyes, and both sides were very intelligent and came out 100%.

The soccer game pulled in a few victims, first Denny Volkmann who banged his toe, and very well may have broken it, and the J.B. sprained his big toe.

Algonquins

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
JB	✓	•	✓	✕	••••	✓	✕	••	✓
BPS	✕	••	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
FGJ	✓	••••	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	••••	✓
ECC	✓	••••	1	✕	✓	✓	✕	••••	1
GHH	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Arnold	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Bacon	✕	••	1	✕	•	✓	✓	✓	✓
Crane	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Danforth	✓	•	✓	✓	•	✓	✓	•	
Everett F	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	1	✓	✓	1
Everett L	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Ingersoll	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	•	✓
Jackson	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	•	1
Loring	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Lynes	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Sears	✕	✓	✓	✕	•••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Snyder	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Volkman	✓	✓	✓	✓	••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Walker M	✓	•	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
Wallace H	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✓	••	1
Wallace M	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Williams	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Wrenn	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Wright	✓	•	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	•	✓
	10	16	2	19	15	1	15	20	4

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
LCF jr	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
BJH	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
RW	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
ALL jr	✓	•	✓	✓	•••	✓	✕	✓	✓
JYGW jr	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
JRW	✓	✓	✓	✕	••••	✓	✓	••••	2
GJ	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Chisholm	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	•	✓
Condon	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Emmet	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garfield	✕	•	✓	✓	•	✓	✓	•	✓
Garland C	✕	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Garland J	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✕	•	✓
Garland P	✕	•		✕	•••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Goodhue	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
King	✕	✓	✓	✕	••	✓	✕	✓	✓
Moller	✓	••••	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Peabody F	✕	✓	1	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
Peabody G	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Rees	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Searle	✕	•	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Turner	✕	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✕	✓	✓
Zahner J	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	•	✓
Zahner R	✕	✓	✓	✕	•	✓	✕	•	✓
	16	10	1	15	19	0	20	15	2

Tuesday, July, 27th
Temperature,
Wind, SW

There was Scouting in the offing even before breakfast, and the murmurs changed to realities as we saw the wind rise. Squads this morning (are we ever without them?) but the building squad seem ed to work like magic. The roofing is almost finished , and they will probably start laying shingles tomorrow. Sunshine Alley here wishes to state a vote of many thanks to G.J. who has been working on the board walk all morning so that the ladies will stop breaking their ankles.

At two thirty the tribes met, the Algonquins at the south end and the Iroquois at the north for the third afternoon of Scouting this year. The afternoon went completely to the Algonquins who won all three games without batting an eye. In the first game a good number of the Iroquois started off in the middle of the field, getting tagged off by the oncoming shore party, because they were too late too get down to their goal line and heard the "Go" in the middle of Pine Parlour. The final score of this game was one run to the Algonquins two; the two scoring for the wining side were Bacon and E.C.C., the latter mowing down five of the enemy as he went.The brave who came through for the Iroquois was Peabody, F. In the second game the Iroquois shot down more of their enemy, nineteen to the others fifteen but they let through a run (Everett, F.) and so lost the game. The sad part was that they could have made their runs, but theparty in the underground didn't know that the guard was shot out and so were too slow. The last game was a complete whitewash, the Gonqs bringing in twenty scalps and four runs to the Iroquois two runs (both made by J.R.W. who at the same time brought in five scalps to cheer up his comrades) and fifteen shots.

Supper was early this evening, at six o'clock instead of six thirty because of the coming of the Bohemian Glass Blowers. They arrived at about

seven and started to blow at about seven thirty. We learned a great deal about of the art of glas blowing from Mr. and Mrs. Howell. Mr. Howell did the actual blowing while Mrs. Howell kept the fire going for him and helped him out generally, and as he went along with his work he gave us a lecture It was truly a delightful evening, and we saw vases , balls, magnifying glasses and cranes all made before our eyes, but the most amazing thing of all was to see the glass spun out so finely that it became as soft as silk. Mr. Howell also showed us a lung tester that he tried out on Bill Loring. The lung tester is a very useful gadget and you can find out all about it from almost anyone in Camp, because everyone has one. The glass Blowers left at aine, but not without leaving a long trail of glass behind them.

In the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Searle came to see Dicky and to spend the night here, and a little later Mrs. Danforth and Helen Danforth came to see Danny and to stay here at Camp for a few days.

Today is a day of sorrow and delight. Sorrow comes first because John Goodhue and Mac Rees left us just after they had finished breakfast, to return to the sunny south of New England. It wasn't until the afternoon around three thirty that we were cheered up by the arrival of the August Boys, and put back on our feet.

Wednesday, July 28th
Temp.
Barometer
Wind.

Robert Gardner
Edward G. Taft, Jr.
Charles A. Rheault Jr.
Edmund Gillings Jr.
Samuel S. Rogers
J. B. Toland
Gregory Henderson

THE AUGUST BOYS

Let pendant-armed orang-utangs produce a muffled roar,
While rabbits in Rhodesia flap their ears;
Let bandits in the Balkans, and the Chinks in Singapore,
And oystermen of Oslo, led by Mighty-muscled Tor,
Cause the Chiltern Club to rock with raucous cheers!.

Let scientists elucidate their astronomic skies
When democrats attempt to pack the courts,
Till presidential dictum on judiciary dies,
Till Fuller brushemn sport their brave (though multi-colored) ties,
And Hitler runs a parasang in shorts.

Let Edward, Duke of Windsor, chuck his kingdom for a dame,
Though London publications voice regret;
Let Cretan cowboys carol forth the Merryweather name,
Let mariners, marrooned on rafts, cacophonize the same,
While shades of Hessians laugh with Lafayette.

Here's to Henderson and Billings, and to Gardiner and Taft,
Here's to Rogers, and to Toland, and to Reault.
When he heard the joyful news the shade of Calvin Coolidge laughed,
And Carrie Nation let the wagon as her drink she quaffed,
And Archimedes chuckled from below.

Oh, the nations have a common tongue that they can understand,
And peace parades with addicts are replete
With Eskimos, and Indians, and Sikhs from Samarkand,
While out of heaven's highway comes the sound of Sousa's band.
The boys are here! The camp is now complete!

In the morning a trip left for Rocky Mountain . They meant to take the Ouanie but the plug, a necessary and vital part of that great ship was missing so that the expedition had to make a quick shift into rangeleys and canoes. Those who went were:

E.C.C)
Emmet) in the Abagadassett
R.W.)
Everett, F)

G.H.H	Garland, P.	J.Y.G.W.
Garland, C.	Williams	Garland, J.
Wright	Ingersoll	Everett, L.

King	A.L.L.
Condon	Crane
Peabody, F.	Sears

Because of the shift the mountaineers got off to a late start and were further delayed by Peter Garlands great show of strenght. He broke four oars from being too energetic and pulling too hard. At the mills they stopped and did a bit of repair work and soon had the oars fixed up and ready for use again and then started down Long Pond at a good clip. After a leisurely lunch at the mouth of the brook they started up and arrived at the top after charging through the jungle at top speed,in about three quarters of an hour. Here they rested for a bit and then, having a bit of time on thier hands, began to roll rocks down the steep side of the hill. The rocks grew in size, until the last rock that went flying down was a giant and they could see it mow a path for itself as disappeared into the trees below. After a quick run down the brook they climbed into the boats and came back across the lake, just in time for a short swim before supper.

At seven the Charade Sides met in their own particular spots and discussed the words that they would"put on" and at seven thirty

the curtains parted to disclose the Doctors first scene. We saw before us the boxing ring at a country fair. Here we witnessed a tremendous fight between two local champs. Next came three tumblers who did a few breath taking tricks and last came some acrobats. These people were doing a few antics for our benefit. The next scene showed Mrs.Rosenstein just arriving at Camp Kennebec to make a short stay and call on her son Abie. She met the Camp director as she stepped out of her car and was very cordially greeted. She said that she had brought a few bags with her and called to some one behind her. First one, then two then three and four, until there were ten men all weighted down with her baggage. Weighted may also be spelt uated if so desired. The last scene was very sad and distressing to our eyes. The scene was a deserted street, and along it we saw wandering two old people, who when they got just in front of us fell down. Then two young things came alomg and remarked as they stepped over them that they were just two antiquated old men. That gave us the whole word.

Mr. Bradley's side was the next to perform, and they reversed the order of things so that theywhole word was acted first, then the first sylable and the last scene was the second sylable. They did this so that they might produce a consecutive story. The first scene was of Chancellor Buzzlesnitches office where we see the great man at work behind his desk. He is reading out-loud a death warrant for a certain terrible criminal when the audience sees a masked and cloaked figure enter the room and stand behind the Chancellor. The figure suddenly whips out a knife and stabs the great man, grabs a box on the table that holds the great seal and then leaves the room dragging behind him the limp body of the dead Chancellor.

The second scene opens with the same setting that the first closed with. The secretary to the Chancellor comes in and finds that he is gone and seeing signs of a struggle turns a bit green at the realization that the man is probably dead. She called the Police right away, and in a few minutes they were there on the scene of the crime. For such a great mystery the greatset detectives are needed of course so the Great Chan came with the police. Here we have the first sylable After a short look around the room Mr,Chan realizes that the Chancellor has been murdered and that his august corpse has been taken to some other spot. He finally comes to the conclusion that the body must be in the cellar, and here the scene closes. The curtains open for the last time on the cellar of the Chancellors house. On the left of the stage we could just make out the black skeleton of a ladder. We heard Chan's reassuring voice from above and then we watched him slowly descend the ladder. In the cellar after a careful search he finally finds the body of the lost man, and if he can once find the man he could certainly find the murderer, anyway we have the last syllable and that is all we want.

The third side to perform was Mr. Lynes and his Company. The first act showed the first two syllables of a two syllable word and the last act was the whole word. At first the curtains opened to show the office of the Director of Camp Kennebec (again!) and here we saw first one, then two and three small boys walk in, but finding that it was the wrong place and not Camp Merry-weather they walked out again. The Camp Director (J.G.W.) became more and more discouraged , but his face lighted up at the sight of his old friend "Otto" who appeared at the door accompanied by two small boys. The Director leapt up exclaiming, " Gee, Otto, Iam so very glad to see you" (We forgot to say that the word was a proper name) after a long argument about tuition and fees the curtains closed, but we the Editors wish to say that we have seldom heard such wonderful yiddish! The last scene was in the great artists studio where he was

selling a few pictures. We saw a number of them drawn with the most miraculous sureness of touch and clearness of line that we were amazed and watched most carefully his technique. The last masterpice was the one he sold, and by far the best, for it was a portrait of the buyer, Mr. Lynes. You may have gathered by now that the word was Giotto.

The last Charade was put on by Mr. Schoyer and Co. and their word was glassy. The first scene was on the stern of the ship of the Ancient mariner, and the characters that we first noted were Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Schoyer. The former explained upon being asked that they were in a painted ship, upon a painted ocean. Mr. Schoyer remarked that the water looked like a glass sea. The next scene was a delightful take-off on the glass blowers of last night. G.H.H. made a really perfect "Mrs. Howell" while B.P.S. carried on the most amusing talk while he blew the glass. It was such a perfect bit of acting that they had us all in stitches of laughter .

The charades ended at eight thirty and after them there was reading for the half past niners. Mr. Lynes read aloud Aeneas Africanus, a perfectly delightful story.

Late yesterday afternoon

Friday, July 29th
Wind SW

came up to Camp to see E.C.C. and stay here for a few days. We bless her, for besides bringing a tremendous box of candy for us to greedily munch, she brought with her cooler weather. Dr. Macdonald

We the Editors wish to apologise for a tremendous omission. We forgot to say that while the all day ex was scrambling up Rocky, there was a terrible fight going on in the North Pasture between the following tribes.

Arnold		Peabody, G
Bacon		Searle
Chisholm	UMP.	Snyder
Garfield	J.R.W.	Walker
Jackson		Wallace, M
Loring		Wrenn
Lynes		Zahner, J.

There were also Piscatorial Agents and they were:

Zahner, R.
Volkmann
Turner

To return to today, we sadly bid good-bye to Mrs. and Miss Danforth as they left us just before squads. Then at about ten o'clock an expedition to go around the world started off and the explorers were:

J.B.
G.G.
Zahner, R.
Wallace
Snyder
Everett, F.

In the afternoon there was a soccer game and on the other half of the field there wsa a Baseball game going on. Those who played soccer were:

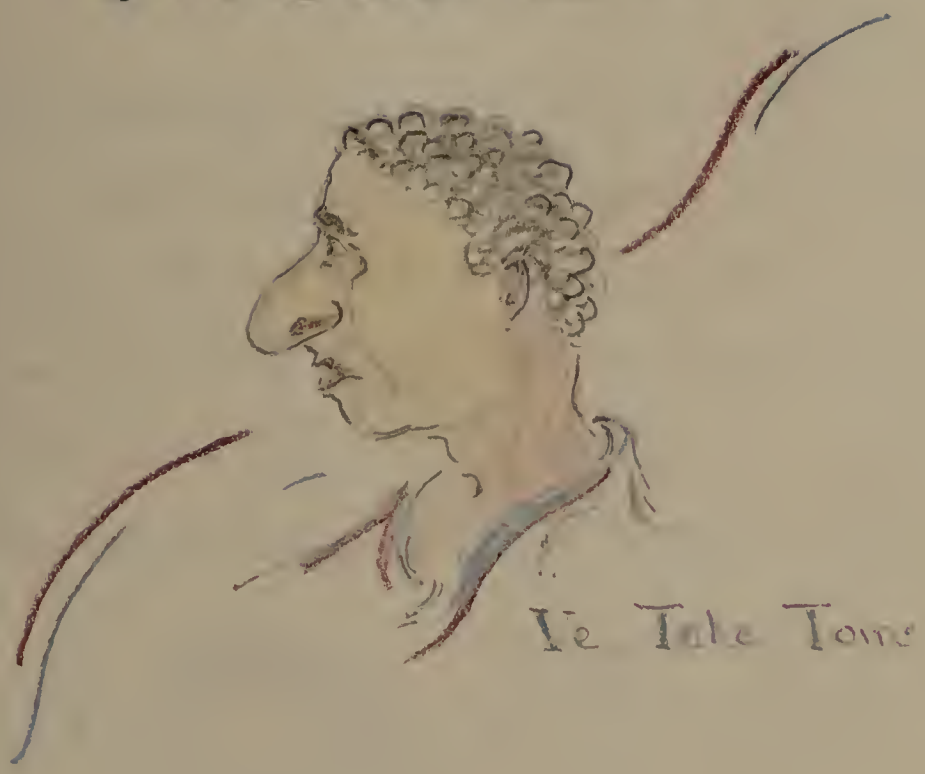
E.C.C.	B.P.S.
Toland	J.G.W.
A.L.L.	L.C.F.
G.H.H.	J.R.W.
F.K.	J.Y.G.W.
Garland, P.	Garland, C.
Garland J.	Williams
Billings	Henderson
Rheault	Rogers

In the first period there was a goal made by Williams, for B.P.S' side and then E.C.C. and his side came crashing through with three. There only seemed to be three periods, as far as we can make out, but Hackett and Mr. Fairbanks figured in these by making three and two goals respectively. The final score was five to three for E.C.C's side.

Therbaseball game was a short one, due to the absense of a scorer, and the ump. had to do the work of both. At the end of the four innings that were played the score was twelve to nine for F. Peabodys side.

Comp

Arcadia

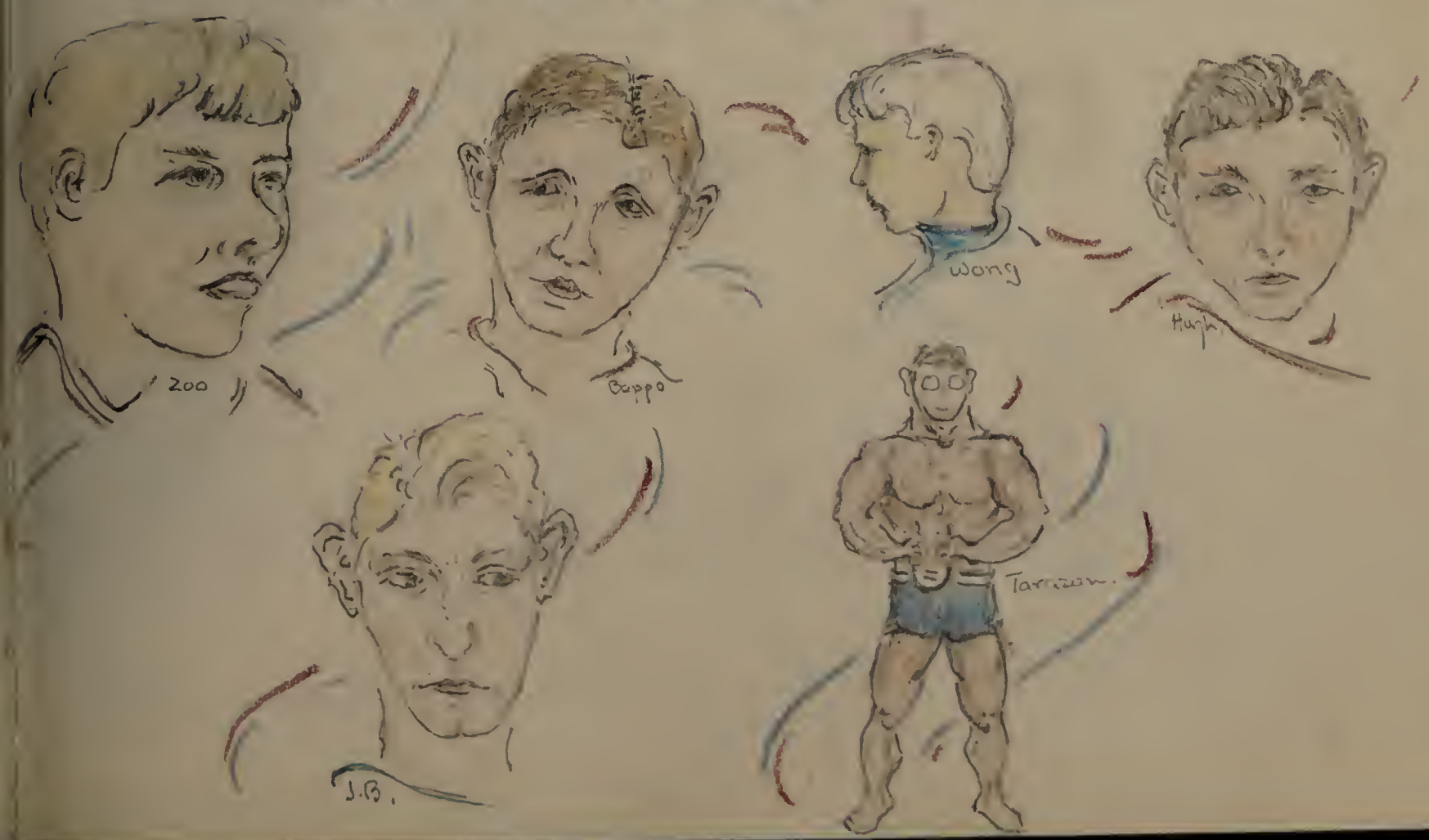


PROLOGUE

This is the first stanza of the prologue
Which is to prepare you for what follows
And thus-in the modern phrase-is no cog
In the main works,as everybody knows.
This is also,for your benifit the last verse
Of the prologue.Our camping trip I'll now relate.

I

On Thursday,July twenty ninth we,
Snyder,Wong,called Everett,and Richard Zoo,
And Johnson of the mighty arm,J.B.
And finally big Wallace known as Hugh
Rose up anon and left their native strand
To wander far in a distant unknown land.



II

Heading toward the west we reached the mills
And for a moment lingered in the town
To chance its multiplicity of ills
Too bad time did not allow Wong to down
More than one frappe,or yet one lone soda pop
Then down Long Pond we went without a stop.

III

E'er we reached the old sawmill in the stream
About an hour after middle day
We saw a sight which left no faintest gleam
Of hope for man on some far future day
A certain sign of the downfall ofvthe nation
But then see it for yourself in the illustration.

IV

Beside the mill we found a place to dine
A quiet spot in cool and limpid shade
Where unmolested by the grazing kine
We dined;until from out a nearby glade
Wandered the wistful,bowlegged and sad-eyed beast
To whom from deep compassion J.B.gave a feast.

V

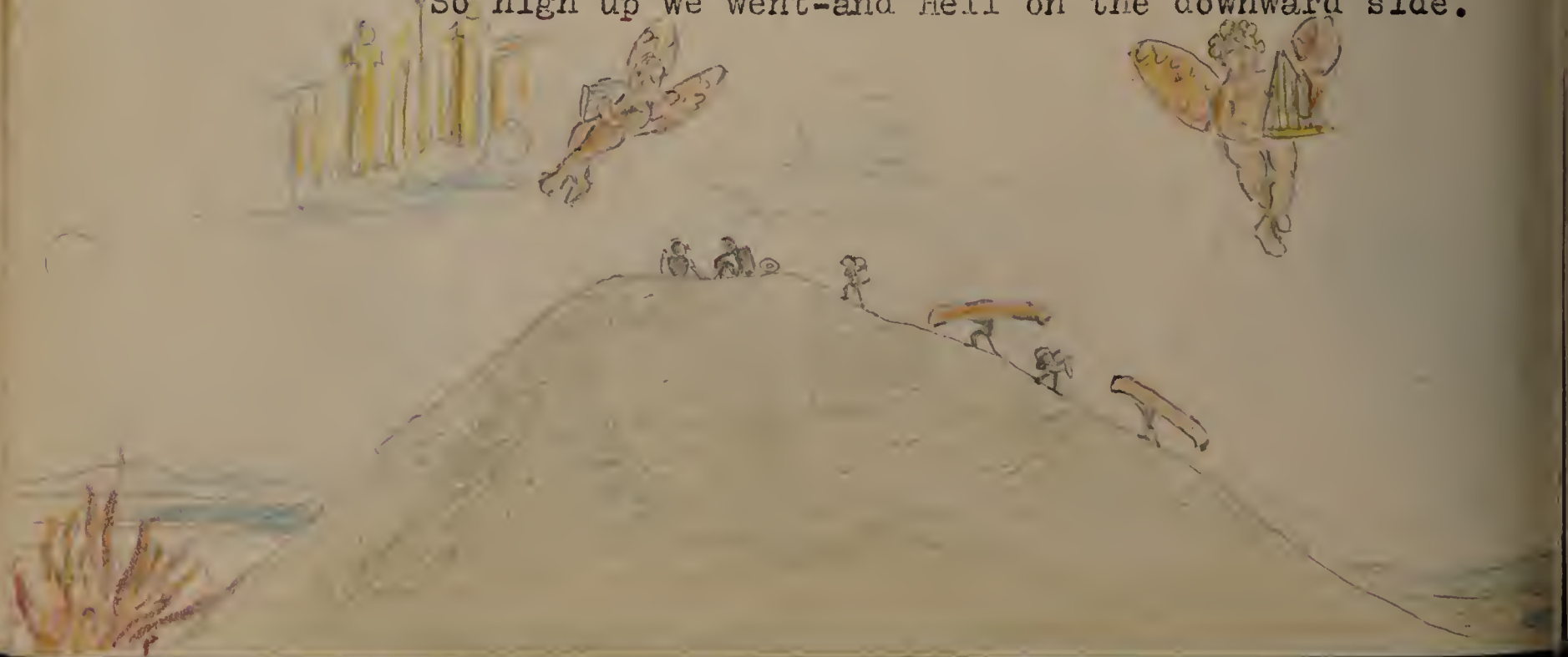
On down the winding length of Belgrade stream
Down the long pine-clad Messalonskee shore
I'll say it was no poet's fantastic dream
The sun upon our backs beat down full sore.
The station reached-at last the carry was all thro
Next time I'll take the pack-you take the darn canoe

VI

We then continued down to lake Mc Graw
And after Zoo and Hugh had had debate
Of heated length, we camped upon its shore
And were lucky not to meet the sad fate
Of other campers devoured by mosguitos
And too escaped a visitation from the cows.

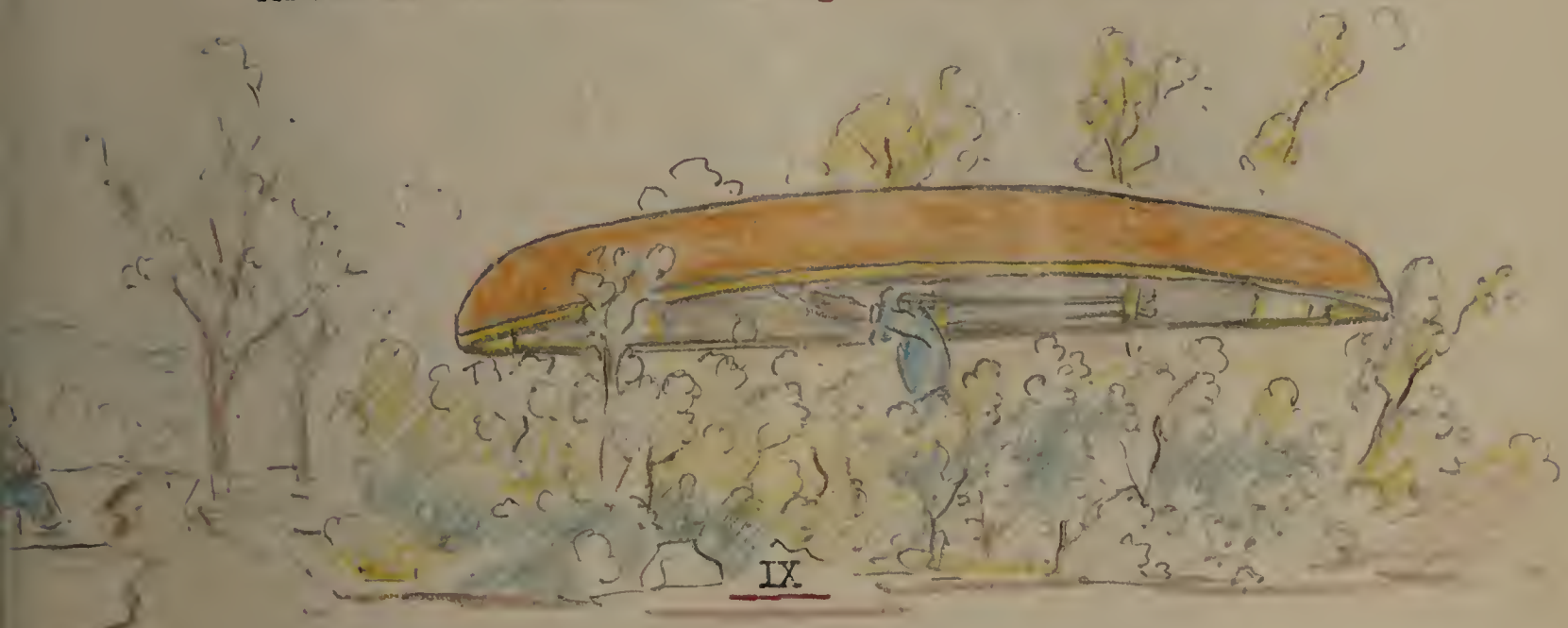
VII

Next day clouds and fog made things quite gloom
But all sprang up and were away at ten
Andsshortly reached the Itchfield carry
Which small portion of the trip was quite Stren-
Uous indeed; we above the gates of heaven spied
So high up we went-and Hell on the downward side.



VIII

We went through brush and bear-traps galorec
And met a man who was extremely fat
We cursed and grunted to East Pond's shoree
And there for a moment fell down quite flat
Lunch of pears,squashed sandwiches,and soggy d-nuts
Arcadia in canoes taking turns at "Viena Blut(s)".



IX

Later on Zahner got some loly-pops
At a jewish lake-resort called smithfield
And this was one of our very worst stops
So we left very quickly-Had to wield
A strong paddle against headwinds to Meadow Brook
Where in the tall grasses we saw a mighty Rook

X

It really was a great blue Heron, friends
But I got a poetic license at
The Mills, so must use it to the best ends
Of rhyme. After a quarter mile a RAT
(Figuratively speaking) was smelled. It turned out
To be a wooden dam of oaken timbers stout.

XI

Below it ran a little trickle, once
A fair sized stream. From threr we had to push
And Wong went swimming, and t'was lots of Funce
And everything got wet in the mad rush.
J.B. tripped on snags much to Hugh's and Wong's delight
And G.J. hurled the boats o'er logs with all his might

XII

O'er many a jag, by many a snag
We piloted the canoes. In a while
We arived at Great Pond, and the main drag.
And at six ten put in at Otter isle
Tarazan slept beneath a boat, and very deep
His slumber was, and e'er since then he's been asleep.

XIII

Enigmatic Snyder, and smiling Eve
Drank coffee by the gallon at a time
And Zahner eat the bacon like a steve-
Adore. (Please excuse the silly rhyme.)
In the morning it took crowbars and dynamite
To wake George Johnson up, and start him off a'right.

XIV

We had a royal breakfast, a feast
As Romans had, of bacon and mush,
And coffee, and beans, and last but not least
Canned pears and potatoes. Ah! it was lush.
Then wecpacked up and headed for camp away.
There's the end of our trip, and the end of my lay.

EPILOGUE

But wait-this is the epilogue-one verse;
I beg you reader have patience with me.
Remember I pray this could have been worse
At least look at the pictures and see
More graphic portrayal of all that transpired
Now let's stop this becaues we're all very tired.

After picnic supper on the Point there was singing in the Big Room until half past eight. Dr. and Mrs. Shattuck, who had come up in the morning and spent the day had to leave after the singing. Then there was a Wodehouse started for the half past niners. At about ten fifteen blew in after a long drive down from Montreal.

Friday, July, 30th
Wind
Temp.

This morning some of the canoes were put in the new canoe rack, even though the shingles haven't yet been layed. The day was cloudy and fairly cool so that soccer was indicated for afternoon occupation. There was a battle starting at three-fourty-five between the Old Canadien Club and the Harvard Beer.

Old Canadian Club	Harvard Beer
P.N.M.	J.G.W.
E.C.C.	B.L.H.
A.L.L.	L.C.F.
Garland, P.	J.Y.G.W.
Garland, J.	Garland, C.
Crane	Williams
Billings	Rogers
Chisholm	Walker, M.
Wallace	Henderson
Rheault	Toland
Gardner	Moller.

The highlight of the first period was the goal scored for the Canadian Club by Garland, P. who pushed the ball in without any assistance. There were some asounding plays pulled off by L.C.F. and Garland, J. The former battling with all the backs of the Canadian Club and the latter making some beautiful long distance kicks down the field. In the second quarter Dr. Mc Dermott brought his whole forward line down to the enemies goal in a great rush and then kicked the ball between the posts making the score two to nothing. B.L.H. scored the first goal for the Harvard Beers and kept up the honor of New England, but again the Canadians came through and Mr. Crane scored the third goal.

The third quarter started off with the fourth goal for the Canadians, but the man who pushed it across was so quick that the press could not make out who it was. For the rest of this period the goals seem to come in pairs, E.C.C& made two in a row, the last one was gently assisted by the Goalie, and then the Beers returned the compliment and L.C.F. pushed in two more goals. The score then was six to four. There was no scoring in the last period, but the playing was very speedy. We are told by the press agent that at one point J.G.W. took the ball and literally ran circles around P.N.M. who calmly sat on th ground and watched him!

Beside a soccer game there was a trip to the Mills in the Ouananiche by the following woolly headed people:

F.G.J.

Taft	Arnold
Loring	Lynes
Wrenn	Peabody, F.
Everett, L.	Sears
G.H.H.	J.R.W.

The purpose of the journey was to become un-woolly, and they all returned again at about two minutes before supper with the most lov lovely haircuts ever seen. Those who didn't get haircuts or kick a ball worked on their Dust Pans in the Shop, and then took a quick run up to Fo Fourway Lodge, before swim.

After supper there was a very loud game of Boston at the North end of the Big Room, and at the Southend there was a game of Black Board Relay for the Half Past Niners. There were one or two sentences put up by Peter Garlands side that won them the game, and these were:

" Cows are good animals to milk on sight."

" We might be terribly funny, but we aren't"

At about quarter of nine Mr. Lynes read us a short story by Kipling which was greatly enjoyed by the more intelligent. listeners.

Saturday, July, 31st
Wind SW

A dull grey day that held out little hope of sun later in the day. In the middle of the morning Dr. and Mrs. Garland came to see Joe, and took him away for luch. They returned later however and spent the night here. Just before lunch Johnny Stillman turned up with two friends; they stayed for supper and Sing Song, but then had to go back to North East Harbor. Late yesterday afternoon Mr. Walker and Mrs Walker turned up in time to take a short swim before supper. They are going to stay at Camp for the next few days and make a call on their sons. They went to Waterville this morning and came back bringing with them crates and boxes of the most heavenly melons and Camp smacks its lips in anticipation.

The weather surprised us and broght out the sun after all, so that those who played baseball could get a sun burn. The score of the big ball will speak for itself.

Baubles VS. Bubbles AT Sojers field DATE July 31st - 1937

Baubles	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I.B.	SB	SH	PO.	A.	E
Zahner, R.	4												6	3	3					
Garland, P.	6												6	4	2					
P.N.M.	3												1	0	0					
J.R.W.	1												6	2	2					
E.C.C.	2												6	2	2					
A.L.L. jr.	5												6	5	1					
Crane	7												4	1	1					
Billings	8												4	0	0					
Rheault	9												3	1	0					
TOTAL		1 / 1	1 / 2	3 / 5	5 / 10	1 / 11	6 / 17		1 / 18				42	18	11					

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....
UMPIRE Finnigan, Finnigan + Finnigan SCORER Finnigan, J.R. TIME OF GAME.....

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

Batters	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.
G.H.H.	2												5	4	5	
Wallace, H.	1												6	3	1	
Garland, C.	6												5	4	3	
F.G.J.	7												5	4	2	
J.B.	3												5	2	2	
Garland, J.	8												5	1	2	
B.L.H.	4												4	2	2	
Williams	5												4	1	0	
Rogers	9												5	1	2	
TOTAL		3 / 3	4 / 7	6 / 13	0 / 13		9 / 22	0 / 22	0 / 23				44	23	19	

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....

DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....

WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....

UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

Sun Shine Alley finally put on a stunt, but they had to import some one to make up the stunt and help them produce it. Mrs. Cutler was the guiding star and power behind the throne and without her we are quite sure that the ladies would have gotten out of it quietly. The plot was built around a great secret that was being kept by the Alley, that Walt Disney was being kept under a bushel somewhere in Camp and that he had brought with him Mickey Mouse, Minnie, Clarabell, Donald Duck and Pluto. The cast was as follows.

Clarabell Cow, Doctor	Mrs. Cutler
Minnie mouse Powell	Mrs. Powell
Mickey Mouse Director Wiggins	R.W.
Donald Duck, Cutler	J.S.
Pluto Dog Bradley	J.H.
Scene shifter and curtain fixer	E.C.C.

Mrs. Cutler came out just before the stunt and explained to us that there had been a secret and that now it was to be told. She told us that this was to be world premier (and maybe the world derniere) of the latest comedy, Mickey Mouse at Merryweather. The first scene was at Track and Field. The first event was the 100 yard dash, and Mickey read off the names and tried to start the race, but first all the ears had to be looked at by Clarabell Cow Doctor and then Minnie for some insane reason insisted that ladies go first! Pluto Bradley was given a fifteen yard penalty, but came whipping past every one in the end and broke the tape. Next event,high jump. The greatest feat here wsas seeing Clarabell Cow jump the moon instead of the highjump. The second scene was at swimming, here we saw a snppy exhibit of setting up exercises, and then a quick swim to the point. Here is Donald Duck Cutler figured and he swam the course about three times before anyone else had done it once! The last scene was about a camping trip, and some of remembered that some of the sort had also happened to us. Donald started out by trying to get away with all the food not only for

with Camp's supper too. He was quickly stopped by Minnie and Mickey, Shen the trip itself started offand we saw them paddle across thelake in fine style, using the straight arm and all. After alighting, Pluto and Donald snooped all around for a nice place to leave the basket, and then hustled away to climb a mountain, pushing in front of them numerous charges. Just as they disappeared Clarabell stuck her h orns around a bush and then the rest of her, she saw the basket, food and all and it was just too good to be true. She was so tired after jumping the moon! Well what would you do if you were a hungry Clarabell Cow? So did she, only she did a really good job and ate the linolium too! In A few minutes Pluto, Donald and the charges appeared after a long hard climb. They were definitely hungry, and looked forward to their supper and were furious when they found it gone. Clara like an honest Cow owned up, and for her pains poor Clarabell was shortly killed. Thus ended Mr. Disney's latest comedy and we all sincerely hope that you will see it on the screen this winter.

Some of you probably remember Mrs. Wilma Jones and her Girls who came and danced for us so charmingly last summer, and you will remember that they came to help raise funds for the Kiockuck high School. This year a small child had set fire to the school and burnt it down to the ground, and so this year Mrs. Jones brought along her husband, Elmer and a few of the kiddies to make a stronger appeal. Mr. Jones left his speach here by some mistake and we are sure that he won't mind too much if we put it in. Before the curtains drew Mr. Wiggins carefully explained to us that we must be as cordial as possible , that this was a great chance for them and that we must be patient. Mr. Wilma Jones' speach:

My dear ladies and gentlemen, and boys of Merryweather, and my dear Friends (if I may be so bold as to call you my friends) we are here tonight with a worthy purpose. The purpose is really to make it possible to sontinue the splendid work of our High School in Keokuk, as well as to give you an evenings

entertainment. For years this has been a piece of work to which our little community could justly point with oride. Last year you probably saw in the Keokuk papers(both the Star and theClarion had allong account of it, with a picture of Mrs. Wlber Jones directing the firemen) Well the fact is that our beloved High School was burnt down. It was an accident and nobodies fault. There was a little boy playing with matches in a mischievious moment he set fire to Mary Hopkins back hair, and Miss Sniffin poured gasoline over her by mistake. Sad to say the poor child perished. Of course the little ones can be replaced without too much cost, but the loss of th High School was really a serious matter. We all put our heads together: How can this be made good? We decide that I, as principal of the school, should take with me a number of who would exemplify the training the Keokuk High School.affords, and make a tour in an effort to raise funds for athe construcrion of a newer, bigger and better High School of Keokuk.

And now I will open our programme for the evening by calling on Ronald Baker (interuption by Mrs. Jones) calling on Ronald Baker who will recite his favirite poem, namely Casabianca.

(Too bad that Ronald forgot so much, but he made up for it by remembering the last few lines all in a bunch and saying them all at once.)

Next we heard Barbara Friehce very feelingly read aloud by Geogge Washington Butts. Then along came Mr. Jones again.

We are going to court Polyhymnia, the goddess of music. Our songster is Reginald Schwartz, the captain of our football team He will sing a song entitled , "Gold will but almostaanything, byt a true girls lov love. " Oh my what a touching song, we all had out our hankies after the first verse!

Again Mr. Jones hopped up to introduce some one;

In Keokuk we do not draw the colour line. Some of our darkest horses have been negroes. We have with us tonight our prise orator, whose name is Rastur William Tecumseh Sherman Thompson. He will recite to you a wonderful message written to us by Elbert Hubbard , and called " Does Character Count?"

This was said with tremendous feeling and sincerity on the part of the little fellow. The last to recite for was introduced as "the brightest and prettiest girl who has ever graduated from Keokuk High School." Her name was Pearl Quackenbush and she wrote the poems all herself, without any help or correction from a teacher.We will add her poems here because they are so sweet and touching.

Snow

I wake, I look, and lo!
The earth is lost in snow,
Hedges,fences hill and dale,
Streets and grass, stream and vale,
All in Natures work are lost
Covered with Ice and snow and frost;
Looking to me as I plod my way
Like fairy scenes on this snowy day.

The City Beautiful

Perhaps 'tis watery Venice,
The city the artists seeks,
Or maybe ancient Athens
Where do live the Greeks.

Perhaps 'tis a Persian City
With many a spire and dome,
But NO! 'tis your own fair city,
The city where is your home!

Moral
So do your part for your city,
And pick up each stick and stone
And you're making the world more lovely
By cleaning up things at home!

We felt very sorry for the poor child she seemed so nervous, and

then at the very end she suddenly burst into tears and had to be comforted by that sweet Mrs. Jones. This was the last bit of reciting that was done, and then Mrs. Jones got up and made a final plea for money. I'm afraid we weren't very cordial, or cooperative and very rudely refused the ten centses she begged, however we feel sure that they will be back again next year, and maybe we can redeem ourselves then.

Algonquins

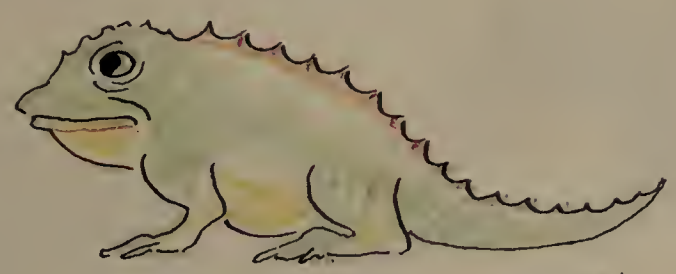
	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
J B	✓	●●	✓	✓	●●●	✓	✓	✓	✓
B P S	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	●	✓
F G J	✕	✓	✓		●		✕	●●	✓
E C C	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
G H H	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	●	
Arnold	✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Bacon	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Billings	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✕	✓	1
Crane	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●●	1	✕	●	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Everett F	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	1
Everett L	✓	●	✓	✓	●	1	✕	✓	✓
Ingersoll	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕	●	✓
Loring		✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lynes	✕	●	✓	✓	✓	✓	✕	●●●	1
Rheault	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Sears	✕	✓		✕✓	✓	✓	✕	●●●	
Snyder	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓
Volkman	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Walker M	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	1
Wallace H				✓	●	1	✕	●	✓
Wallace M	✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	1	✓	✓	✓
Williams	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Wrenn	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	1
	12	12	0	13	17	5	15	11	4

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
L C F jr		✓	✓	✓	●●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
B J H	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
R W	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
A L L jr	✕	●●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
J Y G W jr	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓
J R W	✓	●●●	✓	✕✓	●●	✓	✓	●●●●	✓
G J	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Chisholm	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Condon	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Gardner	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Garfield	✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Garland C	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Garland J	✕	✓	✓	✓	●	✓	✓	✓	✓
Garland P	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Moller	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Peabody F	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Peabody G		✓	✓	✓	✓	1	✕	✓	✓
Rogers	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✓	●●	✓
Searle	✓	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Taft	✕	✓	✓	✕✓	●		✕	✓	✓
Toland	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Turner	✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
Zahner J	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	✓	✕✓	●	✓
Zahner R	✕	●	✓	✕✓	✓	✓	✕✓	✓	✓
	12	12	0	17	12	1	17	15	0

Merryweather Bestiary

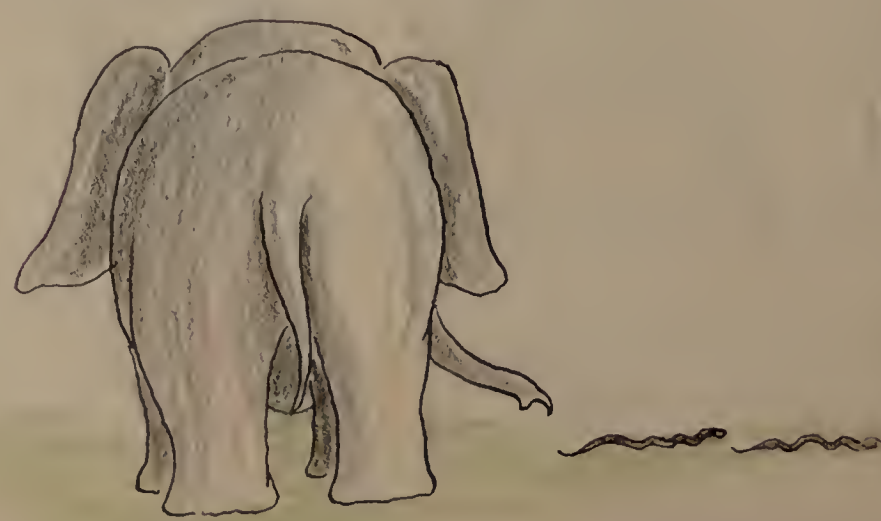
The animals that run about
This ancient wood with romp and shout,
Are happier, I have no doubt,
Than many mortals be.
Among them, says the local lore,
Is one with a colossal roar,
(The scaly BUFO CARNIVOR)
And him I'd l ike to see.



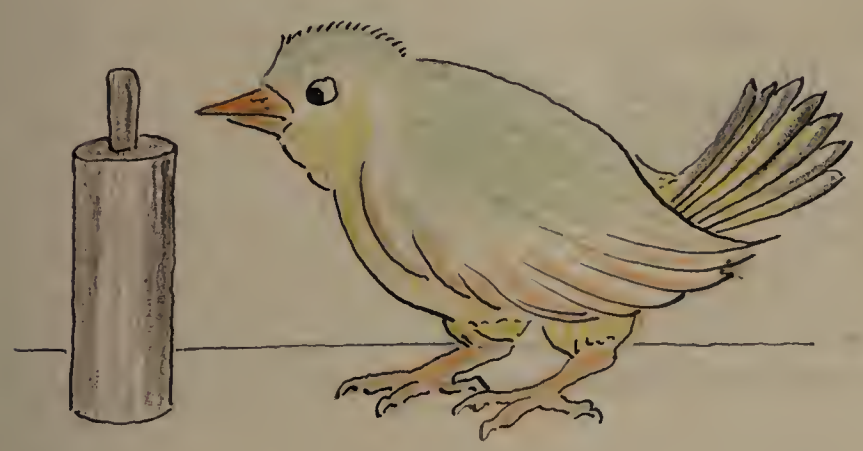
At moonrise he prepares to eat
His favorite food of human meat;
He wolfs it, raw, in his retreat,
A most peculiar taste.
I'd love to watch him at a meal,
And listen while his victims squeal,
Although 'tis probable I'd feel
Uncomfy at the waist.

A vulgar beast (to vary 'em),
Resides in the aquarium,
And eats a whole herbarium
For breakfast, every day.
Although he sports a periwig,
And normally is called a PIG,
He's nearly always infra dig..
(His friends are few, they say.)

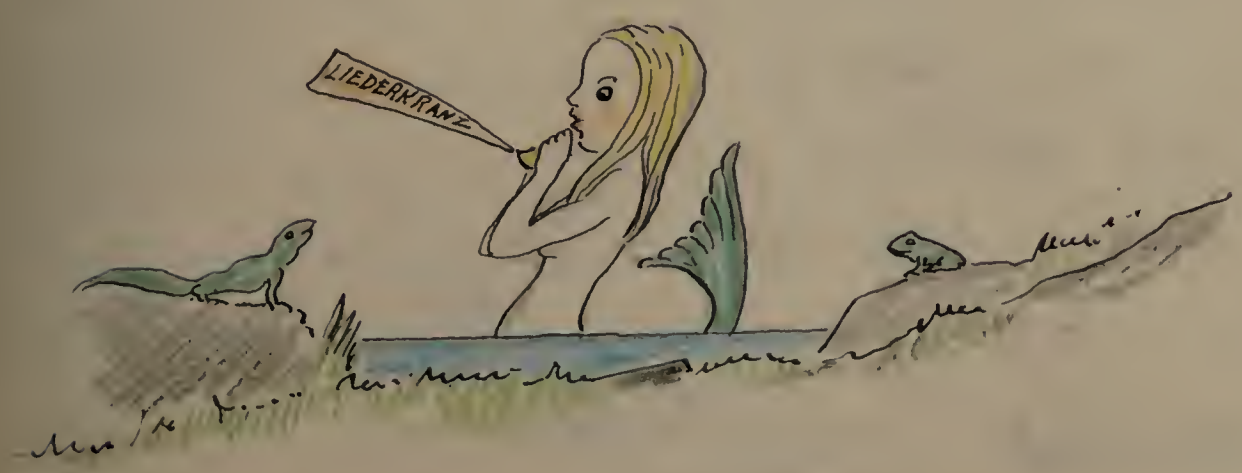
Here dwell the noble pachyderms
Beyond the lake. They feed on worms
Of lissome line, the kind that squirms
In titivating fun.
And though their tails are short and thin,
(As are the toes of Seraphin)
They seldom play the violin
From twelve to half-past one.



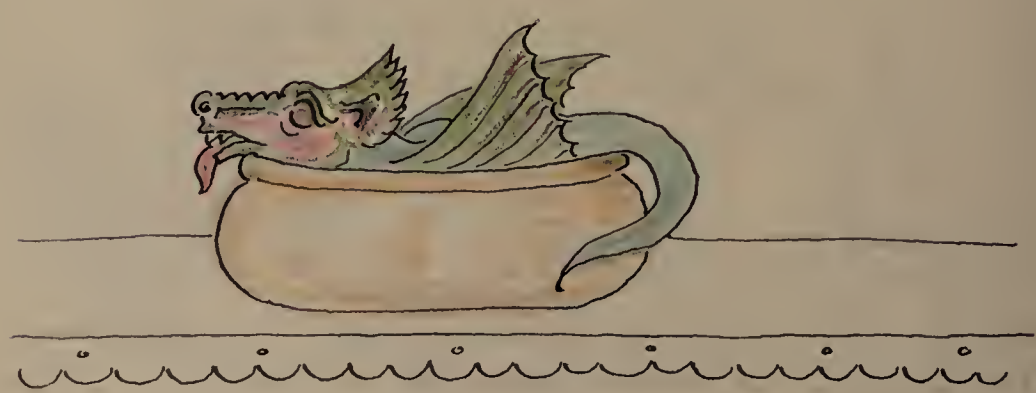
The bulky BELGIAN BUTTER BIRD,
Is rarely seen, and seldom heard,
Although his cry is quite absurd
When calling to his mate.
He steals the butter out of churns,
And mixes it with moss and ferns,
And thus a harsh cognomen earns..
(He's often celibate.)



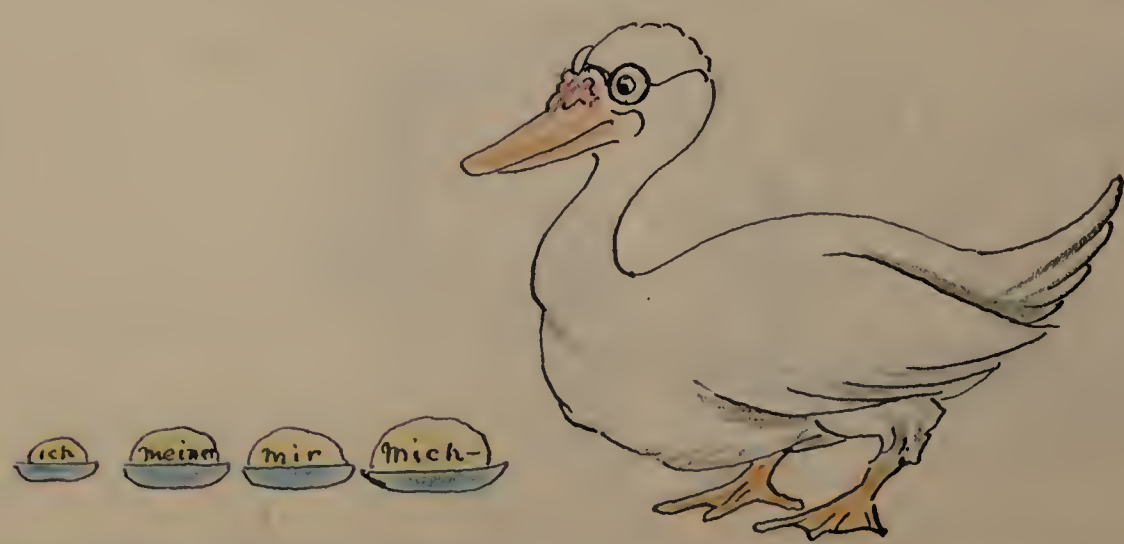
The LANDLOCKED MERMAID lives in bogs,
With turtles, lizards, newts and frogs,
And eats the colored catalogues
That Sears & Roebuck issue.
She has a sinister, cross-eyed glance,
Devours garlic, can not dance,
And cleans her teeth with Liederkranz,
So do not let her kiss you.



The WYVERNS may be petty, but
They like their fresh confetti cut
In verdure-clad Connecticut:
They are amusing elves.
Their conversation's never cheap,
They can not laugh, they can not weep,
But when they're tired out they sleep
In pots on pantry shelves.



The GRAMMAR GOOSE, when in the mood,
Partakes of parts of speech for food,
Though adjectives, when lightly chewed,
Make her somewhat obese..
She's weak in self-control, so when
She bolts her pronouns (more than ten)
They bring a painful crise, and then
Illiterate decease.



Sunday August 1st
Wind, SW
Cloudy

We were definitely glad that there was an extra half hour to sleep through this morning, and even at that we were a bit silent as we ate breakfast. The weather didn't look so very cheery to start the new month with, but it was warm and pleasant, even without the sun. Service at ten o'clock as usual and then letters for those who hadn't been forehanded. Dr. Macdermott had to leave just before Service to get back to Montreal. We tried to persuade him to stay and scout in the afternoon, but he'd been well battered in the soccer game yesterday and we don't blame him for being good to his poor ankles and shins, and staying off them

The wind became a bit stronger after lunch and so the Scouting was definitely on. At two thirty or quarter of three the reading was stopped and the braves retired to don their fighting attire. The game started on time, at three fifteen and this time nobody was late, the Algonquins started from the North end and the Iroquois from the south. The first game was a tie making things unsatisfactory for both sides. There were no runs scored for either side and twelve scalps were collected by each tribe. There was a terrific battle in the Underground and as far as we can make out both parties were almost completely wiped out. The second game won by the Algonquins both on runs and shots. They brought in five runs to the Iroquois one and killed seven teen enemy braves and had only thirteen deaths on their side. Wallace H suddenly got a bee in his bonnet and felt sorry for the Iroquois and killed off one of his own men, but otherwise it was a mild game. The last game was another crushing defeat for the Iroquois. Four runs and nineteen shots were scored for the Gonqs, while the Iroquois made no runs and brought in only fifteen scalps. Peabody, G. got rather discouraged and committed suicide, it was ultra honest, but a sad happening for his team. James Walker however showed his compatriots that the Gonqs did not really lead charmed lives and that fate was not with them, when

calmly shot seven of his enembies. It was a very sad afternoon for one side and not so sad for the other.

After a large picnic supper in the Big Room there were hymns sung until half past eight. For the half past niners Mr. Lynes gave a delightful and very interesting talk on music, telling us about its origin, its importance and all the while illustrating his point by playing to us. Besides being an educating evening it was also a perfectly enchanting one and we look forward with joy to the next evening he gives us.

Just a little while before supper Bob Cutler blew in, and spent the night here. Though he can only stay for the night now, he is going to come back soon to help us out with Fancy Dress.

Monday, August 2nd
Temp. 71 3/4 f.
Wind, due west
Water, choppy.
Fore-cast Dry or less wind.

Cold and clear and a perfect day to climb a mountain. Two trips were sent out this morning, one to climb Mt. Blue and one to camp on Bigelow for two nights. The "Blue" trip started off at nine thirty in Lady Chain with the following crew.

E.C.C.	Ingersoll
G.H.H.	Loring
Chisholm	Sears
~~Henderson~~	Turner
Taft	Wallace
Rheault	Wrenn
Everett, L.	Garland, C.

This trip ran exactly on schedule, and they all got back to Camp at five thirty, after what sounds like a grand day. Poor Greg Henderson collected a cold and was kept at home, retiring later in the day to the Infirmary.

The Bigelow trip started a little later in L.C.F's car and those who went were:

L.C.F.
Garland, J.
Billings
Gardner
Toland

They are going to look over the Bigelow range and then come back and tell us aboutiit.

For those remaining the afternoon went thusly;

Soccer at 2:30

J.B.
B.L.H.
F.G.J.
J.R.W.
G.J.
Crane
Rogers
Zahner, R.
Everett, F.
Volkmann
Wallace

B.P.S.
J.G.W.
R.B.C.
A.L.L.
J.Y.G.W. jr.
Garland, P.
Walker, M
Williams
Snyder
Condon
Danforth

Fishing

Moller
Zahner, J.
Peabody, G.

Garfield
Peabody, F.

Shop and trot to Fourway
Arnold
Bacon
Searle

Go as per Medical Instructions
Lymes
Henderson.

The soccer game was from all accounts one of the best of the season. To be sure a few people came down limping a little, but that didn't seem to matter. J.R.W. made the first goal in the begining of the first quarter with the help of a corner kick. Garland P as goally caught the ball, but stepped back between the posts and so scored a goal for the other side without meaning to, so that the score at the end of the period was two to nothing. J.G.W. scored the

goal, tying up the score. We were told by the press agent that Mr. Wiggins carried the ball through the goal posts on his head, in a new and baffling style. There was spectacular playing by J.B. and Garland P. who kept the ball going between them so fast that no one else could see it. The third period started off with GarlandP kicking a long shot into the goal making the score two all. (we got mixed up in the write up, the score is now two all if you are still following) The last goal was brought in by J.R.W. who thus won the game for his side, two to three.

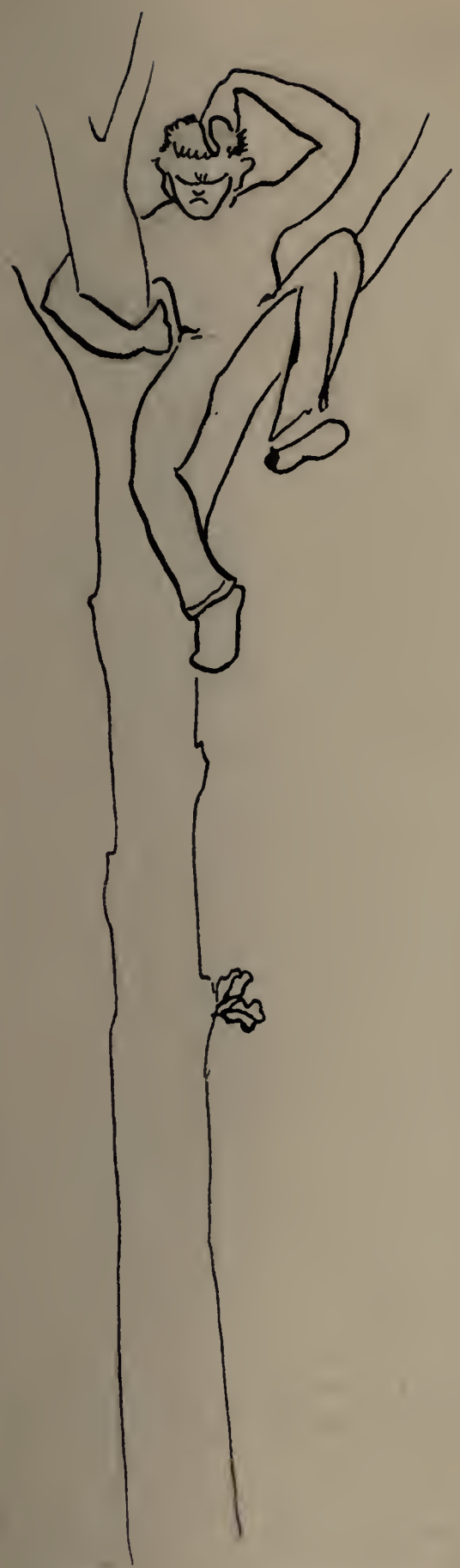
After thid energetic game, there was a swim. Mrs. Cutler and R.B.C. had to leave a little before supper, and we wish they wouldn't, but we hope to see them back soon. After supper there was a "go as you please" evening, with boats suggested.

Our weatherman was right all the way around, and we did get a shower, but it wasn't until late at night. We will find out if his week comes otu as planned. Camps barometer went down however when Little Zu left us. His family came and collected him just after swim, and though we knew that he was going soon we didn't realize that it was so soon.

August, 3rd, Tuesday
Sky, partly cloudy.
Temp. 76f. 42c.
Clouds, number
Saturation pt. 85
Wind. NW. Bar. 29.8
Humidity, damp.
Wind is expected to rise at about 11 am. will continue till about 2 then steady down to a mere breeze. A clear day is expected throughout, possibly a slight shower tonight, but the week will probably be a dry one.

C.K.Williams.
weatherman

The Davis Tree Men came to call this morning, and kept us all amused for hours. Some of their men we recognized as F.G.J. and G.J.. Branches crashed around our ears as the oaks and pines that we are so used to began to turn themselves slowly but surely into palm trees. There were really amazing improvements made upon all the trees, even though they do look a bit skinny right now.



A staff photographer took a few pictures of the great works this morning, but only two came out. On the right we have F.G.J. trying to figure out just how he is going to get down, after cutting all the branches off on his way up. He has been seen walking on the ground since then, so he must have found some way out.

On the right we have a candid camera shot of G.J. playing Tazan. He did remarkable things with the tree.

In the after noon there was a tremendous treasure hunt, and these were the sides:

VERBORGENERSCHATZENTDECKUNK

NEW SCOTLAND YARD		LA SÛRETÉ	
Moller	Sherlock Holmes	Everett, F.	Fonchet
Danforth	Doctor Watson	Rheault	Poirot
Chisholm	Col. Strickland	Rogers	Lecog
Crane	Ellery Queen	Garfield	Arsin Lupin
Garland, C.	Endicott Peabody	Peabody, F.	Samuel Drury
Garland, P.	Maj. Dinwiddie	Snyder	Edgar Hoover
Volkmann	Pinkerton	Walker, M	Frank Crowley
Wallace, H.	Layland Smith	Wallace, M	Stavisky
Williams	J.G.Reeder	Loring	Gaborio
Zahner, R.	John Silence	Condon	De Villiers

OGPU

Peabody, G.	Michael Strogoff
Arnold	Philo Vance
Everett, L.	Charlie Chan
Ingersoll	Moto
Searle	Francis Parkman
Sears	Chiginski
Taft	Brokoff
Turner	Skaytzevitch
Wrenn	Mata Hari
Bacon	Hara Kari
Bendy	Wizard of OZ

The New Scotland Yard was presented with the following clue.

In Insula Ilicum sagittea albae duodecim sunt.Sequendae hae vobis ut indicium (aut glomum) referiatis.

They trundled over to Oak Island and there they found the next clue, which said:"Sonorous metal blowing martial sound" and then came back to look in the horn. Here their directions were :

Beware the pine trees withered branch
Beware the awful avalanche;
This was the peasants last good night
A voice relpied far up the height
Excelsior!

This meant, of course the Landslide where sat the message,

" Alarums without. Exit Cassius and trains" After a few short minutes of contemplation Sherlock and his Blood Hounds returned to Camp and searched the curtain and found,

" Where the sachems and the warriors
Did obey the chieftains call,
And did guard against their foemen
Midst the pines and aspen wall."

The Aspinwall Tree (the Press had to be told) and next,

" Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art",

which meant to Sherlock the Merryweather Light. Here was a bit of German for them, and underneath was the little suggestion " See Walker" after looking it over they went to the School house

" Einsam steht das kleine Schulhaus.
Wo von vielen langere Tahren.
All die Greise einst studierten,
Als sie noch nur Kinnings waren."

In the school house they found the last clue that led them to the Ouananiche by these words:

" Build me straight, O worthy master
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel
That should laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle"

In the bow of the Ouanie they found their basket with Fierce Things and jam, and they were ready for it!

La Surete started off led by M. Fonchet, (Everett, F.) with the first few bars of Turkey in the Straw" and shortly found their way to the Cook's Castle. Here they weretold to

"Go forward Merryweather
Press on! Press on together!"

This clue they searched for in the Press room and found it in the type-writer.

"And I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his mouse trap on the Rhine.

The Mouse Trap involved boats, and after a quick spin across the waters they found out that

He sings to the wide world
She to her nest.

So they, the Blood Hounds and M. Fonchet thought of the bird's nest on the porch above the front door, and came buzzing back to Camp. Sure enough, there it was reading,

"There the mighty timbers cut they
Mighty timbers, forest mossy
Cut and limbed the stalwart hemlock
Pasted bark to keep the rain out, "

A log cabin built by L.T. up by the landslide answered this clue to perfection and after a mile walk and a good look around they found the quotation,

"Oranges and Lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clements,
Breamers and prawls
Say the bells of St. Pauls."

Captain John's cabin is called the Old Upper, so that is where the Treasure Seakers went next and were promptly told to go back to where they had come from. Anyway they got some excersise!

"Northward, northward cast your eyes
Where the cattle pasturize."

The last clue , when found took little thinking, and not so very much time,

"And the Red Horse went out across the rock
The angry rocks that had no fear of him."

and found their basket on the Point.

Michael Strogoff of Peabody G, was presented with the following clue to start off on

" Now the smokes of coucil rise,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again

This of course was Fourway Lodge, though they did get mixed up and think that it might be the Infirmary or maybe Faculty Coffee. Here they found

Lip a slip cup 'twixt the
And there s the many

The prss is baffled, and has not been told, so can't tell you. They went there where ever it was and were directed to

Where the nine lived cats
Eat waterproof rats
And the Bufo Carnivors

Or in other words the Cat ' Nine Tails Pond. In that

Who than Phyllis can be sweeter
With her golden hair!
By the tide washed bar, O meet her,
Meet her if you dare!

came next and that if you read it all in a bunch might, if you were clever lead you to the Barometer, where was this note.

My marge is girt with birch trees
My pebbles run to sand,
I'm always very happy
When the Merryweathers land!

Here was an easy clue to follow, and follow they did to Merryweather Beach. Some one else had had the same idea though and left their clues all over the Beach, so that our Blood Hounds lost their trail in the confusion and never found it again. They returned to Camp just a few minutes before supper witth their sad tale. There were many sympathetic listeners, and after suooer the lost clue was replaced and they finally found their trail again and started off. They found their treasure on the porch of the Rest House and after a long and hard search found their reward.

There were boats again in the evening and then more of Sam in the Suburbs for the Half Past niners.

More tree chopping this morning, so that now the shrubery around Camp looks really magnificent

Wednesday, August 4th
Temp. 89
Wind SW and light

The weather was moderately cool in the morning and there was a bit of a wind but toward noon the wind died down and left us very hot and the lake very calm.

In the afternoon there was the first August Boat and Canoe.

AUGUST FOURTH

BOAT AND CANOE.

Order of events:

1. Senior Standing Singles
2. Junior Standing Doubles
3. Semi Finals of Senior Standing Singles
4. Finals of Junior Standing Doubles
5. Finals of Senior Standing Singles
6. Junior Rangelys Doubles
7. Junior Rangelys Singles
8. Senior Standing Doubles
9. Junior Four Paddlers
10. Senior Four Paddlers

Senior Standing Singles:-

1st heat:
1 Williams (Squanny)
2 Craneau (Pink)

2nd heat:
1st Garland C. (Squanny)
2nd Chisholm (Pink)

3rd Heat:
1st Garland P. (Pink)
2nd Zahner (Squanny)

4th heat:
1st Wallace, H. (Squanny)
2nd Moller (Pink)

Semi Finals

Williams	2nd	Garland, P.	1st
Garland, C.	1st	Wallace	2nd

FINALS

Garland, P	Winner
Garland, C.	2nd

This last race was the best of the afternoon and beatifully paddled by each Garland.

Junior Standing Doubles :

1st heat:

Wallace, M.) 1st	Everett.F.) 2nd	Danfotth)3rd
Peabody) Cob.	Searle)Abagad.	Bacon)Carab.

2nd heat:

Rogers)1st	Garfield)2nd	Rheault)3rd
Arnold)Carab	Wrenn)Abagad	Sears)Cob.

3rd heat:

Volkmann)1st	Walker, M)2nd	Snyder)3rd
Ingersoll)Carab.	Loring)Cob.	Turner)Abagad.

FINALS:

Wallace, M.)1st	Rogers)2nd	Volkmann)3rd
Peabody, F.) Abagad.	Arnold)Carab.	Ingersoll)Cob.

time: 3:46

Junior Double Sculls (Rangeleys)

Green Boat (1)
Wallace, M.)
Everett, F.)1st.
Bacon)

Green Boat (2)
Garfield)
Snyder)2nd
Everett, L.)

Yammerschooner
Peabody, F.)
Loring)3rd
Peabody, G.)

Panta.
Rheault)
Wrenn)4th
Searle)

Identical
Walker, M.)
Turner)5th
Arnold)

Time of winner: 1' 40"

Coxswains race:

Green boat (1)
Everett, L.)1st

Terrer
Sears)2nd

Identical
Arnold)3rd

Green Boat (2)
Bacon)4th

Yammerschooner
Peabody, G)5th

Senior Standing Doubles:

1st heat:

Cob.		Abagad.		Worry.	
Chisholm	1st	Garland, P.	2nd	Moller	3rd
Garland, C.		Zahner		Wallace, H	

Carab.
Crane) disqualified
Williams)

Time of winner: 3'46"

Crane and Williams tipped over in the first leg of the race, but otherwise it was a grand one, with the Cob. coming in two feet in front of the Abagadassett.

Junior Four Paddlers:

Carab. 1st.		Abagadassett 2nd		Cob. 3rd	
stern	Garfield	stern	Wallace, M.	stern	Walker, M
	Ingersoll		Wrenn		Turner
	Arnold		Loring		Sears
	Peabody, F.		Rheault		Snyder

The Carabassett won in 5'12"

Senior Four Paddlers

Carab. 1st		Abagad 2nd		Cob. disqualified	
stern	Garland, P	stern	Zahner	stern	Garland, C.
	Crane		Volkmann		Danforth
	Everett,		Williams		Rogers
	Moller		Wallace		Chisholm

The Carabassett's time was 5'01". The Cob tipped over at the second flag when a middle paddler shifted weight suddenly.

Members of the Staff

E.C.C. Float man
F.G.J. " " ass.

G.J. & A.L.L. & J.R.W. Carriers Out

J.B. Police
R.W. & G.H.H. & Bendy Press Boat

Late in the afternoon, just before supper Captain John and Mr. Richards appeared. They came up from Indian Point and are going to spend the night. At about seven o'clock the Carade Sides met in their respective haunts and at seven thirty we gathered in front of the porch to see the first scehe of Mr. Lynes' stunt. His word was "inlay", so that the first syllable was in. The scene was really delight ful, with E.C.C. as the deaf old lady with and ear trumpet, sitting on the front porch of the Inn. With her sat other boarders and there was a grand old gossip and talk while small whining brats ran up and down the piazza. The next scene was inside, but in front of the curtains. A monk in somber black came in and chanted to us an ancient "lay" all about Merryweather boys who tip over in canoes. The last scene, or the whole word was an agonizing one,and one that is rather familier . The curtains parted to disclose the grizzely office of a dentist. Dr. Cutler was seen "scrubbing up" before the arrival of the first patient. Mr. Bacon was the victim but he took it like a man and hardly wiggled. Next came Mr. Sears and then last of all was A.L.L with his face all done up in a great white rag. Most of these people neede their teethe filled or Inlay ed .

The second charade was put on by the Doctor and his actors, and their word was Barbecue. The first scene was of Camp Merryweather getting haircuts over at the Mills. The curtains opened showing the Barber (F.G.J.) just about to cut the Doctor's hair. We watched the Haircut in the process of its being and then saw the final result, and O dear! The barber had shaved the Doctor about up to his ears and then left him. Thus as the curtains closed we had the first two syllables, BAR BER or barbe. The next scene had to do with cue and the curtains revealed a scene in China, probably on the boarder, where were some very official looking gentlemen. They were talking over the prblem of

doing away with the Chinaman's pigtail, or cue. They had tried all sorts of of methods and were just about to try their last, which seemed the most direct, which was to cut off the cue. The first Chinese that came along they caught and snipped off his long black shiney pigtail, and then they found it rather fun and caught off everyones cue that they saw. The last scene was the whole word, Barbecue, and we saw the ox or whatever it was dragged in and killed and then pulled over toward the pit. So we had the whole word Barbecue.

The next charade was put on by J.B. and Company and their word was Systematic . In the first scene were the first two syllables and in the second scene there were the last two. and the third scene was the whole word. The scene were indicated by a person (Dickey Searle) walking across the stage. The curtains opened showing four people sitting around a table playing bridge. They were trying out different systems but none of these seemed to work very well. Suddenly in the middle of the game strange noises were heard from above (at this point Dickey Searle wlked across) The Host said in an off hand manner that the sounds seemed to come from the attic, and that he had heard them before. The sounds grew louder and louder, and then suddenly the room was filled with grey transparent figures that stood ominously behind each chair. Then each figure took from beneath its cloak a long black club and whacked each card player over the head until they fell down unconcious. Again Mr. Searle walked. Then the figures came back and were meant to pull the corpses off the stage systematically or in a systematic way, but things got a bit twisted so that the corpses were just plain pulled off.

B.P.S. put on the last charade of the evening and his word was VITAMIN. The first scene was the first syllable, the second scene the

last two syllables and the third scene was the whole word. Vi was used as vie and the curtains parted on the scene of the throne room of a palace where sat the King. He had a beautiful daughter whom he wished would get herself married off to some worthy sort of person. He was at the moment interviewing three young men who were vying for the ladies hand. The King Said that whichever of them should catch the Bufo Carnivor could have the hand of his daughter because this would prove that the suitor was beside being a very brave man , a clever one too. The suitors left the castle with a down cast look for they knew thet this was an almost impossible feat. However later one man returned (Everett.F) carrying with him proof that he had killed the creature, and so he married the Princess. The next scene opened upon a doctors office where we saw doctors Hackett and Schoyer talking about this peculiar disease the was developing at Camp Merryweather. It seemed to be most dangerous <u>to men</u> (Damin) and the first symptoms were this odd sort off baby talk. The disease had started at this Camp but was rapidly spreading. The two doctors were momentarily expecting a sufferer of this disease.tThe two men were going to try a kill or cure method on the patient, and it would either cure him completely, or he would grow younger in his mind and actions until he became a mere baby. Suddenly the door opened and in walked George Johnson, only he introduced himself as Georgey Porgey Johnsony Wonsony. After a few minutes consultation the patient took the kill or cure and dropped imediately into a trance. Then suddenly he began to talk baby talk very fast and become more and more unintelligable. The cure was killing instead of curing. After a few minutes of burbling the patient jumped down off the chair and crawled on all fours over to a bench. After putting on its nightie and bonnet he grabbed his bottle and climbed up on the couch and lay like a good contented child. Here the curtains closed, but th moral is not to talk baby talk.

The last scene was at the braodcasting station W.A.D. where they were advertising Tastey Yeast. The program was really to delightful and it told us all about the Tastey Yeast and just how full of vitamins it is. We even were given the theme song of the hour, rendered by G.J.

After half past eight there was more of Sam in the Sububbs and then so to bed.

Thursday, August 5th
Wind SW

The morning promised us a very hot day, and was as good as its word. Shortly after squads H.R. and J.R. lefttto returntto Indian Point. When they came they brought with them a new lantern for the Merryweather Light. It is a ships lantern and made to show up from a long distance and does not give a bright light close by, therefore combining all the qualities of the perfect light.

The first August Track and Field took place this afternoon.

The August Classes are

CLass A	Class B	Class C.
Condon	Everett, F.	Bacon
Crane	Gardner	Everett, L.
Danforth	Garfield	Ingersoll
Garland, C.	Peabody, F	Loring
Garland, P.	Rheault	Peabody
Garland, J.	Rogers	Searle
Moller	Toland	Sears
Volkmann	Walker, M.	Snyder
Wallace, H.	Wallace, M.	Turner
Williams		Wrenn
Zahner, R.		

Track and Field Officials

Starter	Timer	High jump	SHot put
E.C.C.	F.G.J.	A.L.L.&G.J.	G.H.H.&J.R.W.

Broad Jump

J.Y.G.W. & Chisholm

100 Yard Dash

Class A

1st heat;

Crane	1st
Condon	2nd
Zahner	3rd
Danforth	4th

2nd heat;

Garland, P.	1st
Wallace, H.	2nd
Garland, J.	
Moller	
Volkmann	

Finals:

Wallace, H.	1st
Garland, P.	2nd
Crane	3rd
Condon	4th

The finals of the class were very close and the time was eleven seconds.

Class B

1st heat;

Everett, F	1st
Gardner	2nd
Garfield	3rd

time; 13.1

2nd heat:

Peabody, F	1st
Rheault	2nd
Rogers	3rd

time; 13.4

3rd heat:

Toland	1st
Walker, M.	2nd
Wallace, M	3rd

time; 13.4

Finals:

Everett, F.) 1st
Toland)
Peabody, F. 2nd
time; 13.3

Class C.

1st heat:

Snyder	1st
Bacon	2nd
Searle	3rd

time: 14.3/5

2nd heat;

Everett, L.	1st
Loring	2nd
Sears	3rd
Turner	4th

time; 15

3rd heat:

Ingersoll	1st
Peabody, G.	2nd
Wrenn	3rd

time: 15

Finals:

Snyder	1st
Ingersoll	2nd
Everett, L.	3rd
Bacon	4th

time; 13.4/5

Shot Put

Class A

Garland, P.	29'10"	1st
Garland, C	25'6"	2nd
Wallace, H.	25'	3rd

Class B

Rogers	19'10"
Walker, M	18'2"
Peabody, F	16'4"

Class C Shot Put

Sears	20'7"	1st
Loring	19'11"	2nd
Snyder	19'6"	3rd

Broad Jump

Class A.

Garland, P.	1st,	18'3"
Garland, C.	2nd	
Wallace, H.		
Moller	3rd	

Class B

Everett, F.	12.9
Peabody, F.	12.2
Rogers	11.11

Class C

Snyder	1st	12
Ingersoll	2nd	11.71/2
Bacon	3rd	10.10.

High Jump

Class A

Garland, P.	1st	4'.5".
Crane	2nd	4'.7"
Moller	3rd	4'6"

Class B

Toland	1st	4'
Rogers	2nd	3'11".
Walker, M	3rd	3'7"

Class C

Snyder	1st	3'8"
Sears	2nd	3'7"
Everett, L	3rd	3'6"

440

Class A

Wallace, H. time: 58.4
Garland, P.
Garland, C.
Condon

Wed. Sept. 8th

Log:

Clear, n.w. wind, strong through the morning, lighter in afternoon.

Class B
Peabody, F. time 1. 14
Everett, F 2nd
Wallace, M 3rd
Rogers 4th

Class C
Snyder time 1.15
Everett, L. 2nd
Ingersoll 3rd
Bacon 4th

Supper was on the Point, and after it there was a very loud game of something or other led by Mr. Fairbank. For the half past nineers Mr. Lynes played the piano perfectly wonderfully. Some Bach, Chopin, Schumann and a few more modern compositions.

Friday, August 6th
Wind SW

Another very hot day with almost no wind, so that we really roasted. At about ten o'clock the Tutorium set off for its camping trip, around ~~the World.~~ Itchfield They had to do it in only one night because the students wanted to get back as quickly as possible to their work. Those who went were:

A little later in the morning another trip started off to climb Hornbem Hill. They started off at about ten thirty taking with them their lunch. The climbers were:

E.C.C.
F.G.J.
Garfield
Toland
Gardner
Garland, J.
Snyder
Zahner, R.

In the Worry and the Carabassett

Iter studentium

B P S
J Y G W jr
A L L jr

Crane
Danforth
Moller
Wallace H
Williams

Cob - Abag

The table at lunch was really quite small, but after lunch Camp seemed really deserted when two more trips left.

Otter Island

	L.C.F.	
	Wallace, M	
Yammerschooner	Peabody&F	Williwaw
	Everett, F	
	Turner	
	Peabody, G.	

These people went to fix up a spot on Otter for the Tutorium Trip, so that they would not have to take time out to make camp and carry packs. The next trip was to Lords Hill on Long Pond.

	J.B.	G.J.	
Eben	Bacon	Loring	Corker
	Ingersoll	Everett, L.	
	Rogers	Walker, M.	

Terror	Panta	Erebus
G.H.H.	Garland, C.	J.R.W.
Rheault	Volkmann	Condon
Searle	Wrenn	Sears

These returned just in time for supper after a fair bit of afternoon's excersise.

Those who stayed at home did as they pleased, and there are some that we know of who slept and others who went boating. They were.

Home Fires

	Chisholm	
	Lynes	
	Henderson	
J.G.W.	Taft	T.L.
	Arnold	
	Billings	
	Garland, P.	

The Doctor came back from Waterville at about five after meeting the train that brought and

. They are going to stay with us for the

week end, but we hope for longer.

After supper it was Go As YouPlease until half past eight and then at half past eight Mr. Lynes took the Half Past Niners out onto the float to find a piece of coolness and told them a story.

Saturday, August, 7th
Wind SW

At nine o'clock or there abouts the Tutorium turned up from their Camping Trip. As they drew near we could hear their golden voices across the waters chanting their old School Song. Squads as usual this morning, with andextra large Navigation Squad.

In the afternoon there were two very violent games of soccer, one starting at three thirty and one at four thirty.

BELGRADFUSSBALLSPIELSCHAFT	Societe Athletique De Belgrade, Du Nord
J.B.	E.C.C.
J.G.W.	F.G.J.
L.C.F.	B.P.S.
B.L.H.	J.R.W.
A.L.L.	G.J.
G.H.H.	J.Y.G.W.
Garland, P.	Garland, C.
Garland, J.	Crane
Moller	Volkmann
Zahner	Williams
Danforth	Wallace, H.

The game started off with a goal for the Societe made by E.C.C. and abley assisted by B.P.S. There was another near goal made by some one and tremendous kicking ability shown off by Mr. Crane. Toward the last of the period the Army went a bit wild and charged into F.G.J. and then into G.H.H. The second period was mild and unexciting. Volkmann was noted for his good backing, and keeping eyes on ball, also was F.G.J. for an elegant goal kick. In the third period there was another goal for the Societe made by B.P.S.

There was spectacular playing by B.L.H. who seemed to be all over the field at once. The last quarter was without score, so that the Societe came out ahead in the end, two to nothing.

The next game started at 4.39 and was between these two teams:

Nishihomuanga A.A.		Hogashihomwangi A.C.
		Snyder
Everett, F.		Snyder
Bacon	time keeper	Searle
Gardner	J.H.	Garfield
Loring		Peabody, F.
Rogers	umpire	Rheault
Sears	E.C.C.	Lynes
Toland		Turner
Walker, M.		Wallace
Wrenn		Peabody, G.
Ingersoll		Everett, L
		Staud

The first quarter was mild, with no scoring. Lynes made good as a goalie and Snyder did a little expert footwork on various parts of the field. The second quarter started off beautifully with Peabody, F. and Snyder carrying the ball all the way down the field, and Snyder then putting it in , scoring one point for his own team, The count evened up quickly, when Toland assisted by Rogers brought in a goal for Eberet, F's team. In the third period there were two more goals made for the Nishi team one by Walker, M. helped out by Rogers, and another by Everett, F, unassisted. The last period was without any scoring so that the final score was three to one for the Nishi.

Tonight

Tonight the sixth Sing Song of the season came off, and instead of plays and such we were given two very interesting lectures. The first by an assistent to a well known explorer, and the second by the ever famous Nussbaum Brothers.

Carta Belgradiensis

On a fair Friday morn, amid the plaudits of Alumni and President Lynes, the students of Belgrade University, led by Dean Schoyer, set off on a canoe expedition round the Litchfield. The members of the expedition included two other leaders; A.L.L. Jr., hired for the trip, and J.Y.G.W. Jr., President of the House Committee of the Graduate School. Also in the expedition were Official Ornithologist Moller, Official Guide Wallace, H., Official Entertainer Williams, and Official Female Interpreters Danforth and Crane.

Immediately following the University's morning session, the expedition set out for Gleason's Shore. At 11:35 we were pushing off into Ellis Pond, which even the Dean admitted was good (good) time. We passed Camp Kennebec in complete silence though Williams wished to inquire, "What kemp?" A.L.L. and J.Y.G.W., once the Litchfield had been reached at 12:30, took turns on one canoe while B.P.S, with help from Wallace, took care of the other. The Litchfield road, once a broad highway, has been allowed to return to nature, which it has with a vengeance. The going was fair, however, until at the eastern end one hits a stretch which is piled high with brush. To avoid this the expedition turned south and so passed the

home of an eccentric farmer, who, it is rumored, beats his wife. It was while passing this territory that Crane and Denfeld lived up to their roles of Female Interpreters. The eccentric farmer bellowed at them, "Hey, you gals, get goin'", or words to that effect only they were snappier and more profane.

At East Pond, the carry done with comparatively little grief, the expedition gathered in for "grub" in a poetic group of birches. A nearby well provided liquid nourishment. By 3:30 we were down the Pond and the stream and so into Smithfield, noted for its tourist cabin named "Why Not." Here we paused, and because of work well-done were permitted an ice-cream cone at the local yokel store. At 4:40 we were pushing on across North Pond for Meadow Brook. Williams and Wallace wanted to stop that they might get a crack at a chute-the-shoot or shoot-the-chute or whatever it is.

At 4:00 sharp we plunged into the cavernous jungles that bank Meadow Brook. About a quarter of a mile in we ran into a dam that some kind hand has erected. As a result Meadow Brook has become a series of pools

interspersed with sand banks. We would paddle for 20 yards, then all jump out and shove for another 20; then the operation would be repeated. This means of locomotion kept us in the Meadow Brook jungles until 6:30, but at 6:50 (better time than had been expected) we pushed into our camping place on Otter Island.

Hue L.C.F. with a squad from home had set up camp for us, and all we had to do was to put the wieners, literally as well as figuratively, on the fire. Few meals have ever been as noble as that one. There were the wieners (with buttered rolls and mustard), there was rice, baked beans, coffee, and most amazing of all — there were three blue berry pies. After dinner, L.C.F. and squad departed, but they left with us three honor students namely Wallace Minor and Peabody Major and Everett Major. After a romantic (at least to Crane and Everett) swim underneath the stars and the Northern Lights, Dean Schoyer told a tale of China and a "true" ghost story. These tales put everyone sounderly to sleep for the moment, but Danforth and Crane, intoxicated with coffee, soon woke up and started a meaningless jabber about someone

named "Prickly Pine." Moller, Wallace H., Williams, and Everett Major were afflicted in the same way but not so badly. The result being a stimulating discussion of science and other scholastic endeavors. Nature played ball with us and sent no mosquitoes to Otter Island. As a result a good deal of sleep was manufactured.

As the sun rose out of the morning mist, however, all were stirring. Our breakfast was of the copious English style, minus kippers and kidneys, but otherwise complete. Once dishes were washed, we broke camp and shoved off for Camp.

As we neared the float, as we passed the dear old halls of the University we all felt a lump in our throats, and twas not commeal mush. Simultaneously, in one fine burst of college spirit, we burst into the noble words that end so gloriously —

"Hail to Belgrade."

On the steps of the Administration Building stood President Lynes, his eyes moist (and not from dew). Instinctively, he knew we had had a great trip and accomplished our purpose — to prove that if one paddles hard and long enough & carries far enough he will eventually get round the Etch field & have a good time as well.

6th Sing Song

1 Overture

2 Song Mr. Jackson

3 Stunt

4 Choruses

5 Stunt

6 Camp Song

We started off with another delightful overture by T.L. who played to us the Spring Song,as it is done by the little girl at her first music recital, and then by a very over confident gent with a'ski' on the end of his name. Needless to say he had us all in stitches of laughter in a few seconds. Next came Mr. Jackson's song,'Cargoes', from the 1932 Log (July 11th) a delightful song and well sung considering the fact that he had had a very very short time to prepare for it.

Mr. Wiggins told us that the next person might seem just a little odd and that we must be nice to him The speker was to have been a Doctor Rockaway, in fact he was introduced to us as Dr. Rockaway, but he soon told us that the

Doctor was delayed and couldn't come, but that he, Mr. Grondell would do his best to fill in. (Mr. Grondell or B.P.S.) Mr. G. told us just who the Doctor was and that he was a famous explorer of Tibet and had spent many years there in Upper Burma. He then told us that he himself was not a bit traveled, and had only been to Canada once. He said that he belonged to the Bronxvill Outing Club and that he had been associated with Dr. Rockaway for many years. He gave his talk and it was extremely interesting, all about the Dr.'s trip in Upper Burma and the Lost City that he never found and the horses that he saw going in a northerly direction. Also of the tribes that they met, the Nashi (anti Chinese and wore their pigtail in front instead in back) the Wasu, who did nothing but smile and last but not least the Ngolols, a very viscious tribe who killed anyone on sight. Mr Grondell had brought with him a member of each one of these tribes so that we might feel a little more in the atmosphere of Burma. The first tribesman got up and did a ceremonial dance for us that was most interesting to watch. Next we saw the Wasu calling to his mate, and all he did was sit and smile, the last was the man of the very fierce tribe, who picks a fight for the slightest caude. Mr. Grondell thought it might be rather fun to say that the Wasu had grossly insulted him and then see what would happen. He tried it and the Ngolol got up and whacked the Wasu over the head. Mr. Grondell took this as an opportune moment to close his speach and with a quick apology for the behavior of the Ngolol, he left us.

After Mr. Grondell had left we sang a few choruses and then Mr. Wiggins asked us to wait a minute while he went out to greet the next speaker. He evidently missed him, or them, because in the other

came walking the familiar figures of the Nussbaum Brothers. Gebhardt Nussbaum started off by telling us of a wonderfull garden that they had visited where they had found all sorts of strange animals, and flowers, such as Belgrade Cranes and Bradley Tiger Lillies growing on the Fairbanks of the river, and in the Gar Fields nearby. Also he told us of the Peabody birds and the Dedham Woodpeckers that made a sound much like Hackett Hackett Hackett. and the spikey headed Wrenns, but he told us that there was no Hunting Done in these woods which relieved us greatly. After this enlightening lecture they sang us a few very charming songs Gebhardt singing while Rudolph played the piano.

Dere's a man named Franklin Jackson
Und he is a vondrous sight
He's a regular Anglo-Saxon
And his voice sounds like a claxon
Und he shaves on Sunday night,
Effry odder Sunday night.

* * *

Oh he's got a big chest measure
Und der vaist line makes you smile
When at baseball he's der batter
You should see those fielders scatter
'Cause he'll hit dot ball a mile,
He vill svat dot ball a mile!

* * *

Und Jackson iss a boatman
Und he shows boys chust der vay,
How a good paddler had orter
Roll over in der vawter
He's great dot vay dey say,
He can do dot effry day.

****

Oh many many years ago
Dere vas a feller dot I know
Vot used to play der soccer game
Und Joseph Bradley was his name
Und der spectators all had fun
In watching Tiger Bradley run.

Though Bradley's getting old and lame
He still plays soccer just the same
He rushes round the field about
In spite of chilblains, age and gout
And ven his foot der ball does kick
De odder fellers just look sick.
* * * * * * * * * *

I'm singing now of Dr. Benny
Dr. Benny
Dr. Benny
His skill is great, his patients many
And he keeps a very full infirmary
Arnolds got a funny cough,
Lynes has cut his finger off
And Janet Staud has fell and broke her knee
Peabody has got a gland
Garland gone and spiked his hand
And Benny he's off on an awful spree.
* * * * * * * *

Just watch our Eric swim
Him of the mighty limb,
He makes the speed boats look like thirty cents
He makes a small mouthed bass
Look like a clumsu ass
No von can him surpass
He's just immense.
* * * * * *

I sing a song of Schoyer -- Fritz Schoyer iss der name
From Belgrade to Renoia has spread his visdoms fame
He writes fine shows dramatic und puts dem on der stage,
His Greek shows are in Attid. Oh! Fritz is a sage
Und venn he has some ceisure he often reads Chinese
Write Cuneiform for pleasure mit most consumate ease
Mit voice so stonr and hearty he sings Croation too
Venn he goes on a party. Dots more than you can do.

After these they gave us a short lecture on the connection between the German language and the American language, and then with some songs illustrated their meaning.

Sunday August, 8th
Wind, SW

A mild morning with nothing happening of note. Service as usual at ten o'clock and then letters were written. Lunch was a marvelous meal, with piles of very delicious corn that disappeared rather quickly.

After lunch we were all told to get ready for a Water Picnic, and everyone rushed for paddles, sweaters and their respective boats. At about three thirty or quarter of four we set off, a temendous flotilla that seemed to go for miles. Our destination was North Beach, but we took a little detour for excersise and the good of our souls. The detour was around Shute Island and then up to the beach. We got there at five thirty and in a very few minutes there was a grand game started by L.C.F. Every one joined hands in a tremendous ring and then made a grand rush for the middle of the circle where sat L.C.F's nice clean white shirt. The idea was to push your neighbor onto the shirt and make him step on it, which would put him out of the game. There was a tremendous kicking up of dust for about fifteen minutes, and then we saw the two Garland brotherd emerge victorious. They fought it out for a while, but neither one could put the other where he wanted him so that it was declared a draw. Then there was an exodus to a near by field where ther was a game of steal the bacon, again organized by L.C.F. We were ready for our supper when the time came around! When we started back a little breeze had come up from the South West so that we had a head wind, but that didn't seem to bother anyone, and we got home in plenty if time to have a short and snappy swim and then sing a few hymns before half past eight.

For the Half Past Niners there was more of Sam In The Suburbs and then we retired for the night frankly sleepy.

The weather was kind to us today and was a bit cooler and kept up a steady breeze to fan us with. At about eleven this morning Lady Chain started off for Bigelow mountain to stay there for the next two nights. Those who went were these:

Monday August, 9th
Wind SW

J.B.
A.L.L.
Chisholm
Garland, C.
Garland, P.
Rheault
Volkmann
Walker, M.
Rogers.

Just after lunch Mrs. Huntington and Miss Brewer left to catch the train at Waterville for Boston. We wish that they hadn't had to go and could had stayed here much longer.

It was a perfect day to scout so there was a game of Skowhegan organized that was played on the south End of the field. The fighting tribes were the Hurons and the Morons. The Morons came out ahead in all three games, In the first by one shot, in the second by three runs and in the last game they won by one shot and four runs. The score sheet on the next page can tell you what happened in the game much better than the type-writer, who didn't see it.

Just before supper our last July boy, Claude Williams, left us for parts beyond the seas. We are very sad to have him leave us, but we hope that he has a nice trip abroad and doesn't get sea-sick. After this sad departure we went in and had some very good fish chowder, which gave all who partook, new life. After supper there was a Babayoface of sorts betweent three teams, Moller's (who won) Crane's and Wallace's. Just before this started R.R. who had come out for supper, started back for Indian Point. More of Sam for the Half Past Niners and then bed.

CAMP BEAR IN THE BUSHES

A mighty mount is Bigelow
As we who climb it rightly know
And fair the fields that lie below
And bright the rocky streams that go
With laughter to the sea.
The berries here more blue by far
Than any berries that there are
And brighter here shines every star
It only lacks a soda bar
But what for that care we?

Look now upon young CHARLIE RHEAULT
His movements all are very slow
For he is stout as you well know;
But where e'er you wish to go
He'll grumble not a bit.
He's something like the little bear
That cowered in his bushy lair
So long I think he was'nt there,
And Charlie is quite fond of pear;
He does'nt like the pit.

There you see the brothers GARLAND;
The Garlands of the mighty hand
Yea both are blond and both are bland,
And both could twist an iron band
    Their arms are very long.
But PETER won't go out again
And try to sleep in pouring rain
And thus a dampness drear attain
As plumbers by a water main
    That is'nt very strong.

O'er there in yonder berry patch
We see DEN VOLKMANN'S toupe thatch
Which often bitten he will scratch.
A bear is Denny's only match
    In eating berries blue.
Now Volkmann likes his coffee brown
You ought to see him drink it down,
You'll never find his like in town
I only hope he does'nt drown.
    I hope you hope so too.

In Arnold's cave you'll find old CHEESE
He has an awful rasping wheeze
And strongly hates the bumble bees.
He thinks that camping trips are whees
    He is'nt Liedercrantz
The bestial and the human blent;
Most all of CHISHOLM'S meals were spent
In eatin g bacon raw,a bent
From worthy Epicurus sent
    And him does not enhance.

Sweet music floats upon the air
We know that SAMMY ROGER'S there
You ought to see the sparrows stare
And watch the starlings tear their hair
    While sitting on a bough.
But SAMMY is a gentle lad
Who plays the Horner awful bad
But plays it with a will by gad,
Though all his tunes are very sad-
    You can't play anyhow.

Last of all we come to WALKER:
Who's not what you might call a talker
But he's a very skillful stalker,
And at walking he's a corker
    Over all the hill tops.
He likes to sleep in motor cars.
He likes to hunt the grizzly bars.
He likes to snooze beneath the stars
But does'nt know the moon from Mars,
    And eats green lolypops.

Now over there on yondervleas
AL LINCOLN'S cutting down some trees
Amid the explosion of a sneeze
Or just a short spasmodic wheeze
    Gravity takes its course.
The fire blazes with a roar.
I've used the other rhyme before
The one that ends in "eez" It's poor
I could'nt think of any more
    Right then of greater force.

A.L.L.

The deatails of this mountain trip
We beg your pious leave to skip
For we'll be wise and take a tip.
And this tale's thread swiftly snip
    So let our reader go.
We saw a spiny porcupine
Whereon no Fakir dare recline
Some friendly wapses came to dine,
While a woodchuck was a'chucking pine,
    In a well ordered row.

I have'nt mentioned CHRISTOPHER
Who's a lad who'll swiftly go for
Any kind of fun. A gopher
Will recline upon a sofa
    If you give it to him.
Those lines may seem irrelavent
But if you sleep inside a tent
You'll very soon see what is meant.
CHRIS makes bad jokes at each event
    So gives us cause to boo him.

LADY CHAIN is a good old truck,

Only once did she get stuck,

She's never first-nor in the ruck

She always brings the best of luck;

To her we raise a stein.

It rained a little tuesday night

And LINCOLN was an awful sight.

Too PETER'S was a sad sad plight

But that is all I'm going to write

Because it's getting dark; I'M tired
and anyway this is the one hundredth an
and twentieth line;

(If you count the seventh stanza twice)

Let this suffice..

J.B.

Morons	1st game Killed	1st game Shots	1st game Runs	2nd game Killed	2nd game Shots	2nd game Runs	3rd game Killed	3rd game Shots	3rd game Runs
G.H.H.	X	•	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Bacon	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	X	•	✓
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	1	X	✓	✓
Everett, L.	✓	✓	✓	X	•	1	X	✓	✓
Everett, F.	X	•	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Billings	✓	•	✓	✓	•	✓	X	•	1
Crane	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	1	X	✓	✓
Ingersoll	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	•	
Loring	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lynes	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	•••	✓
Sears	✓	••	✓	✓	•	✓	✓	•••	2
Snyder	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	•	1
Wallace, H.	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	•	✓
Wallace, M.	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	•	✓
Totals	4	5	0	10	7	4	11	12	4

Hurons	1st game Killed	1st game Shots	1st game Runs	2nd game Killed	2nd game Shots	2nd game Runs	3rd game Killed	3rd game Shots	3rd game Runs
G.J.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X		
J.Y.G.W. jr.	✓	••	✓	X	•••	1	X	•	✓
Condon	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Garfield	✓	✓	✓	✓	••	✓	X	•	1
Gardner	X	•	✓	X	••	✓	X	✓	✓
Garland, J.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	•••	✓
Henderson	X	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Moller	X	✓	✓	X	•	✓	X	•	✓
Peabody, G.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	•	✓
Searle	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Taft	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	X	✓	✓
Toland	X	•	✓	X	••	✓	X	•••	✓
Turner	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	X	✓	1
Zahner, R.	X	✓	✓	X	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
Totals	5	4	0	7	10	1	12	11	2

Tuesday August, 10
Wind SW
Temp. 80
Bar,29.78

Squads had a new and different angle this morning. For the Yard squad we had Fatigue Squad, for lamps, The Torchlight Parade, and for the table there was the Mess Hall Fatigue.

The afternoon was another warm one and fit only for baseball so that at about three fifteen. On the field by the Shop there was a scrub game with the following Scrubbers, or Austrialian Rounders.

Umps

G.J.
J.Y.G.W.

Danforth	Henderson
Bacon	Searle
Everett, L.	Sears
Ingersoll	Lynes
Loring	Turner
Taft	Toland
Peabody, G.	

Others, such as

Wrenn
Condon Moller
Peabody, F. Arnold

went as they pleased or as the Doctor pleased.

On the other field there was a game of baseball, and, because of a lack of players, E.C.C. caught for both sides and F.G.J. pitched for both sides, thus making only seven on the batting order for each side. It was a very exciting nine inning game, with Wallaces team way behind (five to eleven) at the beginning of the seventh. Then suddenly they pulled themselves together and for the remaining times at bat hauled in eight more runs and when they were out in the field they succesfully kept B.P.S. and Company from bringing in any more runs, so that the final count was eleven to thirteen for Wallace, H and his side.

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....
UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME:.....

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....
UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME:.....

After supper we strained our brains and played the Observation Game, and those who turned out to the most bright eyed people in this Camp wereEverett, Henderson, Garland, Snyder, Bacon and Toland. For the half past niners there was more of Sam In The Suburbs and also more of Danny's candy which we munched greediby.

Wednesday, August 11
Wind SW
Temp. 811/2
Barometer: 29.8
Forecast: Probably rain today.

Blackberry scouts were sent out a few days ago, and they returned after a long and hard expedition to report that the patch at the North End of the Underground was just oozing blackberries. A hurry call was sent out and a squad went and picked. They should have been gone all morning but the berries jumped into the baskets so fast that they had to hurry for fear they would have too many. The final result was that we had Blackberries for supper.

In the afternoon there was soccer and Skowhegan on the Point. Those who joined in the latter were,

Penobscots	Passamaquaddy
Toland	Garfield
Bacon	Everett, F.
Gardner	Lynes
Loring	Peabody, G.
Ingersoll	Sears
Searle	Turner
Bendy	Wallace, M.

The afternoon ended up in a tie, both sides winning two games and then tying the last one. There was a slight interruption when the wind came up and blew too hard and loud so that the scouts couldn't even hear themselves shout. At that point the soccer game retired to the float and jumped into canoes to try the canoe test. F.G.J. started out on the Squanny with a terrific wind, but alas didn't make it, and then before another person even thought of going out the wind died donw to a mild breeze.

The soccer game started at three fifteen and those who played were:

E.C.C.		B.P.S.
F.G.J.		J.G.W.
L.C.F.		B.L.H.
G.J.	Timer:	G.H.H.
Garland, J.		J.Y.G.W.
Billings	J.H.	Crane
Danforth		Henderson
Everett, F.		Snyder
Wallace, H.		Moller
Condon		Zahner, R.

In the first period there were two goals made, the first one by F.G.J. and L.C.F. and the next one, towards the end of the quarter, by F.G.J. alone. There wasn't much else of note except that Tarzan and B.L.H. had a loud collision in the middle of the field. In the middle of the second period the camping trip returned from Bigelow and J.B. and A.L.L. joined the game.(J.B. on B.P.S's team and A.L.L. on E.C.C's team) A.L.L. took the ball the length of the field alone and tried for a goal, but didn't make it. In the third quarter the score evened up when both J.B. and Crane made a goal. The first one was made by Crane alone and the next one by J.B. assisted by Crane, so that the score at the end of the period was two all. In the last period E.C.C as goalie kept off a heavey attack withgreat skill. Towards the end of the inning the deciding goal was made for E.C.C's team by F.G.J. unassisted, so that the final score was Two to three for E.C.C.

A little while before supper Mr. and Mrs. Henderson arrived to stay for the night and see Greg. It is delightful to see them here. After supper the Charade sides met in their various spots of conference, and at seven thirty they produced the following schedule. We wish to say here that J.B. and Co. didn't perform this evening because the head of the company had to leave in the middle of the conference and rescue an adventurous rangeley.

The first charade was put on by T.L's side and their word was AUCTION, acted out in three scenes. The curtains opened on an exhibition of rare birds, and we saw these wonderful creatures sitting on their perches looking most realistic and alive. Among those present were the Prarie Chicken and the Great Auk, (Auc) Two famous ornithologists, Ken Moller and E.C.C. came in and looked at these marvelous birds, commenting on each one as they went by it. The next scene was on the parade ground, where some new recruits were being drilled, The man in charge told them all to stand at attention, atten SHUN! The last scene was at an Auction of farmer Smythes house and Mr. Lynes, who tookichagge of the AUCTION sold off things left and right.

The next word was Catsup, put on by the Doctor's side, The first scene was in a cuort room where there was a criminal beingtried for murder. He had one witness, who said that he saw him walkingindagarden fifty miles away from the scene of the crime, and he knewiit was the accused man, because he saw him by theelight of the full moon. Here there was a dead silence and then a clever gent got up and asked if there had been a full moon that night. Theylooked it up in the Farmers Almanac and found that there had been an eclipse oftthe moon that night so that he couldnat possibly have seen hi him. So they caught the criminal or did catch him. The next scene was UP and here we saw Mr. Piccard just about to make a perilous ascent into the Stratosphere. There were reporters and photographers on the scene, of course, and after a short speech the great man climbed into the gondola of his balloon and was the prepared to go up. The last scene was Saturday night supper at Camp, where we saw they people sitting around the table were eating beans, ther was one thing missing however and they were all asking for it, until finally Mr. Jackson at hte head of the table sent out for some CATSUP.

The last and third charade of the evening was put on by B.P.S. and his side, and their word was Pansy. The first scene was set in Kensington Garden where Peter Pan was want to hang out. Across the smoothe lawn we saw Peter himself come tripping along playing a little tune to himself. He stopped after a few seconds and then paused behind a nearby bush wherehe peeked out and watched to puppies fighting. He quickly played a tune to soothe their feelings and they soonstopped their quarrel. Next came two children who were squabbling over their kiddycar, and again out came themagic little pipe and the two children went happily on their way. Next came two young lovers only they didn't seem very loverish and kept saying nasty things to eachother. Peter Pan (oZUd)'t couldn't stand this and played his pipes again andssoon the two were all happy again. (This act was PAN) The second scene was in the office of an Oculist. The Doctor seemed very excited about the patient who was coming for it was his very first one in three years. The patient was Mrs. Powell, and she said that she wanted to be fitted for some glasses. The doctor broughtoout allsorts of glasses but none seemed to help her SEE any better. Finally he brought out a pair that were a great bargain and with them he gave away a rocking chair.Mrs. Powell gave up at this and went somewhere else for her glasses. The last scene was a pathetic one. We saw B.P.S. sitting in the middle of the big room looking very sad indeed, because they said thatthey were the only Faculty left in Camp. There were evidently two nasty big bullies, Arnold and Everett,L who had been calling them names, and they just couldn't stand it and had too leave. E.C.C. had been the first to leave because they had yelled at him "Cream puff Cutler is a butler" and he was too sad and unhappy to stay. Next Mr. Wiggins went because they called hime'shorty' and then they started to call Mr. Lynes 'Four Eyes' and he had to go. Mrs. Powell couldn't bear being called Mother Powell and left just after T.L. and then the next to go was F.G.J. because they called him a PANSY!

Thursday August 12th
Wind Sw

Late last evening the bark came for the roof of the canoe rack and this morning there was a large squad sitting up on top of the new project banging away at a very early hour. They finished one half of the roof today and hope to finish the rest soon.

There was a strong wind all today so that in the afternoon we had a game of scouting . We were, however, interupted in the middle of the second game by a very wet rain storm, so that we had to call the afternoon off at the end of the second game. The afternoon went to the Algonquins again, so that now the Iroquios can't possibly win, nor can the Algonquins lose. The first game was a tie up until the very last minute, and then J.B. came in and reported a run for his side and so won the game by one run. That game was the deciding game, and if the Iroquios had won it they might have had a chance to catch up, but since there wasn't a chance, they decided to try something out of the regular run and make a tremendous drive along the shore, and the following got through for a run, J.Y.G.W., A.E.L. Chisholm, Condon, Garland, C. Paebody, G, and Turner, who came in to the Bone Yard with two runs to his credit instead of only one. The final score of the first game was twelve shots for each tribe and one run for the Goqs, and the final score of the second game was eight to five runs for the Iroquios.

The picnic was in the Big Room even though the sun was shining, so that it was suggested that some move out onto the porch and munch sandwiches there. After supper there was an evening of boats, and then at half past there was more of Sam In The Suburbs for the Half Past Niners.

Algonquins

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
J B	✓	✓	1	✓	✓	✓			
B P S	✓	●●●	✓	✕	●●	✓			
F G J	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	1			
E C C	✕	●	✓	✕	●	1			
G H H	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Arnold	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Bacon	✕	●●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Billings	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Crane	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●●	1			
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✓	●	✓			
Everett F	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Everett L	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
Ingersoll	✕	●	✓	✕	●●	✓			
Loring	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Lynes	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Rheault	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
Sears	✕	●	✓	✕	●●	✓			
Snyder	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	1			
Volkman	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Walker M	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Wallace H	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Wallace M	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●	1			
Wrenn	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
	12	12	1	15	18	5			

Iroquois

	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs	killed	shots	runs
L C F jr	✕	✓	✓		✓	✓			
B J H	✕	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓			
R W	✕	●	✓	✕	●	✓			
A L L jr	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
J Y G W jr	✓	●●	✓	✕	✓	1			
J R W	✕	✓	✓	✓	●●●	1			
G J	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Chisholm	✕	●	✓	✕	●	1			
Condon	✓	✓	✓	✕	●●	1			
Gardner	✕	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Garfield	✕	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Garland C	✓	✓	✓	✕	●	1			
Garland J	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Garland P	✓	●●	✓	✕	●●	✓			
Henderson	✕	●	✓	✓	●	✓			
Moller	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Peabody F	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Peabody G	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	1			
Rogers	✕	✓	✓	✕	●●	1			
Searle	✕	●	✓	✓	●●	✓			
Taft	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Toland	✓	●	✓	✕	✓	✓			
Turner	✕	✓	✓	✕	●	2			
Zahner	✓	✓	✓	✕	✓	✓			
	12	12	0	18	15	7			

Friday August 16th
Wind NW

The wind started off the day by blowing very hard for the whole morning and then dropping just a little in the afternoon. It was however perfect weather for Scouting. Just a little while before lunch Mr. Ingersoll and Tom's brother arrived, to see him and to stay for lunch, Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Gardiner came with Miss. Ruth Richards and made us a call and then reitred to the Tennis Court and had a picnic lunch there. Just after lunch, during reading Mr. and Mrs. Everett came to spend the night and see Franny and Larry. It's delightful to see them and we hope they can stay longer then just the one night.

The weather being too perfect not to Scout we scouted. The game was Super Scouting instead of the regular game with the northern boundary at the North end of the North Pasture and the same southern boundary as usual. In the beginning of the first game Everett, F. and Everett,L. were among the first shot, and when they got to the Bone Yard they found their family there to greet them. The first game was won by the Algonquins by one run. The Iroquios had fifteen shots to the Algonquins twelve, and three runs, but at the last minute the Gonqs pulled an extra run out of their hats and so the final score was four to three . The next two games were also won by the Gonqs, the second with a tie in scalp collecting and the three runs to the Iroquois one. Those who made runs for the Gonqs were Crane, Sears, and G.H.H., and the scout who came through for the Iroquois was Gardner. The last game was a complete victory for the Gonqs, who brought in two runs (Walker, M. and Crane) and seventeen shots, while the Iroquois had no runs and only fifteen scalps to their credit. This game was a bit different from the regular season game and so it doesn't count in the final score.

While Super Scouting was going on at home ther was a trip to Gardiner and Waterville for various things sucha as rubber balls and knives. The expedition wasn't very successful since there weren't any rubber knives left

in either metropolis and the balls that they did succed in getting were the wrong kind. They blamed it on the day, it being a Friday and the thirteenth day.

In the morning's mail this portrait came, and there may be some of us who can recognize F.A.G. behind the bush. He is working in an oil well in Texas, which sounds definetely hot.

More boats this evening, and more of 'Sam' for the half past "iners. At about quarter of ten, just after the table had been set Arthur Snyder (per A.L.) and Charles Wiggins III blew in from the far city of Boston.

Saturday, August 14th
Wind NW.

This morning at breakfast we found that J. A. Lowell had arrived at about ten thirty the night before and he is going to stay here for the rest of the season. Shortly after breakfast Dr. Ogilby and George Eyer per editor. both looking quite hungry. After a quick meal they were both seen on the roof of the canoe rack shingling most professionally.

In the afternoon there was a very snappy game of soccer that startedaat about three fifteen. Mr. and Mrs. Sears arrived just in time to see the kick off and also their son Philip. Those who played in the first game were as follows:

Algonquins

	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
JB	✓	✓	✓	✗	•	✓	✓	•	✓
BPS	✓	✓	!	✗	••	✓	✓	✓	✓
FGJ	✓	•✓	!	✗	•	✓	✗	⁘	✓
ECC	✗	✓	✓	✗	•✓	✓	✗	•	✓
GHH	✗	•••✓	✓	✓	✓	!	✗	••	✓
Arnold	✓	•	!	✓	•	✓	✗	•••	✓
Bacon	✗	✓	✓	✗	•	✓	✓	✓	✓
Billings	✗	•✓	!	✗	✓	✓	✗	•	✓
Crane	✗	✓	✓	✓	•	!	✓	•	!
Danforth	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✗	✓	✓
Everett F	✗	✓	✓	✗	•	✓	✓	••	✓
Everett L	✗	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✗	✓	✓
Ingersoll	✗	•✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Loring	✗	✓	✓	✗	•	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lynes	✓	••✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Rhearult	✗	•✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Sears	✗	•✓	✓	✗	•✓	!	✗	•	✓
Snyder	✓	•✓	✓	✗	•	✓	✗	✓	✓
Volkman	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Walker M	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	!
Wallace M	✗	✓	✓		•		✗	✓	✓
Wrenn	✗	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓	✗	•	✓
	15	12	4	16	14	3	15	17	2

Iroquois

	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
LCF jr	✓	✓	✓	⊠	✓	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
BJH	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
RW	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
ALL jr	✓	•	!	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
JYGW jr	✗✓	•	!	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
JRW	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
GJ	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✓	✓	✓
Chisholm	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	•	✓
Condon	✗	✓	✓	✗✓	•	✓	✓	•	✓
Gardner	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	✓	!	✗	✓	✓
Garfield	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
Garland C	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	••	✓
Garland J	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	•	✓
Garland P	✓	•	✓	✗✓	••	✓	✗	✓	✓
Henderson	✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✗✓	••	✓
Moller	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	•	
Peabody G	✓	✓	✓	✓	••	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
Rogers	✓	••	✓	✗✓	•••	✓	✗✓	•••	✓
Searle	✗✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓	✗✓	•	✓
Taft	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✓	•	✓
Toland	✗✓	•	!	✗✓	✓	✓	✗	✓	✓
Turner	✓	✓	✓	✗✓	•	✓	✗✓	✓	✓
Zahner	✓	⁘	✓	✗✓	✓	✓	✗✓	••	✓
	12	15	3	16½	16	1	17	15	0

J.B.	E.C.C.
Mr. Snyder	C.W. 3rd
J.G.W.	F.G.J.
B.P.S.	L.C.F.
B.L.H.	A.L.L.
Garland, J.	Garland& C.
Moller	Garland, P.
Chisholm	Zahner
Henderson	Crane
	Danforth

The game started off placidly, until suddenly there was a whisper sent around the field to go for C.W's bad ankles. Crane started off the scoring by putting the ball between the posts with the help of G.H.H. and then A.L.L. brought in another, unassisted. B.L.H. was seen doing a bit of his aesthetic tumbling as he was waiting for the ball. There were a few more attempts at the goal during the period but with no success. In the early part of the next period C.W.3 proved that he could play even though they did go after his ankles and put in another ball, with the help of F.G.J.. There was no more scoring in the game, but in the third period a man got a bit mixed up and started to play football by mistake and tackled Bradley. J.B& did some amazing footwork . The last period was fast but againg without score, and there was nothing of note except that L.C.F. and G.H.H. suddenly started wrestling in the middle of the field. The final score of the game was three to nothing for E.C.C. and his side.

The next game started at four thirty and the players were;

Snyder	Condon
Arnold	Bacon
Paabody, F	Loring
Garfield	Gardner
Rheault	Rogers
Walker, M.	Wallace, M.
Lynes	Billings
Sears	Ingersoll
Searle	Wrenn
Taft	Everett, L.
	Turner

There was one gaal made during the whole game and that was made in the first period by by Billings. In the second period Walker M was noted by the press for his dribbling, and Condon for the way he used his head as a bat to hit the ball with. In the third quarter there were a few very nice long kicks, again by Walker, and in the fourth Billings booted a few nice ones. The final score of the game was one to nothing for Condons team.

Supper was at quarter past six this evening because of the stunt that was put on later. There was only one stunt this time, and that was was a really grand one. The play hasn't ever been given before, in fact it was only written a little while ago, and we were told that though it was not true history it might have happened. The name of the play was RED PETER and the script will be inserted in the next few pages. The cast was as follows:

RED PETER

Deacon Eliazer Bount	B.P.S.
Nephew Roger Blount	J.R.W.
Citisan Silas Whipple	B.L.H.
Red Peter	B.P.S.
Martin	Garland, J.
3rd sailor	
4th Sailor	J.G.
1st Navy	Zahner
2nd Navy	Garland.P
Pedro	Chisholm
Bosun	[illegible]
Partlemey	Moller
[illegible]	[illegible]

RED PETER

Deacon Eliazer Blount
Nephew Roger Blount
Citizen Silas Whipple

Interior of Deacon Blounts living room. The bells outside ring for Sunday evening worship. Deacon discovered alone in the room. He soliloquizes.

Deacon:
The Sabbath bells. The Sabbath bells that call my erring brothers to their knees in prayer. (Pause) 'Tis strange, the varied significance of ringing bells; some bring joy, others bring sorrow. What is more sorrowful than the funeral bell, muffled for the death of the sinner? Methinks this be a fruitful subject. Next Sabbath I shall give a discourse on bells, pointing out that they are reminders of man's sinful course through the vale of tears, calling him ever to repentance.

(A knock at the door, which the Deacon opens slowly; enter Silas Whipple an humble citizen of Newburyport)

Whipple: (bowing formally)
Good evening, Deacon Blount. 'Tis a fair Sabbath evening.

Deacon:
Good evening Whipple, Thou art welcome in my modest home.

Whipple:
I thank thee greatly. I'll not tarry long. I have come to tell you how much I did benefit by your most pious discourse this morning. Thou didst describe so vividly the torments of sinful man in his justly deserved hell. A sobering and uplifting thought.

Deacon:
I thank thee, my good Silas. The Lord hath laid heavy burdens upon my shoulders I must, as spiritual counsellor, guide my wayward neighbours, and as civil judge, iterpret the law, imposing penalties earthly as well as spiritual. It be a double duty.

Whipple:
'Tis a double duty well fulfilled, say I, for one. For thou art steadfast in the way of the Lord, and smitest His foes from the bench and the pulpit, even as Gideon did smite his enemies.

Deacon:
Aye my good Silas, for I must chasten as well as praise. I take as much joy in condemning a witch to the burning as in commending a godly deed. I strive ever for the justice of the Almighty. For, as the Psalmest says, " How wise are thy judgements oh, how great is the sum of them."

Whipple:
Aye, true. And for thine upright life doth the Lord reward thee with riches and goodly things.

Deacon:
Verily, I have my modest recompense, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. Yet, some small sin have I unwittingly committed, else why should I be scourged with the rank of disobedience of my nephew and ward?

Whipple:

Why, now now, Deacon? I had ever thought Roger most circumspect and dutif a lad destined to be a prop to thy declining years.

Deacon:

Argue not with me my good Silas; I know whereof I speak. That the lad has good traits I grant. But he entered his Majesties service against my wish. They that live by the sword shall perish by the sword.

Whipple:

But surely the Navy is an honorable calling, and one in great demand today. Thou dust often thus bear witness.

Deacon:

Nay, 8Tis Jehovah who guides the ships of the righteous to the haven where they would be, and not the bloody minded men.

Whipple:

Nay, but the righteous do suffer also. Ephriam Codwise is a godly man. Yet witness the fate of his brig, the 'Absolom', which was set upon by that scoundrelly pirate, Red Peter, raped of its rich cargo, its crew murdered, and its hulk scuttled off Tortuga.

Deacon:

True, true. My heart bleeds for Ephriam. And yet I am not o'er sure that the loss of the Absolom was not a judgement of the Lord. Gaffer Budlong did more than hint to me of certain goings on in that quarter.

Whipple:

Ephriam! Ephriam! I dare not believe it!

Deacon:

But I dare! 'Tis said that on a Sunday he plays profane airs upon his flageolet. We must pray for him!

Whipple:

Aye, indeed we must.

Deacon:

Verily the way of the transgressor is hard. He must dwell in the tents of Kedar, for the hose of the righteous only shall be exalted and the wicked shall utterly perish,

Whipple:

(During the above speech comes a whistling of "Rule Britannia" from outside. At the end of the speech, enter Roger Blount)

Roger:

Good even, Uncle. Good even, Master Whipple. I have but a few moments. The tide serves, and I must away in H.M.S. Avenger. We have latterly received orders to clear the sea of pirates, in particular the infamous dog, called Red Peter, damn his eyes!

Deacon:

Nephew, thy words are as profane as thy calling. You know right well how strongly I dusapprove of your chosen career of violence, and have urged you to withdraw from this heathenish business. Naught is gained by blood and slaughter, for the meek shall inherit the earth.

Roger:

Mine is an honorble service, sir! and much needed in these days of lawlessnes on the high seas. I would not quarrel with thee, but my mind is made up. (Offering his hand) Let us part amicably.

Deacon:
I'll have none of thee and thy violent calling.
Roger:
Oh! Uncle, be not adamant! I serve my King.
Deacon:
And I, young Roger, serve mine! If thou putest thy king before thy God thou'rt lost indeed. Go! Let me see thee no more!
Roger:
Well, Uncle, I have done my best; a man can but follow the dictates of his conscience. I would not have thee think me wayward while my feeling for thee is one of deepest gratitude and respect. Fare thee well, Uncle! Fare thee well Master Whipple!

(Exit Roger) (The bells grow louder. The Deacon turns slowly to Whipple)

Deacon:
Come, Silas, we must hasten, lest we be late for meeting.
(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

(Pine Parlour)

(Pirates enter from southern end, singing and led by the bos'n followed by two pirates carrying a heavy chest, with two more pirates walking behind them. Behind these two strides Red Peter.)

Red Peter:
(snarling) Shut up your noise, you catterwawling swabs, or I'll give you something to howl for. Verily the laughter and wanton song of fools is an abomination unto the Lord.

(Pirates halt at landing place, and put down chest.)

Stow the chest there for a minute while I get my bearings.

(He sets compass down upon a rock.)

Southeast by south; that makes a direct line for yonder birch; 287 paces.

(Sailor #2 looks over chart he is studying.)
So friend Martin, thou art interested in my chart! Pray tell me, have you well read these directions?
Martin:
(drawing back) Nay, not I captain. I was just glancing at the general lay of this here island. I swear to God I never read no directions. Can't read so good noways.
Red Peter:
And a very fortunate thing for you, you stinkin', starin' sculpin, you! If I didn't know that what you are saying is God's truth, I'd cut your filthy heart out and use it for barracuda bait. Keep your distance! (to all the pirates) I don't want

any help or suggestions from none of you blasted, blubbering slobs. For I put not my trust in princes nor in any child or man. Do you all get that, my hearties?

All:

Aye, aye sir!

Red Peter:

All I want is one good comrade to help me with this chest. We've buried naught on Gallows Island for the past eight years. Who'll help me now and get and extra fist of sovereigns for his pains?

(They draw back, murmuring; the bos'n mutters something about a sore shoulder; they all make excuses.)

Red Peter:

Why nonow? Have I a mutiny aboard? Will none of you help his captain stow this treasure away for the common good of all?

3rd Sailor:

We'll all wishful to help you Captain Peter. But we mind the last man as helped you on Gallows Island was Ben Prouty. He went into the jungle to help with you, and no mans seed hide nor hair of him since.

Red Peter:

Babbling Ben, to be sure! He tried to double cross me, and I had to discipline him severely. But now you lads ------

4th Sailor:

(breaking in) Hold on Captain! There's a ship's boat out there, or I'm a nigger.

Red Peter:

(wheeling about) Downt to the shore with you and see which way she heads and what manner of boat she is ---- step lively and lay low!

4th Sailor:

Aye, aye sir! (goes to the waters edge, behind great rock, gives signal to waiting boat so that it may start on its own entrance and then returns) Looks like a Navy gig -- two swabs at the oars, and one in the stern sheets. They're about a quarter of a mile off shore and headed this way.

Red Peter:

Hum! Likely putting in for water. Well, they'll learn what it is to run a-foul of my hawser. Lay low, all of you. Down behind that bank there. I'll signal you when to let loose. And remember, it's knives as does it; we don't want any shots fired. Her ship may be closer than we figured on, 'od rot 'em. Quick and lay low!

(The boat appers and is baeched, and two sailors and Roger Blount come ashore.)

1st Navy:

Lor' lumme, but it's a pretty place, and it looks as if we may find a plenty o' game here, too. (picks up his musket.)

Roger;

Work first, my lads, and then pleasure afterward. Let's get the water first, and then you can get after the wild pigs. They say there's a lot of them here on Gallows Island. Leave your guns here for the present.

(They come up the bank together, Roger leading.)

Roger:

This must be the lpace that Mr. Grimes spoke of. If so, the spring should be a scant 400 paces over yonder through the pines. Have you the cask there? Well bring it along. And the sooner it is filled, why the more fresh meat we'll get to hold down that rotting salt beef of ours.

Both Sailors:

Aye, and that's the truth.

(They start off among the trees; Red Peter rises from his rock and gives his signal, the pirates sneak up behind the sailors; one sailor dies at once with a piercing shriek, a knife in his back; the other scuffles out towards the audience, and is finally knifed; Roger struggles with one of the pirates and hurls him away in time to draw a gun and shoot him; the latter drops, graoning in pain, Roger is wounded again and pinioned from behind by another sailor; he falls into the clearing in a half fainting condition.)

Bos'n:

(examining wounded pirate) Bartlemey's took bad Cap'n.

Red Peter:

Let him be blast him.He's nought to blame but his own cursed clumsiness. Let's have a kook at this pretty pinked cheeked boy who thinks he's a naval man. (He pulls Roger about roughly) Why bless my barnacled soul if it isn't young Roger. Welcome to Gallows Island, nephew! And have you had good shooting, you dirty law-abiding prig?

Roger;

(feebly) Uncle! You here? Have the swine got you too? This must be Red Peters crew! (The pirates all laugh) Uncle, what is this? (He pauses, and scrutinizes the Deacon more closely) Uncle, You? But it can't be! Yet--- Uncle! You are---Red Peter!

Red Peter:

And what if I am, you dog? Here, you lazy swabs, bind him to the pine tree yonder! (The pirates do so) Roger, Roger, I am indeed ashamed to see how ill you have remembered the words of the Scriptures, admonishing you to heed the advice of your elders. Did I not warn you not to join the Nav y ? For those that live by the sword shall perish by the sword. Heh, heh, heh! By rights I should cut your stinking liver out, but I am a merciful man. As it is, I shall leave it in the hands of heaven.

Bos'n:

He's flopped Cap'n. Don't think he hears you.

Red Peter:

(going up to Roger and slapping his face) You won't listen to me, eh? You neve never would you swab! Canst turn the other cheek Roger? Heh,heh! (standing back) we can't leave him here all lonely lads; the British Navy must support him. Here you, Pedro; drag those swine over here, and lay 'em out all ship-shape and Bristol fashion Right hand on the seam of the trowsers. (Pedro lays them out, guffawing as he does so)

Bosun:

(starting to help Bartlemey up.) Cap'n, Barty's real bad.

Red Peter;

Let him be. We can't be held up by bunglers and laggards. We've got to move and clear off with our chest. If the British Navy is using Gallows Island as a watering place, it's no safe spot for buried treasure.

Bartlemey:

For God's sake Cap'n Peter, don't leave me here with these, and the ghost of old Ben Prouty.

Red Peter;

Fair enough, Bartlemey. Pedro, do you help him.

Pedro:

Come, Bartolomeo mio, me feex you! (Red Peter gives him the sign and Pedro knifes Bartleymy.)

Red Peter:

Here, Bosun, fetch these muskets; we've no need of the boat. Now lively with that chest, you dogs, and stow your gab, or I'll keel hawl the last mother s son of you!

(Pirates go off south. Along the ridge comes Ben Prouty, skipping from tree to tree. He follows parallel to the pirates, and then turns back towards the scene of carnage. Coming up he touches one of the dead sailors)

Prouty:

Dead! Dead! Dead! Ships I've seen these past years, but narry a man what warn't dead. All dead. Dead! Dead! Save old Ben Prouty! But he's fooled 'em! Heh, heh, heh,! (Exclamation and pause) Red Peter's work again, damn his eyes! He's got em all, all dead, but old Ben. He fooled Red Peter did old Ben. Heh, heh! Old Red Peter, at it again! (Fumbling around second corpse.) (Pulls out flask. Takes a little drink. Smacking his lips.) What! Brandy! Brandy! First in eight years. (sings.)

So may this be Peter's knell,
Damn his eyes!
So mayt this be Peter's knell
Hope I meet him down in Hell,
Hope to God he sizzles well,
Damn his eyes!

(Long pause, while he looks at Roger) Pore young man! Pore young feller! (pause) I've seed him afore. Yes, back home , I'll be bound! Back home in Newburyport! Well blast me, it's the deacon nevvy. Pore young Roger! (Roger open his eyes and Ben jumps back) But he ain't dead! He's opened his peepers! Dead men don t open their peepers! (Rushes to the shore for water, talking to himself he returns to Roger) I'll save him. Ben'll have a comrade. Ol' Benn'll have a matey. A matey to talk to after eight long years. (He brings Roger to consciousne Do you know me? Do you know old Ben? Roger, it's ol' Ben Prouty, as used ter show yer tie knots, down on Langleys wharf, back home. (Roger looks up at him dazedl shaking his head) Oh, come, Roger; it's ol' Ben. Ben Prouty, of Newburyport.

Roger:

Ben Prouty? Ben Prouty? You aren't Ben Prouty!!

Prouty:

Sure I be! My hairs growed long; that's all, Ain't no barbers on Gallows Island. But I be Ben Prouty, sure as you be Roger Blount. Eight long years I been marrooned on this bit o' land. But now I'll save you; and you'll save me. Your uncle's a devil from Hell, but you're a good lad, Roger, and I'll save you.

Roger:

Get me to the boat. Good old Ben. The boat.

Prouty:

Aye the boat. And to the open sea. And away from the dead on Gallows Island.

(Prouty cuts the bonds and takes Roger to the boat, singing as he goes. The boat rows North)

End of second scene.

SCENE THREE

(Interior of meeting house. Elder's dias visible, also the desk of the Recorder of the Meeting, Silas Whipple, as well as some little space in front of the dias, to the west. Deacon Blount rises from his knees as the curtain is drawn.)

Deacon:

Amen! Amen! And now, having opened our meeting with proper prayers to the Almighty, as we are bound to do in all mundane undertakings, let us forthwith proceed about our business. Clerk Whipple, read the minutes of the last meeting.

Whipple:

(Reading) "On the second day of June, anno domini, 1742. it was declared advisable to censure Master Entwhistle for his laxity in countenancing the levity of the children, who did act in a ribald and frivolous manner whilst passing by the house of Deacon Blount on the preceeing Saturday." (The older boys were severely caned by Master Entwhistle, and the younger children were punished as they deserved.)

Deacon:

Aye though it is painful to punish the little ones, the hand of severity is that which leadeth to the way of righteousness. (Offstage: Amen!Amen!) Continue, my Good Silas.

Whipple:

(Reading) "Fines and penalties were impoeed on the following;

1 "Matthew Prüit, for absenting himself without due cause from Divine Worship on May 27th ..... four shilling and sixpence. (Matthew did claim that he was too weak to attend, having been leeched by the barber on Saturday. But as Deacon Blount justly pointed out, the blood letting should have been done earlier in the week)

2 "Pricilla Spires and Deborah Wattles, for wearing garish ribbons on the Sabbath, were given twenty lashes each at the whipping-post." (May God preserve us all from the sin of inordinate vanity!)

3 "Gaffer Withauld, for drunkeness, twehty-four hours in the pillory." (We regret that because the day was over warm, poor Gaffer Withauld perished where he stood.

Deacon:

Obviously a judgement of the Lord.

Whipple:

(reading) Elizabeth Green, for her shrewish behaviour, was sentenced to thrice ducked in the ducking stool." (I would remind you that Goodwife Green is now very ill with lung fever.)

Deacon:

We must pray for her, despite her shrewish tongue. (aside) I doubt if she will recover.

Whipple:

(reading) The suggestion of His Excellency, the Governour, of the Commonwealth, that the charges of witchcraft in the case of Goody Simpson be dismissed for want of evidence, has been rejected. As Deacon Blount so sagely pointed out, there may be little evidence at present, but it is quite possible that more can be found." After a moral discourse on the sin of covetousness by Deacon Blount, the usual prayers having been said, the meeting was adjourned."

Deacon:

Has anyone fault to find with the minutes just read?

Offstage: (offstage)

Nay, nay.

Deacon:

Then let them stand as read. We come now to the business in hand. This is a special meeting, a sad meeting, one that is particularly sorrowful for me. You , my brethren, have for some little time known of the sad demise of my poor beloved, though erring nephew. Against my sage advice did he take up the calling of arms, and as the Scripture telleth us, "Those that live by the sword shall perish by the sword." Even so he died. Yet I would not have him unremembered, for he was my brothers son. So I would have a fitting monument placed to his memory in our burying lot, with some pious superscription thereon. It is to raise the funds for this monument that I have called this meeting. I cannot properly take the expense upon myself, for I disowned him when he would not heed my words, but followed his own rash course. Is there anyone among you who has a suggestion to offer as to how the proper sum shall be raised?

Offstage:

Might I offer a word?

Deacon:

Speak on, Brother Bottmly.

Voice:

(Offstage) To be sure, Deacon, ther be no need for thee to pay for the monument from thine own slender capital, but cannot the sum be deducted from the young man's estate, which was left him by his father, and to which you will in duo course, fall heir?

Deacon:

That is a suggestion which I resent as being both churlish and in ill taste. If the Lord sees fit to bless me with worldly goods, 'tis my duty to husband them, not to squander them!

Whipple:

Very wisely spoken!

(Offstage: noise and scraping: disturbance.)

Deacon:

What is this disturbance? Who is this loiterer, this late comer that interrupts our meeting?

Voice:(offstage) Verily, 'tis none other than Benjamin Prouty, after all these years!

Deacon:

(Starts, blenches) 'Tis impossible! Benjamin Prouty died eight long years ago, off Kingston! This man is an imposter!

Prouty:

Nay, nay! I'm no imposter, and none knows it better than thou! (comes forward on stage) Twas eight years ago when you, you dirty black-hearted scoundrel, marrooned me on Gallows Island. Yea! my friends, he marrooned me, eight long years ago, and why? Why, just because I wished to leave his bloody service. I had thought even as you still believe, that he was a pious God-fearing man!

Deacon:

This man is mad. To be sure, it <u>is</u> Prouty himself, but God hath stricken him with idiocy!

Prouty:

True for you Red Peter! Mad I was, talked to trees and stones, I did, those eight long years. But I'm sane now; none saner!

Voices: (Offstage) What's this? He must be mad!! Let us hear him! Silence!

Deacon:

Take ye this man away! This is no mad house!

Voices:

Nay! let us hear him! What meant you by " wishing to leave his service?"

Prouty:

I'll tell you. (pointing) That's Deacon Blount I'm pointing at, but it's Red Peter when he goes on business in the Carribaean!

Deacon:

(shouting) Silence! Must I listen to this!

Prouty:

Aye, indeed you myst! (Turning to cingregation) Nine years ago I took service with that man thinking him an honest merchant; but I soon saw my error when he scuttled the Lass O' Devon, and her with women and children aboard!

Voices:

He's crazy as babbling Joe! Nay, let him sayon!

Deacon:

No more o' this, 'od rot you! Ahem! It os unseemly to have such goings on in the house of the Lord.

Prouty:

This man has no business in Jamaica, or Havana, or Port au Prince. Red Peter's business is on the high seas! Why is it that you merchants have all had your losses at sea and he has gone free? It's because he's that black- hearted pirate himself. I know I've seen him at work!

Voices:

Throw him out! It's impossible! Hear him!)

Deacon:

I will have silence here! This is sacrilege and blasphemy! O have led you, shepherded you, guided you for nigh on half a century. An d will ye list to the wanton babblings of a man you know to be a wastrel and a loieter in grog-shops? He was ever a drunken sot and I discharged him at Kingston, after three months because he was a worthless sinner and scoundrel! Whether he be drunk or mad, put him in the stocks till we review his case. His grievances will cool there, and the fumes of liqour leave his brain.

Roger: (offstage)

Let him be! Lat him be! Thou shouldsy have waited for me ben, whilst I summoned the constables!

Voices: (Deacon starts and cringes. Voices and cheers.)

'Tis Roger Blount himself! The Deacons said he was dead! What is this? Roger Blount! Roger! Roger! Hey!

Roger:

Hold let me speak!

Voices:

Aye, aye Let's hear Roger Blount!

Roger:

Evereyword that Prouty has said is God's own truth! Nor more, nor less! You know that when I sailed in March 'twas aboard the Ranger; we had orders to lay Red Peter by the heels. He gave us the slip, but I and two of my men ran afoul of him. Uncle Eliazer had business in Jamaica at that very time, Now I was in Jamaica at that period but I didn't see my uncle there. Yet three ships were sunk at just that time! (to Prouty) Keep your eye on him, Ben; He'll bolt for it if you don't watch him! (To congregation) Master Tompkins, your ship was sunk in '39; Captain Sparks, your was sunk the following spring; and you John Hardy, you had shares in the SallyBrown lost three years ago. Was the Deacon ever here when those ships went to the bottom?

Voices:

Nay! That's right! He had business somewhere! But that's not saying he's a pirate, is it?

Roger:

Not quite; no. But I, his nephew, I say he's Red Peter, for I've seen him in action. He thought me dying, and bound me to a tree and left me to perish of thirst on Gallows Island. And had it not been for Ben Prouty I would be a dead man now. Red Peter, with a scar across his cheek; Deacon Blount, with the self same scar on his! (To Blount) Deny it if you can you bloody hypocrit

Deacon:

Blast your snivelling soul, I don't deny it! 'od rot you for a lily-livered scum! Red Peter's been in tighter holes than this!

(The Deacon knocks down Ben Prouty and escapes by the window Hue and cry within: " After him! Afterhhim! To the Oak Tree! Hang We'll scuttle him!" Exit crowd. Roger and prouty pursue through window. After a pause, the Deacon sneaks in, clothing in rags, a fugitive.)

Deacon:

I've given him the slip. They won't seek me here. Damn and sink that devil's spawn. Would that I had slit his throat on Gallows Island. Gold! Gold. That's what'll see me into port, yet! (Digs out two money bags from the Church coffer) Spinney's ketch is a-riding at anchor below the head!

(Prouty enters through the window behind Deacon, sneaks up on him and stabs him.)

Prouty:

That's for eight long years on Gallows Island. Eight long years! Eight long years! One for the first year;two for the second, etc.

(Curtain)

Service as usual this morning at ten o'clock and Dr. Ogilby read the lesson for us. At lunch just as dessert was appearing Mr. Lynes got up and made a short speach speech and told us that as a member of the University of it was his pleasure to introduce to us the Dean of the college, Prof. Schoyer, who would give to Dr. Ogilby an honorary degree from the world famous University of Belgrade. Then the Dean appeared all in his robes (bright yellow, with a scarlet mortar board) and made an oration in latin. The oration to those who are familiar with that language was touching and beautiful in its simplicity. The degree was then presented and Doctor Ogilby got up and replied in the same language without any sort of preparation and without batting an eye.

Sunday August, 15th
Wind NW, am SW pm
Barometer, 29.8
Temperature 74
Water 73
Forecast, Fair today.

After lunch and these impressive ceremonies there were a couple of baseball games staged on the ball fields

VS. AT DATE

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I.B	SB	SH	PO	A	E
C. W. III	5												5	1	2					
G. H. H	6												6	4	5					
E. C. C.	2												6	3	3					
J. B.	1												5	2	4					
[illegible]	4												5	0	2					
[illegible] P	3												4	0	1					
[illegible]	8												4	0	1					
[illegible]	9												4	1	2					
[illegible]	7												5	3	3					
TOTAL		3/3	3/6	2/6	3/7	5/14								14	23					

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....
UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....

DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....

WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....

UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

VS. _____ AT. _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
[illegible]	9												6	3	2					
[illegible]	1												6	3	4					
[illegible]	6												5	2	2					
[illegible]	3												5	2	3					
[illegible]													4	4	3					
[illegible]	5												3	4	2					
[illegible]													6	0	3					
[illegible]													6	0	1					
[illegible]													6	1	3					
TOTAL							4 9	3 12	7 19				41	19	23					

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....

DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....

WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....

UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E
Burnett 7																				
Wallace M 2																				
Garfield 4																				
London 5																				
Ingersoll 8																				
Rogers 1																				
Irving 3																				
Timmes 9																				
Tyner 6																				
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....
DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....
WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....
UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

After these games and a swim there was a picnic supper and then we went back to the Big Room and sang hymns until half past eight. There was go as you please for the half past Niners and then bed. Just after supper J.G.W. and F.G.J. took Dr. Ogilby over to Waterville to catch the train. It is very sad for us that he had to go, but we will see him again next year!

Monday August, 16th
Wind SW
Barometer, 30.04
Temperature 73
Forecast: Fair today and tomorrow,

Very early this morning, at about five o'clock Mr. Snyder and C.W.3 left to return to Boston. There were two camping trips sent off, one fishing trip and one trip to climb Bigelow and look around. They both will be gone for one night and will get back after supper Tuesday evening.

VS. _____ AT. _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E
Pe[illegible] Fit																				
Gardner 4																				
W[illegible] M.																				
Billings 3																				
Arnold 5																				
Sears 7																				
Rheault 6																				
Wi[illegible] 8																				
No one 9																				
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS..... TWO-BASE HITS..... THREE BASE HITS..... HOME RUNS.....

DOUBLE PLAYS..... HIT BY PITCHED BALL..... PASSED BALLS.....

WILD PITCHES..... EARNED RUNS..... STRUCK OUT..... LEFT ON BASES.....

UMPIRE..... SCORER..... TIME OF GAME.....

VS. _____ AT _____ DATE _____

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	SH	PO.	A.	E
TOTAL																				

BASES ON BALLS _____ TWO-BASE HITS _____ THREE BASE HITS _____ HOME RUNS _____

DOUBLE PLAYS _____ HIT BY PITCHED BALL _____ PASSED BALLS _____

WILD PITCHES _____ EARNED RUNS _____ STRUCK OUT _____ LEFT ON BASES _____

UMPIRE _____ SCORER _____ TIME OF GAME _____

BIGELOW	FISHING
J.A.L.	J.R.W.
F.G.J.	G.E.
Moller	Turner
Snyder	Everett, L.
Garfield	Sears
Wallace, H.	Walker, M.

These trips left at about ten o'clock, while the home guard carried on the squads. Just before swim Class A Chinned:

Garland, C.	13
Garland, P.	12
Bendy	5
Crane	3
Rogers	3
Zahner	3
Henderson	0
G.H.H.	10

After lunch and reading those who felt fuzzy around the ears were piled into the Ouanie and paddled across the lake to the Mills where they were shorn of their wool. They were:

	G.J.
G.H.H.	Henderson
Ingersoll	Condon
Searle	Crane
Bacon	Wallace M
Lynes	Chisholm

There was also a Skowhegan game between tribes X&Y and X-Y. There were four games played and the score was two all at the end of the afternoon. In the first game the X-Ys won on one run and in the second game they won by four runs to one. The last two games were won by the X&Ys on shots, five to three and five to four.

X&Y	X-Y
Everett, F.	Garland, C
Garland, P.	Zahner
Peabody, F.	Toland
Loring	Peabody
Rogers	Taft
Wrenn	Arnold
Staud	

In the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Rheault Mr. Rheault came to see Charlie and spend a few nights here at Camp. After supper there were boats for those who wished them and then at half past eight there was more of Sam In The Suburbs for the Half Past Niners.

Tuesday, August, 17th
Wind SWW
Barometer
Temperature
Forecast:

Squads as usual this morning, and then after swim there were fancy dress rehersals. In about the middle of the morning Charles Wiggins and Elizabeth and Elizabeth Wiggins arrived having arisen at the screach of dawn to get here. Mr. Wiggins will stay for the night and Mrs. Wiggins will stay through Fancy Dress.

In the afternoon there was a game of Skowhegan on the big field, between the Yellow Knives and the Dog Ribs, and the line up was as follows:

Yellow Knives	Dog Ribs
Garland, P.	Garland, C.
Hackett	Garland, J.
Henderson	Lynes
Chisholm	Wallace, M
Danforth	Gardner
Peabody G	Peabody, F
Loring	Condon
Ingersoll	Wrenn
Bacon	Searle
	Staud

The Yellow Knives had the better of the afternoon, winning three games out of four. The first game was won by the Dog Ribs, with one run and six scalps to the Yellow Knives five. The winning run was scored by Bendy Staud! The next game went to the Yellow Knives, scout Hackett bringing in four of the seven shots. The final score of the game was seven to four.

Six stalwart souls, on Monday morn,
Five hours after break of dawn
(Sayten o'clock) cast off from dock
of jolly Merryweather.
But though we left behind the float,
We went by car instead of boat;
In Jackson's Ford we all explored
the road to Rome together.

—

To Stratton town the road we burned;
Then off the highway right we turned
And on we wandered to Jones Pond
(though "Private" said the sign-o!)
But, having found the pond a dud
Because 'twas full of goo and mud,
In shady nook by babbling brook
our lunch we found divine-o!

Then on we bounced and squeaked once more
To Stratton Brook Pond's lonely shore
And leaving flivver, set forth to bivouac beyond the dam site
(No swearing meant), and t'other side
The bridge which checks the foaming tide
On sandy knoll each spread his roll,
for 'twas a corker camp site.

A tour among old lumber huts,
A climb and swim; from soup to nuts
(Applesauce bush, and corn meal mush)
the evening meal was et up.
And so to bed - our moonlight snooze
Mosquitoes thought was rare good news;
And 'cause we'd found his camping ground
a porky got all het up.

"The quills on fretful porpentine"
(See Hamlet, folks; Act I, fifth scene)
Stood each on end as he did wend
his way across our toes-es.
But when we sought a rock to leave,
He took a rather hasty leave;
Then all night long mosquitoes' song
made fitful our brief dozes.

We slept; but still, by dawn 'twas found
Mosquitoes'd won the final round.
Off beans and bacon did we make
an early meal, then headed
Along the Appalachian trail
Mt. Bigelow's mighty Horn to scale,
And, spite of drinks at cooling springs,
Good gracious! How we sweated!

Atop the Horn we ate our sand-
~~wich~~ wiches (Say, ladies, they were grand!)
And Bep and Hugh instanter flew
to talk of Sox and Yankees.
But even this blast of verbal ball
Disturbed the others not at all,
For all the scores were drowned by snores -
Vern's, Robin's, Dome's, and Frankie's.

Then down we tumbled in jig time -
A swim removed our sweat and grime -
Rice, fruit, and tea we greedily
Consumed, and soon we'd packed all
Our duffle in the camping bask-
ets, which make light the carrying task;
At four we saw the Ford once more,
and in its hold we stacked all.

We couldn't tell you what we done
From Stratton town to Farmington;
To sleep we sank, except for Frank,
who drove like very John.
At Farmington we coned and coke-d
And hard by Philip Mountain broke-d
Our fast - and then, being he-men,
we thought we'd better see who

Despite the morning's rugged climb,
Had life enough to run 'gainst time,
To Philip's top without a stop,
and ditto while descending.
Ten minutes up and five down back -
Surely this must all records crack;
For corker trip this final skip
made just the perfect ending.

J.A.L. (over)

Time schedule for future reference:

From Wenyweather to turn-off for Stratton Brook Pond, by motor	- about 2 hou
From highway (Route 27) to Pond, by motor	- 15 m
From where car is left to camping place, just across the dam, near old lumber camp	10 m
From camping place to spring (without packs)	55 m
From spring to highest lumber camp	20 m
From highest lumber camp to AMC camp, just above the little pond	25 m
From AMC camp to top of Horn	25 m
From top of Horn to highest peak of Bigelow	50-60

The third game was again taken into camp by the Yellow Knives, but this time after a hard fought battle, so that the score was four to five.. The last game there was no doubt about; the Dog Ribs lost five to eight in the way of shots and then had two runs scored against them, one by Chisholm and one by Bill Loring.

AFter supper there was boat permission for everyone, and people were seen to drift lazily around the pond. At about quarter of eight the Bigelow trip turned up after what sounds like a grand trip. At quarter of nine Mr. Lynes gave us a delightful three quarters of an hour of music, that we all enjoyed tremendously.

Just before the five minute bell rang this telegram arrived; "Rice Pudding Players arriving around nine. Contemplating special mid-night show featuring Gipsy Rose Lee.

Signed:
Noel Coward
Gertrude Lawrence

They did turn up around nine, but they didn't put on the midnight show, so that we feel distinctly disappointed. We have here the signatures of the great players themselves.

Robert B. Cutler
Laura E. Wiggins 2nd

Wednesday, August 18th
Wind SW
Temperature
Barometer

The fishing trip appeared at about nine fifteen after an escort of one (G.J.) was sent out in the Pink to find them. The report was that their watches had done them dirt and lost a couple of hours on the way.

C.W.2nd was put on the eight thirty train in Waterville this morning to go down to the big city. There were squads per usual and then more rehersals. Things are definitely begining to happen here, and people are seen wandering around with a vacant look on their faces and muttering softly to themselves or humming little tunes.

In the afternoon there were two baseball games, one on the big field and one on the field by the shop. The Big Game was played in record time and very well. They started off at three thirty and ended up the nine full innings at five thirty with a final score of three to four for J.B.'s team. F.G.J. and E.C.C. pitched and caught respectively for both sides and there were four fielders instead of three.

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E
	7												5	1	0					
	6												5	0	0					
	4												4	1	1					
	3												3	0	1					
	5												4	1	0					
	9												4	0	0					
	8												3	0	1					
	10												4	0	0					
TOTAL				1 1					3 3	0 3			32	3	3					

	Pos	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B.	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E
	5												5	1	2					
	7												4	0	1					
	3												4	1	3					
	6												5	0	1					
	9												4	0	0					
	10												4	1	1					
	8												4	1	1					
	4												4	0	1					
F.G.J.	1																			
E.C.C.	2																			
TOTAL		2 2	1 3	0 3	3 3	0 3	1 1	0 4	0 4				34	4	10					

Fishing Trip, Aug 16th - 17th

After much toil & trouble of digging worms & finding frogs, 4 old hands, Eric Everett, the Catcher, Mac Walker, the Philistine, Phil Sears, the silent one, Jim Turner of the mighty heart but whose Tummie is always empty, and the two neophytes, Jim Walker & your recorder, G. A. L. Jr. set sail on the morning of Aug 16th in the two Green sampleys. The hour was 11:00 am. The sun shone brightly. The wind was gentle from West by South.

Our course was laid for the leeward side of the rocks off the Eastern end of Hoyt, where we hoped to find the wary bass of the great sea. Jim Walker, who looked the real fisherman in his regalia led the way with little Eric Coxswain and Mac, the philistine as 1st mate. Turner of mighty hunger coped. Phil, the silent one and eager G. A. L. Jr. to the ~~top~~ rocks.

Having, just before reaching them, Turner sang out, "I've got one, I've got one". "Got what?" Cried Phil, the Silent One. "A Bass", replied our Coxswain, much excited. We had been trolling a plug, and luck had shone upon us; for Turner

after much labor, succeeded in landing in a fish. Unfortunately, it was not a bass but a white perch. After much consultation, it was freed. We thought that it was too early in the trip to start keeping perch. Anyway, we all thought that catching this one so early was a good omen for the expedition.

While anchored off the rocks, little Eve began to show that he was going to be the man of the day. He landed a fair-sized bass; Phil Sears, however, was not to be left behind, he soon brought a bass to net, which, much to our disappointment, was undersized. It soon became evident that there were two real fishermen in our midst, Phil, the Silent One, and Eve Everett. These two were to battle it out for top honors of being the supreme fisherman.

However, the waters around the rocks, apparently did not contain enough fish to satisfy us or at least they couldn't be tempted to yield any. Therefore, we headed for Jim Walker's favorite haunt on Hoyt

for a swim and lunch. Too Turner had suddenly begun to live up to his name of Mighty Hunger.

While at lunchear, we were entertained by what resembled a miniature Joe Louis, Braddock exhibition. However, the spectators ended it before the end of the first round.

After lunchear, Jim Walker thought that he would fish along the East side of Hoyt for several fish had been hooked with a fly while coming in for lunch; we in the other boat wished him well and went off for some still fishing in the deep water close to a nearby ledge.

Apparently, Phil & Jim & G.A.E.J. had picked the right location for soon, a guide came along and anchored close to us. After a while, Phil Sears hooked a fish, which after being played in a professional manner was landed. It was 13" at that. Time later proved that this bass was to be the best of the whole expedition. Unfortunately, the fish had no friends

no friends in that vicinity. Therefore, we left to do some trolling. The time being around 4:00 P.M. With Phil holding the trolling rods & Jim. Turner asleep in the bow, we started along Hoyt towards Rock Island.

While proceeding merrily along, a hail came across the waters, "Where are your licenses? You're the fellows that have been ~~killing~~ keeping undersized bass" With quick thinking on the part of our Crew, we shouted back, "Showers first year Warden's badge". That apparently had the would be Warden stomped. Upon taking a close look at the man, he turned out to be no other than our friend, Mr Joe Zahner, out after Lake Trout. After a chat, we parted.

Continuing our way towards Rock without success, we decided to head for Sluts where we intended to Camp for the night. Hailing the other boat, we started, reaching the Island around six o'clock. The Camp site was on the Eastern point of Sluts. The spot was a good one with a little

care for the boots.

Camp was soon pitched. The firewood gathered, Chapin started with the second match; the first one found the wind too much for it. Soon, the water was bubbling away in the pots. Dinner consisted of baked beans & rice washed down with cocoa.

During dinner & afterwards, Phil Sears kept everyone amused by telling ghost stories that were more than just exciting. They were harrowing.

By nine o'clock, the old hands were bedded down, while the two neophytes went out on the point to enjoy the placid lake & rising moon. Incidentally, the fishing was tried but the line was soon snarled on the reel. Upon our return to camp, the boys were dead asleep; not even our bleid stumbling in the dark awakened them. It should be mentioned here that Little Eve had the science

of bed making down pat. Nothing was too good for him. Ere wanted comfort. Therefore hemlock boughs had to be carefully arranged before he would consider that his bed was ready.

When your author awoke at 5:30 AM from his hard bed, it was all that he could do to sit up — so stiff were his old joints. How he envied little Ere's careful preparation of the previous evening. No sooner had G. A. E. J. put his head up but did Turner's hungry face appear above his blankets, the proud possessor of this face was all for getting up but was quickly persuaded differently.

Everybody was up for breakfast by 7. It consisted of scrambled eggs & bacon, boiled rice, & cocoa. All ices demolished in short order.

We were pulling off Shirley's point by 8:30. After having cleaned the pots & pans and piled the dunnage. Unfortunately, we were not alone. Several boats had anchored there. Fishing was spotty for us, although Phil Sears hooked into several smallbass & Eric did likewise. Mac. Walker tried some plug casting. The big bass were not to be had. Thursday Jim Walker left us and went down towards Matt Beach to fish off a shoal near there. We hung around awhile longer then moved over near otter Island. Here we had several strikes but caught nothing. Thursday, we headed down towards Jim, Mac & Eric. A strong S.W. wind helped us. Phil & Jerrine Turner trolled without avail. On reaching the others, we learned that little Eric had caught a

a keepable bass & Mac Walker several perch. Luck had definitely turned our way.

After a while we headed towards Hatch Beach & lunch. Before reaching the beach we trolled up & down near some grass. Phil was soon catching bass but they were too small. Several were hooked in rapid succession also a number of yellow perch.

Lunch was had amid much glee, prior to which Phil & Er cleaned their morning's catch & Hardy Turner braved the waters for a swim.

After about an hour's siesta, we started out working eastward Meadow Brook. We fished all over but were unable to catch a bass. Now seemed to be around. However, perch were plentiful.

Around 4:30 PM, we headed

back to Shirty and the Camp for supper. Everyone felt like wolves that had been on a seven day hunger strike. Supper was served once grand delicess & consisted of beans, corn. The pièce de résistance was applesauce mixed with corn mush. This was eaten with gusto.

One of the funniest episodes of the trip, which reminded you's truly of Laurel & Hardy at their best, took place during Supper's preparation. It was Turner & Mac Walker cleaning fish — yesterday's catch — while the bright remarks of Phil & Eric added to the general amusement. When all was done, one had a hard time ~~finding~~ distinguishing anything resembling a fish. All that was left Wereskin and a few blood stains.

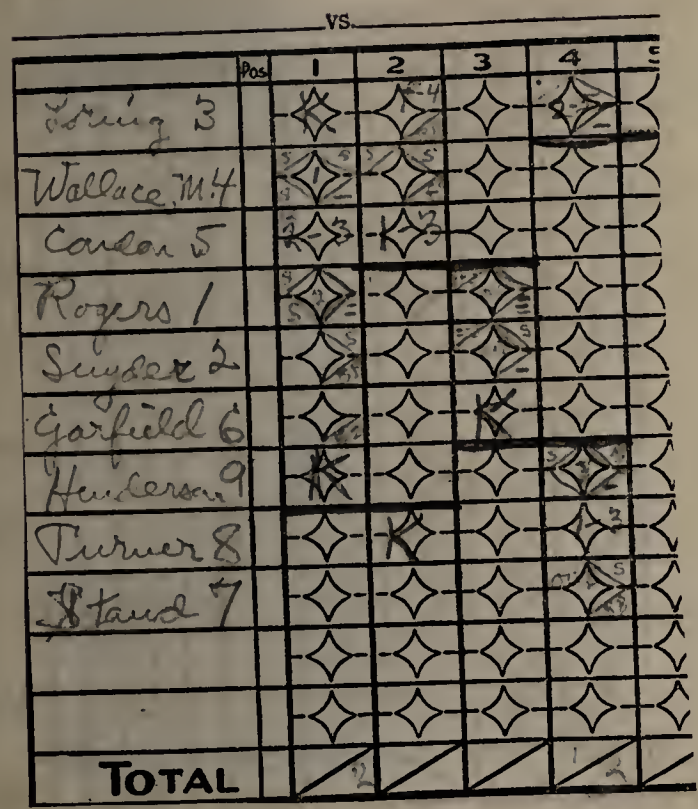
By eight o'clock, we were off for Home. About halfway there, our boats were run down by what looked like a Mississippi Steamboat going at full speed. This turned out to be, Geo. Tarzan Johnson on lookout for us. Apparently we were overdue & the Skipper (J.G.) had become somewhat apprehensive.

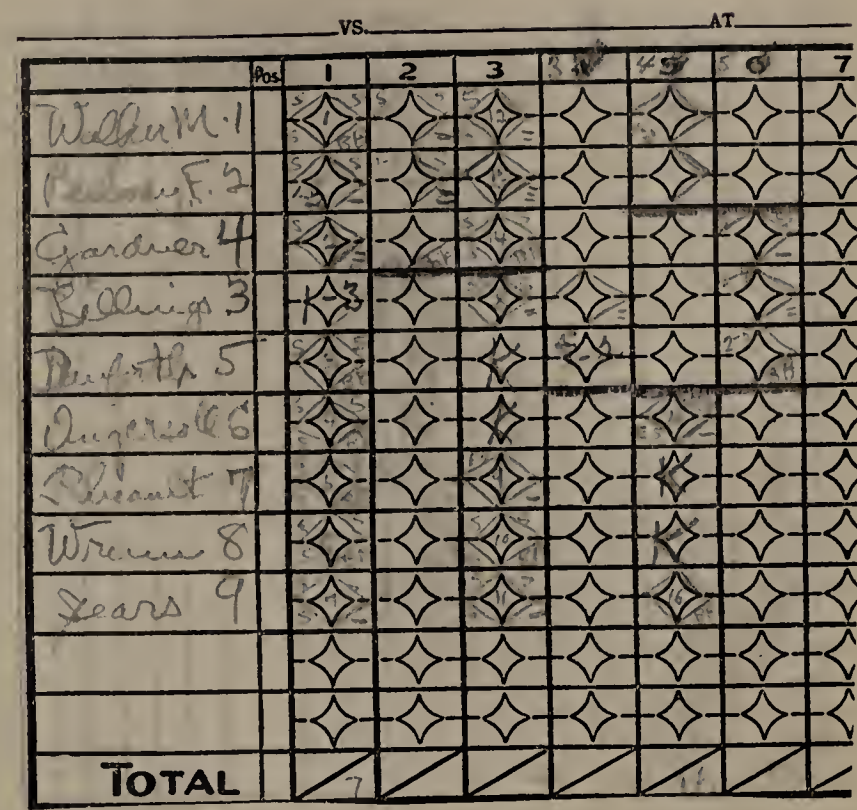
However, we all arrived together at the float exactly one minute off schedule by the author's time piece but 36' minutes off by camp time — Such is life —

This trip may not have been the worst nor perhaps not the best — but we admit that it was a corker.

G. A. E. J.

The other ball game was not as close but just as hard fought and the final score was sixteen to two for Walker, M's team.





This evening we had the last charades of the season and Mr. Lynes and his side started off the evening, with the word FLAGRANT. There were two scenes the first enacted the first two syllables and the second scene was the whole word. When the curtains opened first we found a court room scene where one Johnathan Grant was being tried for a serious crime (smoking indian weed on the Sabbath) by the Elders of the Church. Grant didn't seemmuch moved by his crime, but looked a bit worried when the judge pronounced him guilty and recommende thirteen lashes. They tied him up, in the court room and then they did flay Grant. Thus we have the two syllables. The next scene was on a busy street in London, at a corner with a traffic light. (R.B.C.) There was a Bobby standing just under the light directing traffic (The Bobby was Bacon) A few cars came by, going at a moderate pace, in a perfectly law abiding fashion. Then a man came whizzing through the traffic, thus committing a flagrant crime.

The next word was put on by J.B. and company, in two scenes. The first scene was the first two syllables and the next scene was the the last scene was the whole word. The curtains opened to a school room, where there was a writing lesson going on. The students were learning the importance of individuality and clearness in their writing and school master Bradley made each child get up and put his name on the board. The first few did fairly well, but then came along Everett, F. who made every E in his name a different way, and a couple of them were even backwards. The teacher was furious and made him write the name over and then the Es, so that the Es were remade, or remade E. The last scene was at the county fair at a medicine boothe where remadies for all ills were being sold. There was only one remedy and that was Father John's Medicine. We saw it cure the paralized child, the crazy man, an insomnia patient, and a man withaa broken toe. The scene ended when a cop came and drove the salesman off the Fair Grounds. The word was REMEDY.

The third charade was put on by B.P.S. and his side and their word was POMPEII. The first scene was of Ceasar contemplating the crossing of Rubicon. He is seen sitting on its banks, chin in hand, thinking while his soldiers stand around him waiting for his word. On the other bank are his enemies, among them Pompey, who makes himself seen and heard a great deal to Ceasars annoyance; he stands on the river bank and hurls insults across the waters. Finally Ceasar makes up his mind and starts to cross, and Pompey flees. The next scene is at a Book of the Month Club Meeting. We are given the great priviledge of hearing the great Mr. Everett speak (He wrote the book that didn't have a single "I" in it) There wer seceral speakers who told us the merits of this book and also the reason why he didn't use I. (Nobody quite seemed to know why it was so wonderful but theyaall agreed that it was. The last scene was set in ancient Pompeii, just a little while before Versuvius

errupted in front of a house where a man was building a tunnel that led to Rome. Citizens of Pompeii came around and asked him what he was doing and why, and when he told them they scoffed at him and laughed. Then Versuvius did blow up and they all came 'round and begged to be let in. The volcano was a truly amazing one and threw lava and pebbles and rocks all over the poor little city and the big room. The word was Pompeii.

The last charade was put on by the Doctors side and was BOMBARD. The first scene was at a pro Roosevelt meeting, and so pro Roosvelt that they wnated to make him a king. The Doctor, who was addressing the multitudes, was just in the full swing of his firey speech when a masked and cloaked figure crept up behind his chair and gently placed a bomb there.The BOMB blew up and so did the Doctor. The next scene was Bard and we were taken back to an old Anglo-Saxon castle where sat the King and Queen in the great hall. The King (F.G.J.) was definitely bored and wanted entertainment. A Bard was called in (J.Y.G.W.jr.) and sang to the tune of Yankee Doodle, the following verses.

Mr. Eyer took a trip
Out with Jimmy Walker,
They started from the Ouanie slip,
Gee! it was a corker.

Walker (Mac) was of the crew,
Turner, J. and Sears
Little Larry Everett too,
None of them had ears.

Be on time where ere you go,
Make this your endeavor, [illegible],
They returned at half past nine,
Better late than never.

The king was a bit cheered by this ditty, but still wanted more entertainment, so finally the Queen (J.H.) after a minute or so, arose and said that she had a song that she hoped would please his highness.

In Arcady and Kennebec
Of water they had none - O!
And up to Merryweather float
They rowed at set of sun - O!

Chorus
Tel-Aviv, Tel-Aviv,
Zionists on Oak - O!
Tel-Aviv, Tel-Aviv,
Zionists on Oak - O!

Along the slip there doubtfully
Advanced a Semite fellow
And Mr. Johnson took his pail
And filled it at the well - O!

Tel-Aviv, Tel-Aviv, etc.

Miss Wiggins tripped adown the slip
And from the lake did drink - O!
The Jewish gent with mouth agape
Said,"Ike vat you tink - O!"

Tel-Aviv, Tel-Aviv, etc.

They drink the water from the lake
And do not seem to die - O!
And one der ladies say to me
It's purest in der States - O!

The King felt definitely better after this enchating ditty that his Queen had concocted for him. The last scene was at a Battle front somewhere in some very nice country, becuase instead of shooting bullets they shot cannon fulls of delicious candy and there was a grand scramble for it. The word was we realized, bombard.

These charades didn't finish until about quarter of nine, so that half past nine reading didn't start until about nine o'clock. Sam In The Suburbs was finished this evening, and we retired to our beds feeling that he would "Live happily ever after".

Thursday, August 19th
Wind NW am SW pm
Cool and clear
Weather man on strike

More and more reheraals, and a great deal of noise going on in the shop at odd hours. Squads were well interupted by stunt preparetions, but carried on just the same. The lake was calm this morning so that there was a navagation squad.

In the afternoon there was a soccer game on the field in front of the shop and these were the people who played:

Big Berthas		Cap Pistols
R.B.C.		E.C.C.
J.A.L.		G.E.
B.P.S.		F.G.J.
L.C.F.	timer:	B.H.
G.J.	J.H.	A.L.L.
J.Y.G.W.		J.R.W.
J.B.		G.H.H.
Garland, C.		J.G.W.
Moller		Wallace
Volkmann		Chisholm
Crane		Garland, J.

In the first period A.L.L. made a goal for the Cap Pistols despite J.B. furious goal guarding work. There was little else to say about that quarter except that there were some nice kicks by E.C.C. anf F.G.J. The next period was uneventful in the scoring line, but amazing in the way of headwork by G.H.H. and J.Y.In the third quarter R.B.C. came across for the Big Berthas and brought in the first score and evened up the count. Shortly afterwards the Cap Pistols drew ahead again when F.G.J. made a goal unassisted. In the beginning of the next F.G.J. brought in still another goal assisted by J.R.W., and then J.B. took the ball, after the kick off and dribbled it half way down the field despite the fact that he hasn't any toes left, and then made a goal. That wasn't enough for him though and as soon as he got the ball again he made another! thus tying up the score. The Cap Pistols however came through when F.G.J. came through with his third goal in the afternoon, and made the final score four to three for the

Caps Pistols.

The next game was at four thirty and these were the players:

Single Barrels	Double Barrels
Snyder	Lynes
Toland	Walker, M
Wallace,M	Searle
Sears	Garfield
Gardner	Rogers
Everett, F	Wrenn
Turner	Peabody, F.
Bacon	Loring
Henderson	Billings
Rheault	Ingersoll
Condon	

The game started off very well with a nice kick-off by by Billings, The only scoring was done in the first quarter by Toland assisted by Bacon. In the second period there was furious playing but nothing outstanding for the press to comment on. In the third period a grasshopper added a bit of local color to the game by finding its way into Bill Lorings pocket, and in the last quarter there was more impressive playing, but no scoring. The final score was one to nothing for the Single Barrels.

In the interval between soccer and supper there was swim and lots of rehersing and a bit of banging in the shop. Supper was a picnic in the Big Room, and after it there were even more rehersals, and then bed for some, while others burned the midnight oil over scripts and hammers.

More work on Fancy Dress and Stunts in the morning, combined with squads etc. There was a bit of navigation on the pond by various members while others painted, banged and sewed things.

Friday August 20th
Wind SW, and mild
Temp. It was a very hot day; the weather man was learning his part.

Last night at the picnic the desserts for the next week were proposed and voted on, and the result was as follows:

Bluberry Pie	40
Orange Sherbert	36
Apple Pie	25
Watermelon	24
Pancakes	19
Lemon Pie	18
Peach Shortcake	18
Cantalope	17
Gin and cream	15
Chocolate ice Cream	14
Brown Betty	14
Lemon Sherbert	18
Peach Ice Cream	15
RICE PUDDING	12!
Lemon Pie again	10
Merryweather Special	9
Indian Pudding	8
Satupon Pudding	7
Chocolate Pudding	7
Frisky Fruit	6
Maple Ice Cream	6
Coconut Pie	3
Caramel Ice Cream	3
Cottage Pudding	3
Coffee Ice Cream	1
Boiled Oysters Cold with Molasses Sauce	1

We started off the list today at lunch with Apple Pie (not blueberry) because there were no blueberries around. Rice Pudding didn't get in this year due to a slanderous speach by B.P.S. and lack of political backers.

After lunch and Apple Pie there was the Final Boat and Canoe of the season. It was run off without a hitch of any sort and didnat give the rescue boat any work to do. In the middle of the afternoon Clarence H. Coming arrived to stay for the weekend and see Fancy Dress.

FINAL
BOAT AND CANOE

Order Of Events:

Senior Standing Singles
Junior Sitting Doubles
Senior Standing Singles Finals
Junior Sitting Doubles Finals
Senior Standing Doubles
Rangeley Race
Coxwain Race
Junior Fours
Sehior Fours

Senior Standing Singles:

1st heat:
Garland, C. 1st in the Pink
Chisholm 2nd in the Squanny
time: 4:00

2nd Heat:
Zahner 1st in the Pink
Wallace, H. 2nd in the Squanny
time 5:27

Finals:
Garland, C. 1st
Moller 2nd
time: 3:48

Junior Sitting Doubles:

1st heat:

Abagadassett, 1st	Cobby 2nd	Worry 3rd	Carab, 4th
Billings	Rheault	Danforth	Crane
Lynes	Garfield	Snyder	Condon

time: 4:02

2nd heat:

Cobb, 1st	Carab 2nd	Abagad. 3rd	Worry 4th
Walker, M.	Wallace, M.	Henderson	Rogers
Gardner	Everett, F.	Toland	Peabody, F.

time: 3:55

Finals:

Abagad 1st	Worry 2nd	Cobb 3rd	Carab 4th
Wallace, M.	Walker, M.	Rheault	Billings
Everett, F.	Gardner	Garfield	Lynes

time: 3:43

Senior Standing Doubles:

Abagad. 1st	Carab. 2nd	Cobb 3rd	Worry, 4th
Garland, C.	Wallace, H.	Chisholm	Zahner
Volkmann	Moller	Garland, J.	Rogers

time: 3:37

Rangeley Races:

Green Boat 1st	Green Boat 2nd	Panta 3rd
Peabody, G. cox	Bacon cox	Turner cox
Walker, M.	Wallace, M.	Billings
Gardner	Toland	Loring

time: 2:32

Coxwains Race:

Green Boat 1st	Pantasoate 2nd	Green Boat 3rd
Bacon	Turner	Peabody, G.

time;2:14

Junior Four Paddlers:

Abagadassett 1st	Cobbosseecontee 2nd	Carabassett 3rd
Danforth	Henderson	cRogers
Loring	Searle	Bacon
Ingersoll	Turner	Lynes
Rheault	Snyder	Garfield

time: 5:35

Senior Four Paddlers:

Carab 1st	Cobb. 2nd	Aba. 3rd	Worry 4th
Wallace, H.	Zahner	Chisholm	Garland, C.
Peabody, F.	Wallace, M.	Crane	Everett, F.
Toland	Condon	Walker, M.	Gardner
Garland, J.	Volkmann	Moller	Billings

Course Officials

J.G.W.	Pickers Up
F.G.J.	R.B.C.
E.C.C.	J.R.W.

Late in the afternoon at about five o'clock Nancy Richard blew in after driving in various round about ways from Indian Point. She has come to join the Rice Pudding Platers and then to stay on until the end of Camp. After supper, and after reading Leslie B Cutler came down from Squam to aid the Rice Pudding Players and give them moral support, and we hope she will stay longer than she did last time!

We won't say anything more about preparation for tonight, because there isn't any point, everyone knows what goes on at this particular time. There were greens brought from up the shore a little way, and these were parked on the Memorial. There were some wings put up in the annex that really make the annex into a full sized stage and will help out a lot not only with scenery for tonight, but for a long time to come.

Saturday, August 21st
Wind SW and very mild
Temp. Hot.

By lunch time all the scenery and propertys had been collected outside the north door of the Big Room. In the middle of lunch people began to look a bit nervous and some went out to shut up the cabins, and then before we could think, there was a cracking good thunderstorm that landed right on top of us, scenery, greens and all. The storm only lasted about fifteen minutes in all, but there was a high wind that broke loose a rangeley so that a few hardy souls were forced to go out and pull it up on to the float and then sit on it, and the rain literally came don in bucket fulls. Camp emerged from it dripping and blown, but hoping that the weather would see fit to be a bit cooler.

For afternoon sports there were rehersals and navigation in between whiles. At around five thirty the Shaws came, to move into Fourway Lodge, and after much loading of boats they pushed off to row themselves home.

At quarter of eight the makings of the Grand March gathered at the East door of South and at eight the March started. We came in the order of the stunts:

<u>The North Woods</u>

B.L.H.	Noah Nincompoop
J.Y.G.W. jr.	Chloe Nincompoop
J.A.L.	Desterate Desmond
Garland	White Tail
L.C.F.	Harold Hardnut
Garland, P.	Wind and noise

<u>Blue Beard</u>

J.H.	Fatima
J.R.W.	Blue Beard
Henderson	Sister Anne
Zahner)	Brothers
Gardner)	

<u>Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me A Bow Wow</u>

L.E.W.	Maizie, or Mama
A.H.R.	Lady of the Tram
J.S.	Another Lady of the Tram
F.G.J.	Papa
R.B.C.	Baby's voice
E.C.C.	Robber
Peabody, F.	Lady with a dog
Wallace, H.	Dog, Sam
Wallace, M.	Gents on the Tram
Rheault	

<u>The Strategem of Ulysses</u>

J.C.P.	Hecuba
J.B.	Priam
G.J.	Aneas
Crane	Memnon
Volkmann	Cassandra
Arnold	Iulus
Wrenn	Anchises
Everett, F.	Ulysses
G.H.H.	Sinon
Toland	Eurylicus
Lynes	Thersytes
Garfield	Phyrrus
Bacon Greek	First Greek
Snyder Greek	Second Greek
Searle Greek	Third Greek
Staud	Aneas's son

The Dinner Party

Garland, J.	George Greene
R.W.	Mrs. Greene
B.P.S.	General Wang
A.L.L.	General Tso
Everett, L.	Wang the One Pounder
Condon	Mr. Oscar Kleibacker
Billings	Mrs. Kleibacker
Danforth	Hsiao, the servant
Taft	General Wu
Moller	Wang's men
Turner	
Chisholm	Tso's men
Loring	
Rogers	Wu's men
Ingersoll	

The first stunt was the North Woods, an old melodrama of true heroism. Though the script is here in the book, we wish to say that J.Y.G.W. made a lovely Chloe, despite her poor surroundings and rough home. Her Father B.L.H. was a fine charitable fellow and we were sorry to see him die, but were considerably cheered by the appearance of that stalwart hero Harold Hardnut (L.C.F.) who saved the day as it should be saved. White Tail was a strong and silent Indian and as Noah said, with a heart of gold, and the villain was really worth the hissing he got,and was a nasty man. There was only one scene, and that was set in the cabin of Noah, but with the help of Garland, P. who acted as snow, noise, wind and footsteps, we knew just were things were, and were able to grasp the proper atmosphere.

The next was an old stand by, and delightfully done. Blue Beard was given two years ago, but this year the producer put more emphasis on the singing and acting, rather than on stage setting, so that their stage was very Shakespearean and bare, J.R.W. made a very terrifying and fierce Blue Beard, and J.H. a really wonderful Fatima, with a delightful voice. Henderson as sister Anne was helpful, daring and sympathetic all in the right spots, and Zahner and Gardner, the two brothers who came just in time killed

Blue Beard with the greates vim and gusto. The little operetta was very delightful, as it always is, but done this time especially well.

The Next show on the programme was the Rice Pudding Players special. The play was written by R.B.C. and produced by him a la Noel Coward. It was was really an operatta, or an opera, because it was a terrible tragedy. The Baby was one of the most beatiful creatures seen during the whole evening, being a large rag doll, with blue worsted eyes and a frilled babies bonnet on the top of its head.The costumes of the opening scene were rather touching, L.E.W. appearing in a long sleeved night gown, with a tremendous nightcap on top of her head, and Papa, F.G.J. in a really elegant night shirt. The second scene was in front of a Tram, and the tram was a lovely article, with a bell, ammotor and all. It even had a strap to hang onto. The dog, Sam that appeared in the scene wore a most wistful and woebegone look. When Papa and Mama came riding by the tram, they seemed to us to be going backwards, in fact they moved backwards across the stage, but that as the sign said that hung between them was because the tram was going faster. Th last scene was when the tradgedly all happened, and Ma, and Pa found the Baby gone, and after a long search, found it in the woods with the robber. The robber killed Ma and Pa, and then the Baby killed the robber in a most heartless and cruel fashion, and finally committed suicide, because Daddy didn't buy him a bow wow.

The fourth stunt, The Strategem of Ulyeses will be noted in Camp not only for its excellence in the way of acting and because of the script, but for the Trogan Horse. The horse was a most marvelous horse and did actually hold six of the army of Troy. The horse was so large that it filled almost all of the stage, and the army had to jump down from its dappled tummy to the floor. The most artistic touch of all however was the hat on the horses head to keep the sun off. We the editors wish to see in camp a new building made for a stable for this animal, for it is a real masterpiece, and should be kept.

The fifth and last stunt was a Chinese one put on by B.P.S., and again it is a new stunt and so the script can be found in the following pages. This play was done in the modern style, and not as last year, and was therefore quite a contrast. The play was about a dinner being given by some American missionaries in China, for tha three great geneals of China. The dinner didn't go as smoothely as it might since the generals kept jumping up to fight each other, and all appearing at different times for the meal. The poor missionaries were definitely worn out by the end of the evening.

Father ------ B.L.H.
Chloe ------ J.Y.G.W.jr.
White Tail ---- Garland, C.
Desperate Desmond --- J.A.L.
Harold L.C.F.

(Scene opens with Father reading Bible and Chloe cooking at stove.)

Chloe: Father, how wildly the winds blows this night! (Sound of wind.)

Father: On such a night as this, my daughter, your mother, peace to her soul, perished in the show on an errand of mercy for Parson Smith's wife.

Chloe: May she rest in Peace! But come,Father, let us partake of our humble fare cheerily sharing our common lot, hard though it is. Here is our last can of Van Camps pork and beans. May we eat a piece of that venison, Father?

Father: Nay, daughter, for wanderers needing succor may knock at our door. Our meal may be frugal, but a meal is always eaten with relish when ones conscience is at rest.

Chloe: While we are together, Father dear, no harm can come to us. Yet I wonder what mischance can have befallen gallent Harold Hardnut of the mounted. He should be here now with these extra rations, that we may trade with Dog Ribs for their hard won pelts.

Father: Ay, this year, indeed will their bag be scanty. Hunting in the woods four days ago, I saw not even one musk ox. But daughter I fear thou looked too kindly upon that young man.

Chloe: But Father, he's .... Hist! I hear footprints.(Footsteps)

Father: Open the door daughter. No man shall say that Noah Nincompoop refused him food and shelter on a night like this. Why how it snows! (Show, enter Indian.) Lo! the poor Indian. Make yourself comfortable, good White Tail, by yonder stove. It glows not more warmly than does my hearts friendship for you.

White Tail: Brother, my belly empty. I travel many miles to trade pelts for food Will white brother help?

Father: Noble red man thou shall never leave Noah Nincompoop's house empty handed.

White Tail: Good brother, snow plenty deep. No trap all winter, get only one skunk. Here is pelt. Will white brother trust red man?

Father: Thy word is thy bond, White Tail. Take what thou will.

(Exit White Tail. Snow.)

Father: Ah,Noble White Tail! Benathe that bronze skin beats a heart of gold. (He says this three times. Enter Villain)

Des. Desmond: Ho there Noah Nincompoop, so here you are, sittin' pretty. Thought youbcould foil my plans and get away with it? Eh?

Chloe: Father, Father what means this?

Father: Fear not daughter. (To Desmond) Desperate Desmond, indeed it is you. I fear not your wrath. I am glad, yea, glad that I prevented you from robbing the widow Mac Intosh in Quebec thses nine years ago. I hope your confinement in the houde of correction did something toward correcting your evil ways, but I fear me it has not.

D.D.: Hold your tongue, you pious old wind bag. Foiled me once, you did but not this time. Iheard you speak of gold - well come across! I know you traders come by plenty, and I'll just take what you have on hand.

Father: I have no gold. But since you cannot travel on a night like this(wind etc. outside) I invite you to share our humble board since tis Christian to turn the other cheek. (Turns the other cheek, Villain slaps it, laughs.)

Chloe: Oh! Father! (To D.D.) Sir how dare you!

D.D.: Hold your tongue, wench! (To Father) I have no time to trifle. Where's the gold?

Father: I have none, I say.

D.D. (Shoots him) I'll say you haven't now. (Laughs)

Chloe: Oh father! (swoons)

D.D. I'll just shove this carrion out of my way. Now he's naught but food for the crows. (Caw caw off stage)(Ties Chloe on chair) Now sit there. I'll tend to you later. I'm going to fetch that gold. (Climbs to attic. Feet still show)

(Enter Mountie and Indian)

White Tail: Me see um nast pale face sneak through woods. Me fetch um cop.

H.H. I've been camping on his trail for eight years now. Where is he?

Chloe: Here he comes now. (He is already nearly down.) Hide'.

D.D. (Descends last rung) The old fool, your Father, was right, there is no gold. But I'll take you along for ransom.

H.H. And I'll just take you along to jail, Desperate Desmond. You'll be up for murder and kidnapping besides your other dastardly deeds.

D.D. Going to arrest me eh? We'll see about that. (Draws gun) (Mountie rushes on him pins his arms, ropes him, and dusts off his uniform.)

H.H.: Here's his gun, White Tail. Perhaps you will have some use for it.

White Tail: Red man thanks noble white cop. But why you no shoot?

H.H. : In the Mounted, White Tail, we never draw our guns until out life is in danger. There was no danger with this fellow. (Villain Hisses)
Well Chloe, it looks as though the Mounted Police had once more got its man.

Chloe: Yes Harold, and this time it has got its girl too.

CURTAIN

I'm an unresconstructed Rebel, and that's just what I am,
For this fair land of freedom I do not give a damn,
I'm glad I fit against it and I only wish we'd won
And I don't want no pardon for anything I done.

O I fit with Stonewall Jackson, of that there is no doubt
Got wounded in three places a stormin' camp Lookout.
I ketched the rheumatism a campin' in the snow
But I got a score o' Yankees and I wish I'd got some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees lie still in Souther dust
We killed three hundred thousand before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever of southern shell and shot,
But I wish it had been three million, instead o' what we got.

O I hate the Yankee nation and everything they do
I hate the Declaration of Independence too
I hate the Yankee Eagle with all his scream and fuss
But a thievin' lyin' Yankee, O I hate him wuss and wuss.

"Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me A Bow-Wow"

or

Send Your Boy To Holy Cross

A tragedy in four acts

Copyright owned by the
Rice Pudding Players
North Belgrade, Maine

Approved by the State of Maine
Board of Censors.
August 17, 1937

Dramatis Personnae (in order of their appearance)

Mother (Particularly addicted to sleep and beer)

Father (ditto)

Baby (their offspring- a dog-lover)

Robber (A Holy Cross graduate slightly strayed from the straight and narrow)

Lady Passenger

Two Male Passengers (Gay blades about town)

Straphanger (Fatalistic female)

Conductor (Swedish, stupid, rarely says words of more than one syllable)

Mrs. Zella Porter (A 'lady', owner of)

Sam (An old southern bloodhound)

Prologue

Air: There was once a poor young man who left his country home.

I

Because this scene is first and lacks connection with the second,

Good playwrights such as Sherwood, Schoyer, Shakespere and Shaw call this the prologue.

We want to take this opportunity to say that all the tunes are stolen,

And if anyone starts legal action we can say "Go to and read the prologue."

II

The basis of our play is a song we took 'in toto'

From the repetoire of a 'lady' who used to sing it on Montmartre.

The song is very sad, hence our drama must be tragic

So if you're crying at the ginal curtain, remember that epilogues follow prologues.

Act One

Early morning; a bedroom with twin beds and a cradle between them; Father and Mother and Baby asleep.

Enter Robber; skulks around room; Baby is awakened, cries; Exit Robber.

Baby.... I love my little cat I do with long black silky hair.

He follows me each day to school and sits upon a chair.

When teacher asks "Why do you bring that little pet of yours?"

I tell her that I bring my cat along with me Because

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow bow-wow

I've got a little cat and I'm very fond of that

But I'd rather have a bow-wow-wow.

Air: Dixie.

Mother.. I wish that I had never given birth to a baby;

I'll never have another and I don't mean maybe.

Hush your noise-

Go to sleep-

Mother's tired

Father.. So is Father.

B.....We used to have two little dogs such charming
little dears,

But Daddy had to sell 'em 'cause they used to bite
each other's ears.

I cried all day, at half past eight Mama put me
to bed,

Idried my eyes, then cried again, then this to her
I said,

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow bow-wow

Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow bow-wow

I've got a little cat and I'm very fond of that

But I'd rather have a bow-wow-wow.

Air:Dixie

F.....I wish you silly wives would strangle all your
babies

If we go and buy a dog it'll probably get rabies.

Baby dear-

Wait a minute-

Father's coming-

B.....So is Christmas.

F.....If you could tell me what's the matter

B..... Bow-wow, Mama

F.....Then we might find some less peculiar way of si-
lencing your chatter.

Throwing you

B..... Mama

M.....Back and forth

B..... Papa

F.....Until you're almost senseless

Ought to be

B..... Mama

M.....Quite enough

B..... Papa

F.....To give you indigestion

I am glad

B..... Mama

M.....That it works

B..... Papa

F.....Now back you go to bed

M..... (spoken) And shut up

<u>Air</u>: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

F.....

F.....I'm awfully weary and tired

What day of the week is to-day?

Robber's head appears at side

R.....To-day is the day they give babies away with a Holy Cross degree.

(either in monotone or to the Holy Cross march)

M.....Last night you told me you'd been fired

But you don't often mean what you say.

F.....Maizie, my Maizie, to-day is the day we are gay -
hey, hey

Father's promoted and given a two day vacation.

Father starts dancing ; Mother joins him.

M.....Oswald, my Oswald, let's clear out of here right
away - hey, hey-

We're off to the seaside (pause) I've forgotten
the baby -

M.&.F..... Damnation.

The baby will have to go hungry,

Unwashed and unfed and unclean.

Neglecting him forty-eight hours

Can scarcely be thought of as mean.

We've never been out on a party

For more than two years and a half.

He must be sufficiently hearty

To live for two days while we quaff

Beer, beer, one more beer; we have been good parents
too long - too long.

Beer, beer, ich liebe bier, we'll bring you a can
of Blue Ribbon.

Repeat chorus, dancing, Exit. Baby screams.
Enter Robber. Baby stops screaming.

Air: The Criminal Cried as
He Dropped Him Down.

R.....So you're left alone to scream and moan and famish
'til Saturday night

R.(con't.)Then I know what I do with you-- Goo,Goo - is ethio-
ally wrong yet right.

To snatch you some day in an underhand way is what
I had planned at first,

But now I know 'tis friend not foe who takes you
from parents immersed -

Immersed in beer.

So come with me, your family will be thankful when
they return

That their little boy has ceased to annoy and will
cause them no further concern.

So come with me , your family will be thankful
when they return

That their little boy has ceased to annoy and will
cause them no further concern.

Baby screams. Robber gags him; dances.

Air: Holy Cross March.

To-day is the day they give babies away with a
Holy Cross degree.

To Worcester I'll take you; 'twill make you or
break you;

You're worth just a hundred to me.

The dean will give you to a new papa,

Who'll probably find you a new mama.

Soon ther'll be another, then you'll be big brother;

Then picture the blackmail for me.

Robber starts to repeat; Exits dancing and singing.

Curtain.

Act Two

A tram; three seated passengers, one straphanger and a conductor. the tram is in motion.

Air: Jingle Bells

3 Pass....We like trams.

Str'hngr..I hate trams.

3 P.....We hate to use our feet.

It's much more fun to sit and ride.

Str'hngr..I can never find a seat.

3 P.....We like trams.

Str'.....I still hate trams.

3 P.....We like the wooden seat;

It's much more fun to sit and ride.

Str'.....I'm still on my feet.

Mother and Father are passed by the tram as they are bicycling homewards.

Conductor.(intoning)
Meadowbrook Avenue, change here for New York, Stafford Springs, Rutland, Rome, Mexico and Itchfield.

Tram stops; one passenger gets off. Enter Lady with Dog; Lady boards tram; Dog gets half way up steps.

Air: My Dame Hath A Lame Tame Crane.

Cond..... Big dog no ride on tram.

Lady..... He certainly can - can't you Sam?

2 Pass....We don't think he oughta and we wish she'd brought her daughter.

Str'.....I must say I don't care a damn.

C.....Big dog no ride on tram.

Lady.....You boob don't you know who I am?

I'm the girl that treats the fellas to an eyeful down at Zella's,

Come along some night you ham.

C.....Don't care hoot who you am;

Big dog no ride on tram.

We go slow; he run; yes ? no ?

Everyone whistle for Sam.

Tram starts; Sam runs alongside.

C.....Big dog no ride on tram.
L.....He doesn't really know who I am. } together

C.....Big dog no ride on tram
L.....He doesn't really know who I am } together

2 P.....We all know Zella Porter; we still wish she'd brought her daughter.

C.....Big dog no ride on tram.
L.....He doesn't really know who I am.
2 P.....We think it's rather tough for Sam.
Str'.....I must say I don't care a damn. } together

Everyone whistles; Enter Father and Mother tandem bicycling; they catch up to Sam.

Air: The Jolly Tinker.

M.....It certainly is nice to have a swig of beer
en route;

F.....I'll be glad when we reach home 'cause we've been
on quite a toot.

M.....I'm a little conscience-stricken 'cause we left
the kid alone, if we see an ice-cream parlor
we could bring him home a cone.

F.....Let's get by this beastly tram;

M.....Os we'll have to step her up.

F.....Wait a minute Maizie dear while I give the pup
a sup

He is very hot and tired and a little touch of
beer will surely help him on his way -
Poochy-Woochy come here.

L.....Get away from that dog, he's a prohibitionist.

F.....Take it easy old girl, he's making up for what he's
missed.

M.....Let's take him home to baby; he would love him
he's so woolly; it'll be easier for us for
he'll have someone else to bully.

They speed up, enticing Sam with beer. Exit all three.

(In the next song the first three beats are whistled by the Lady, 2 Pass., and Str'. The Words are sung by the Lady alone, and the last two beats are punctuated by the conductor's bell.)

' ' ' Whe' re you going with that dog ? ' '

' ' ' Sam come back. Do you hear? ' '

' ' ' Stop the tram, chase the dog , whistle more, stop the tram, let me out, where's the door?

Tram stops. Lady and 2 Pass. Exit in a hurry after Sam. Tram starts. Straphanger nonchalantly takes an empty seat.

Curtain.

Act Three

Same as Act One. Voices offstage.

Air: It happened on the Beach at Bali-Bali.

M & F.....We've brought you home a lovely Poochy-Woochy.

He's the cutest one that we have ever seen;
Enter Father, Mother, and Sam.
He can rhumba, waltz and do the Hootchy-Kootchy

Just as well as any Ziegfield chorus queen.

Mother and Father hum the middle part of the song as Sam dances.

M.....He's so wonderful the baby'll surely love him;

We can always feed him Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

F.....I wonder why I find no traces of him ?

Do you think that it's because he isn't here ?

Air: Three Blind Mice

M.....Baby's not here.

F.....Baby's not here.

Sam.....Baby's not here. (aside)

M.....I'm honestly sad

F.....I should be glad

S.....He must be a cad. (aside)

M.....What's the best thing to do - it's a bad situation ?

F.....Call Sargeant O'Rourke, he'll be down at the station

S.....There was never a stupider cop in the nation.

M & F.....He'll find Baby
S.....He'll never find Baby } together

M & F ....He'll find Baby
S.....He'll never find Baby } together

S.....I'll find Baby.

Enter Lady followed by the two Passengers.

Air: The Campbells Are Coming

L.....You horrible people how dare you take Sam ?

You gave him a drink - don't you know who I am ?

2 P.....(in tuneless monotone)
She's the girl that treats the fellas to an eyeful down at Zella's.

S.....Now that doesn't matter

So shut up your chatter

From this moment on I'm the boss, yes I am.

L.....Who taught you to talk; you have always been dumb ?

S.....That's all due to beer, wait 'til I get some rum.

They've plenty of trouble;

Don't you make it double.

We're hunting for Baby , come along you old bum.

Sam starts trailing the Robber.

L.....He's an old southern bloodhound as quick as a mouse.

S.....Step lively you'all, de chile's gawn frum de house.

Sam Exits

M.& F.....
2 P.....} To the end let's not differ:

L..... He's got a keen sniffer:

M & F.....
2 P.....
L.....} We'll all follow Sam

Sam's head reappears

S..... De chile's gawn frum de house.

Sam Exits, followed by the Lady, 2 Pass., Father, and Mother on the dead run.

Curtain.

Act Four

The Worcester woods.

Enter the Robber carrying the baby, gagged.

Air: Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

R.....Here's a knoll on which to rest;

You can sit upon my chest.

We must be most careful lest

A detective finds us.

It's lovely to lie and bask in the sun

With only ten miles left to Worcester.

This is quite a tough job , I'll be glad when it's done;

You sure way a lot don't you Buster ?

(Sam bays offstage)

Holy cats there's a hound;

He'll be here in a bound;

I must scram out of here or I'll surely be found.

(Sam encores)

Shall I climb, hide or run - here's a nice little mound -

I'll scramble right into this cluster.

Enter Sam baying, followed by Lady, 2 Passengers, Mother and Father, weary.

Air: Polly Wolly Doodle

2 Pass....The sun is simply scorching and we've come a hundred miles.

Lady.....Don't you think we're going to find him ?

F.....Do you wonder that I'm tired and I haven't any smiles?

M.....Keep a goin' - don't you mind him.

F.....Poochy-wooch

S..... Woof, woof.

F.....Poochy-wooch

S..... Woof, woof.

F.....Do you think we'll really find him ?

S.....I never lost a darkey while I worked for Massa Parky.

M.....Keep a goin' - don't you mind him.

2 P.....We think that we have had enough;

We can't go any farther.

L.....
M.....} Do you mean to tell us now that you have'nt got the stuff ?
F.....

S.....Turn back now if you'd rather.

Wait a moment

Woof, woof,

Wait a moment

Woof, woof,

Sam points at the cluster

M & F.....What's he doing now Mrs. Porter ?

L.....That means he's found the quarry; it's the end of all our worry.

Robber leaps out of cluster flourishing his gun.

1 P.....Shall we go ?

Other P... I think we oughta.

They turn to run; Robber shoots them both dead.

Air; O'Hoolihan.

R.....I've plenty of shots to finish you all if you move as much as a muscle;

I'm a desparate man with a desparate plan and I'd hate to have it go wrong.

Sam leaps at the Robber who shoots him down in mid-air.

L.....Oh Sam , my own , don't up and die

'Cause if you do then so must I.

You ruthless wretch,here's mud in your eye.

R.....You fool that's the end of your song.

Robber shoots the Lady

R.....You two old boobs, are you ready to go ? It's time you joined the others.

F.....Before I die I'll have a try at rending you limb from limb.

Father leaps at Robber and is shot down as was Sam.

R.....And now Madame the pleasure's mine

You'll look real cute in a box of pine

M.....Don't shoot me please: I'll be ever thine. (kneeling)

R.....Shut up, you must die with him.

Robber kills Mother. Baby reaches out of cluster; takes knife form Robber's belt and stabs him in the back. Robber dies. Baby cuts gag.

B.....But I'd rather have a Bow-wow-wow.

Baby then stabs himself and dies.

Curtain.

Epilogue

Air: Therewas once a poor young man who left his country home.

Theoretically we should leave you with this gruesome picture in your hearts,

But there are two good reasons why we reappear.

One is epilogues go with prologues - we think it's rather an anti-climax -

And the other is to assure everyone, most especially den Herrn Direktor that we really aren't deadsy-wedsy

THE STRATEGEM OF ULYSSES

Cast of characters

Greeks

Ulysses--------Everett,F.
Sinon----------G.H.H.
Th ersytes-----Lynes
Eu rylicus-----Toland
Phyrrus--------Garfield
First Greek----Bacon
Second Greek---Sears
Th ird Greek---Snyder

Trojans

Priam----------J.B.
Hecuba----------J.C.P.
Aeneas----------G.J.
Memnon----------Grane
Cassandra----------Volkmann
Iulus----------Arnold
Anchises----------Wrenn

SCENE ONE

Phyrrus: I'm just fed up with th is here war!
Whatcis it we are fighting for?

Sinon: Well now by Zeus, Ihhardly know,
It started up so long ago.
The thi ng began with some darn dame,
And a Trojan gu y with a Frenchy name;
What was it now? Not Jones or Harris.

Thersytes: The guy you're thinking of is Paris!

Sinon: Why, so it was! He came to stay
With Menalaus, and ran away
With Helen, who's the pip of pips -
Her fizz, it launched a thousand ships.

Phyrrus: Well, anyway, I do not see
What all this has to do with me.
I feel that Sherman will be right
When he gets off hi s dictum bright
That everyone will know so well;
The line that says that War is Hell.

Eurylicus: It seems to me he'd ought ter pay us,
If we're to fight for Menalaus.

Ulysses: D'y ou know that you're a very <u>silly</u> cuss,
(entering) To talk like that, my dear Eurylicus?
The way I have this problem solved
Is that Greek honor is involved,
And when a point of honor's made,
You fight till everyb ody's dead!

Phyrrus: Oh, I don't care for that idea!
I guess that I'll get out of here,
At noon tomorrow'. The hour's zero.
I'm going home to be a hero.

Thersytes: That's right. This war is sure to queer us;
I think we'll all be with you, Phyrrus.

Sinon; Although your stature short in height is,
Your mind's a wow, my goog Thersytes.

Thersytes: I want to get back home to Dinah;
There ain't no fun in Asia Minor.

Ulysses: I think you're just a bunch of quitters;
You all sit 'round and get the jitters.
As soldiers you make lots of noise,
But you'd make better chorus boys.
Haven't you guys any gizzards?
You re just a bunch of parlour-lizzards!

Eurylicus: Really, my dear friend, I think this is
Extremely harsh on us, Ulysses!
All we're saying is, This war
Has got to be an awful bore,
And we don't want to fight no more!

Ulysses: Wars aren't always won by fighting;
Other ways are more exciting.

Phyrrus: Now tell us what you mean by that;
What is it you are driving at?

Ulysses: What do I mean? Why, hully gee!
I mean resort to strategy!

Eurylicus: You mean to play a sort of trick?

Ulysses: My goodness but you're awful thick!
Of course I do! Why what the deuce!
A strategem's a sort of ruse!

Sinon: Well think of something if you can;
I'm ready for most any plan
That prevents my getting crowned
And stuck a fathom under ground.

Ulysses: I have a nifty plan, of course:
I vote we make a wooden horse,
And paint it spotted black and white,
And then it will show up at night.

Phyrrus: How will that help us capture Troy?
I had one as a little boy.
It used to stand out on the street;
And had red rockers on its feet.

Ulysses: Gosh but you're an awful ass,
A half pint and a demi tasse,
A numbskull, and an awful dummy!
The horse will have a hollow tummy!

Sinon: Ulysses; I still fail to see
How this will be a remedy.

Ulysses: We'll build this horse real big and strong,
Thirty to forty cubits long;
His tummy will be large inside,
And there the army we will hide.
Then Troy will think we've gone away,
And they'll declare a holiday.
But, Sinon, you must stay outside,
And take the Trojans for a ride.
Tell 'em that you've been left behind,
And that the armistice is signed.
Then on you they'll all have pity,
And pu ll the horse into the city.

Phyrrus: I don't see how we can win
When all our men are locked within.

Ulysses: Oh, Phyrrus you're an awful bore!
At night we'll open up the door,
And then, before the sun doth rise,
We'll see that every Trojan dies.

All Sing: Gosh all hemlock, what a man,
This is Ulysses!
To think of such a nifty plan
As this great big horse.
Holy mackerel what a guy,
This is Ulysses!
He's the apple of my eye,
He!s a man of force.

We'll be there all day,
We'll be there all night ,
We'll get down and rook the town,
My! but he is right!

SCENE TWO

AT THE SCEAN GATE

Priam: Tis quite peculiar that I see
Without the gates no enemy.
I wonder now perchance, if they
Could have declared a holiday?

Hecuba: That might be so; the whole night long
I've heard their very drunken song;
There was great joy, and shouts of laughter.
This may just be the morning after.

Aneas: Look yonder! Someone's coming now!
One of them loks like Pa, I vow!
And, verily it seems that I sees
That nigger Memnon with Anchises.
But who'se the third that looks so meek?
So very crafty, mean and sleek?
By Hercules! He must be Greek!

Memnon: Hey! Massa Priam! looka here,
(off-stage) Sump'n's happenin' mighty queer!
(enter) I think we sho' can get a line on
The Greeks from this here feller, Sinon!
(to Sinon) You tell him now, and if yo lied,
Dis nigger'll bust yo open wide!

Anchises: I think the man has honest eyes,
And I believe his words are wise,
Priam, see if you agree;
His story's plausible to me.

Memnon: Don't give Priam no balderdash,
An' min' yo' words, yo' po' white trash!

Priam: Tell me now. If y ou're a Greek,
What <u>is</u> it y ou've come to seek?

Sinon: It must seem strange to you I own,
I've been left here all alone.
I would that I were never born!
I failed to hear the Skipper's horn!
And what is yet more strange--to tell,
Not even the five-minute bell!
And now they're all far out to sea.
I t hink it's awful hard on me! (cries)

Hecuba: I guess that I must do my part;
A man is but a child at heart. (comforts him)

Priam: D'you mean that they've left our shore,
Intending to return no more?

Sinon: Truly, you have guessed my plight.
You see, we had Sing-Song last night,
And then, before the break of day,
All my friends did sail away.

Memnon: That all sounds well enough, in course;
An' now you tell 'em 'bout dat horse.

Sinon: Well, it happened just this way:
Phyrrus wrote a Sing-Song play.
Really it was quite a wheeze
The horse was one of the properties.
And then when i t was getting dark,
Agamenmon said" Embark"
So they went down to the beach,
And ran out the old Ouananiche.
They stowed aboard the doughnuts, ham,
The fierce things and the jar of jam,
And sandwiches and cookies too,
And that left room for just the crew.

Priam: All this is well enough, of course,
But lets get down to this here horse.

Sinon: Keep your shirt on, Priam old man,
I'm doing just the best I can.
Although the horse was bright and bonny,
It wouldn't fit into the Ouanny.
And so to Greece they set their course,
And left behind the poor old horse.

And now I'm here alone, forlorn,
Because I missed the Skipper's horn!

Hecuba: Do stop cryong, if you can;
Brace up and be a little man!
I promise you that if you stop,
Momma'll give you a lollypop.

Sinon: Goody, g oody! My oh boy!
I'm going to like it here at Troy!

Memnon: Qe Well we got what we's fightin' for,
I guess this ends dis here war.

Priam: Yes Memnon; that is as you say.
Let's all declare a holiday.

Hecaba: Oh how lovely that will be!
I'll make sandwiches and tea.
There'll be enough for two helps each.
While y ou' all go down to the beach.
And bring the horse back to the city.
I'm sure he must be awfully pretty!
Now Priam dear you won't f orget,
Not to get your toot sies wet.

(The Trojans toop down to the beach)
(Enter Cassandra)

Cassandra: I think you're wrong to trust that boy.
This horse will mean the fall of Troy.

Hecuba: Oh, Sandy, nothing's more to fear;
The Greeks have gone away from here.

Cassandra: Oh, dear! I do not know just why,
I'd like to have a real good cry.
There'll be woe and gloom and pain,
The Greeks will soon be back again.
The dirty mutts there worse than Turks;
They'll give the town of Troy the works.

Hecaba: No, Sandra dear, you stop your noise,
And go and frolic with the boys.

Cassandra: It makes no difference what I say,
They won't believe it anyway.
I know the're goning to lose their shirts,
And yet they call Cassandra nerts!

(Trojans enter triumphantly dragging hrse.)
(singing)

All: We are bringing Dobbin home,
With a hey nonny nonny,
We are bringing Dobbin home with a hey nonny ney
With a hey nonny ney

He will no longer roam
With a hey nonny nonny
He will no longer roam
With a hey nonny ney!

(Joining hands they dance ecstaticaly about the horse)

(Curtain)

Scene Three

(Midnight arrives in Troy, The Trojans sleep; all is quiet. an alarm clock goes off inside the horse. Ulysses opens the door)

Ulysses: Wake up short Dormitory!
Step on it! Step on it ! Step on it! Step on it!

Eurylicus Come on Ulysses, you're all wet!
Skipper hasn't hollerd yet!

Ulysses Eurylicus, youre under orders.
All stand by to repell boarders!

(Ulysses looks out from narrow door)

Ulysses: Now men we must collect our forces;
There should be steps to get out of horses.

Phyrrus: Wellas it is we'll have to jump,
Or else slide down the horses rump.

(Ulysses and army emerge from wooden horse)

Ulysses: Now mene avoid all noise and din;
Phyrrus, go let the army in.

(Phyrrus goes and returns with rest of army)

1st Greek: Halt! Right face!

Ulysses: 'Tention! Right dress! Front! Count off!

Army : Heis. Duo. Tres. Tettares. Pemte. Hex.

Ulysses: At ease!
Now, fellow Greeks, you know enough,
I'm sure to go and do your stuff.
According to Pope we sack the town,
And pull the temple of Pallas down.
Here's the list of thse to slaughter;
First Cassandra, Priam's daughter.
Then Paris, Hecuba and Priam.
You know the list. Go to it. I am
Going to join you very soon,
Just after I've got that loud mouthed coon.
Aeneas, Iulus and Anchises
Must escape this dreadful crises;
They all have got to get away;
That's what Homer and Virgil say.
So don't go near Aeneas' home;
He has to start the town of Rome.

(All rush off the wings, leaving stage deserted, -Cassandra runs through followed by 1st Greek who slays her as she shouts as follows)

Cassandra: I knew I was right; I told you so!
Oh, woe, oh woe, oh woe oh woe!

(Offstage shouts of "Ai" as the Trojans murder the Greeks; No as the Greeks murder the Trojans.)
(Exit 1st Greek to fight)

(Aeneas Iulus and Anchises come through. Aeneas has Iulus by the hand.)

Iulus: Daddy, why are we leaving Rome?

Anchises: He's got to start the Town of Rome.

Aeneas: (sings) I'm an unreconstructed Trojan,
And that's just what I am.
For this swell Greacian culture I do not
I do not give a damn.
I'm going quite a distance,
I'm going far from home.
And I guess I'll have to hurry
To found the town of Rome.

(Curtain)

THE DINNER PARTY or THE THREE GENERALS

George Green - Garland, J.
His Wife, Mary- R.W.
General Wang - B.P.S.
General, Tso - A.L.L., jr.
General Wu - Taft
Wang the One Pounder - Everett, L.
Mr. Oscar Kleibacker - Condon
His wife Clara - Billings
Hsiao, the servant - Danforth

Wang's men - Moller
Turner
Tso's man - Chisholm
Loring
Wu's men - Rogers
Ingersoll

SCENE - The house of Mr. and Mrs. Greene in Yachow in Szechuan province, China. They are the local Y.M.C.A. people. The scene opens with Hsiao putting the last touches to the dinner table, set for seven. He places a flag intthe center that says, " Hurrah! for the Y.M.C.A. and the Chinese Army!" He goes out and Mr. and Mrs. Greene enter with Mr. and Mrs. Kleibacker. Allone singer is heard in the distance.

Kleibacker: (Looking out of the door) Ah, China. A vast unknown country, seething with a strange and mysterious people. Eh, Greene, old man?

Greene: True, Kleibacker, old man, true. We missionaries have a big problem to face.

Kleibacker: Abig one.

Mrs. Kleibacker: Aavery one.

Mrs. Greene: A big one, indeed.

Greene: And so I thought it would be iteresting to you, Kleibacker, old man, to meet some of these Chinese warlords. Then we can know how to attack them, with the Gospel I mean, of course. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Kleibacker: Very interesting idea, Greene old man.

Greene: At first I thought I'd just invite old General Wang, but as there's been a lull in the civil warfare, I thought I might as well ask his old friend Tso. He doesn't speak any English, but that doesn't matter. He drops into the Y.M.C.A. occasionally for ice-cream. And then it occurred to me that I might as well ask their old friend Wu, of the 357th Route Army. I've never had any of them to dinner before, so I'm quite excoted.

Kleibacker: You asked Old Ironsides, Old Wu, did you? I doubt if he shows up.

Mrs. Greene: Heavens, isn't he coming?

Kleibacker: I shouldn't think so. One of the servants of his is a Seventh Day Adventist and a member of our mission, and she told us that there was trouble brewing between Wang and Wu. They both want to be made Pacification Director and Peace Commissioner for Western Szechuan, to take Lu's place. He was killed last week.

Mrs. Kleibacker: Mercy, mercy, when will these wars cease?

Greene: We've had eleven of them so far this year. Rather pleasant to have a bit of peace just now, what? Well shall we sit down now, or wait for our Chinese guests? We can begin now you know, they always go to five or six dinners, these Chinese Generals. It's a Chinese custom, they won't expect us to wait.

Mrs. Greene: Let's wait for one of them, anyhow.

Greene: Very well, Mary my dear. Let's step out on the porch and watch Cina

at night. Nothing quite like China at night , eh, Kleibacker o d man?

Mrs. Greene: Yes, let's, it's such a nice dark, simply heavenly night.

Mrs. Kleibacker: (examining the table) Isn't this too divine. Iwish my boy had such quaint ideas.

Mrs. Greene: Hsiao's a little too quaint sometimes. He put firecrackers in Georges cake on his last birthday, and was quite hurt when George got mad.

Greene: (From porch) Oh Mary, Clara, I believe someone is coming now. (Voices in distance. Kleibacker and Greene enter with Gen. Wang and Wang's the One Pounder followed by two soldiers.)

Wang: (Bowing as he is introduced) It is a nice evening. Its is a nice evening It is a nice evening.This is my very, my so stupid son, I-Ching, which means one Picul, or one pound. Yet he has what you Americans call so well a swelled head. Sometimes a great storm of conceit arises in his body and he thinks he is as clever as Yo Fei and can catch flies from the air with a pair of chopsticks.

Greene: Bright little chap.

Hsaio: Missie can cacth soup, all b'long hot. More time go by by, all b'long cold.

Mrs. Greene: Very well Hsaio. People, dinner is served. (They go to the table) Your son can sit here. One of our guests will probably not come. (Son does not want to leave father, but father makes him with loud words. Soup is brought in.)

Hsiao: Outside missie dlop one piecie nose rag. (Gives handkerchief to Mrs. K.)

Kleibacker: How do you like our foreign food, General Wang?

General Wang: Ah, it has the fragrance of cassia and wild peonies in the fourth moon. Its texture is as crisp as bamboo and as soft as the mist. Its taste is better than the imperial dishes served on the alter of Heaven. In words of other colors it is not bad, or as you Americans so swiftly say - Okay. Ha, Ha! (eats noisily)

Wang the one Pounder: (Spilling soup) Buuyao, bu yao. (Wang laughs)

(Hsiao gets a mop and mops up soup, puts plate on chair and squeezes soup back into it)

Mrs

Mrs. Greene: Heavens, Hsaio Sih-fu, what are you doing? He can't eat that. Think of the germs. Remember what I told you about germs.

Hsaio: Missie talkee funny talk. Ha, ha, You me b'long Christians, you and me. We no believe foolish superstition talkee. We savvy germs all foolish superstition talkee. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Greene: That's all very well, Hsaio, but you go and get master Wang another plate.

Hsiao: All light, all light. Missie very funny, ha, ha!

Greene: Look here Wang old man, I'm a direct sort, so hope you won't mind my being frank. ~~Why/don't/all/~~ The point is this. Why don't all you military men get together and put an end to these eternal wars.

Wang: Your words are so wise. I am very tired of fighting; it is uninteresting and hard for my stomach. The more one struggles, the more one breaks into little pieces what he is struggling to get. It is so foolish. As my Grandfather used to say" It is unwise to tear down the walls of a house to build the roof." Soon I will retire to the monastery of Gurche Lan in the Misty Bamboo mountains and lead a tranquil life.

All is succeeded through doing nothing. When Ch'u-sen met Shin-ten one day Ch'u-sen said:" Oh, Prior Born, if a man glare at me, insult me, curse me, revile me, spit upon me, and throw stones at me, what shall I do" and Shih-teh replied " Only bear with him, tolerate him smile at him, avoid him, suffer him, shun him, and in time you will come to just look at him." When I went to the Foreign school in Chengtu, they asked me what I did for excersize. Proudly I answered " I eat with my freinds" They laughed. Oh how did my ears burn but I knew I was the true talker. When I send One pounder to the Mission School in Chungking, I will say to him, "Remember, One Pounder, do not meddle in politics." Then I will instruct him harshly to learn his Chinese Classics and history, and enough knowledge of the world to show him that there is nothing new outside of the Middle Kingdom. Should he wish to study this foolishness called science, I shall beat him severly. It is an unwise learning, and not fit for gentlemen. It is like an electric wire. It will stimulate your nerves if you touch it, but it will seriously decline your health. In other colors, ~~it~~ science is against the laws of Nature, and the Great Tao. It makes a man a sad animal full of big heavy dullness. Evene Doctors of the western type are foolishness, because they are so clever as to make people who ought to die to live, and so nobody has enough food and everybody is gloomy with unhappiness. Before Western Doctors beca e so very clever, when a man feels a pain or is going to die, he says, " No matter it is the fate of heaven". So he is not unhappy. Now, if he has a pain, he is angry because he thinks a western doctor should fix it, and if he is going to die, he is much more angry. So he is all gloomy unhappiness. Oh, yes, western doctors very foolish.

Gospel missionaries like you who teach words are much more wise, because you say words that nobody can understand. so there is no harm. And you do good because you ahve warm churches in the cold bitter moons.

You, Geh Hseien-shen, ask me a question about fighting. Now I ask you a very frank question, which for two years I have thrown about there and here in my mind. If America is Christian, why do you have two political parties?

Greene: Well, erh, ah --- thatsseems to be hardly -- ah.

(Noise outside of scuffling. Shouts, shots. The two guards jump. Wang spe speaks rapidly in Chinese; one guard goes out. Comes running in.)

Guard: General Tsoa come to dinner, so we are shooting at him. He very angry and shoot at us. Now everybody go boom, boom. Come quickly.

Wang: (Speaks words of Chinese. The soldiers run out. He turns to the people at the table.) I am very sorry. A small interruption has come, so I must go a little early. Come Wang the One Pounder, we must go, but first say your polite English words.

Little Wang: Good-eh morning, how are you, good-eh bye, hello, shut up. (Wang beams proudly; draws a pistol; he firse out the door as the two soldiers go out. The others hide behind the table.)

Kleibacker: Rather unusual, this.

Greene: Amazing, simply amazing.

Mrs. Greene: For heaven's sake George do something. Tell them to stop it or go away.

Greene: Now we mustn't do anything rash Mary. This requires a little thinking over; don't you concurr, Kleibacker old man?

Kleibacker: Absolutely, Greene, absolutely, nothing rash.

Mrs. Klaibacker: (With a sudden scream) Heavens, I'm kneeling in that spilt soup.

Hsiao: (Rushing into the room mad with fright) Aiyah, aiyah, aiyah, aiyah. Gun come boom boom in one piecee window, cook go wizzle wazzle outside through other piecee window. Cook now have big window in stomach, no have got stomach. Aiyah, aiyah, golly, wolly aiyah (Dives under table still screaming)

(The firing ceases and General Tsoa enters enters with his two men. He speaks no English and is introduced all around by Mr. Greene.)

Greene: (To the ladies) He says my dears that he is very sorry to be late and regrets that he made so much noise when he arrived. Apparently Gen. Wu and Gen. Wang have split, and he has joined sides with Gen Wu. Wang is now apparently retreating toward Chengtu. He says that only a few men were killed and that they have been taken out into the garden. He also says that he loves those cookies.

Hsiao: (Coming in) with second course) Elly ting all light.

Mrs. Greene: Oh, yes, how is the cook? I almost forgot.

Hsiao: Cook all light. Gun come boom boom through one piecee window velly fast. But cook go out other window more faster. Cook one piecee velly quick man.

Mrs. Greene: George, ask Gen. Tso if he will have some more olives.(Greene does so. He makes a long speach.) What did he say?

Greene: He said no thanks.

(Tso says something in Chinese and points at the cookies.)

Kleibacker: He says he'd like more of the cookies, Mrs. Greene.

Mrs. Greene: Here have some do. Oh, have some more. (Greene repeats the last remark in Chinese, and Tso smilingly empties the plate into his pocket.)

(There follows a long pauseintthe talk. They watch Tso eat.)

Mrs. Kleibacker: And how is your wife, General Tso? (Greene interprets, and Tso makes a long spaach.)

Greene: He wants to know which one.

(A sudden firing of shots outside. The two guards go out and come in again to hold an excited parley with Tso. The rest get down behind the table. He turns to and syas good-bye, bowing his way out. There are more shots. Hsiao comes running in shouting excitedly in Chinese. He gies to the door, shaking his fist. An extra loud shell causes him to change his mind and dive under the table.)

Kleibacker: Do you think we should have prayers now, or should we keep our eyes on which way the fighting goes.

Greene: Prayers would be proper, but I should be inclined to favor the latter course. (They all nod.)

(The firing ceases and Wang returns arm in arm with Gen. Tso. Little Wang Follows, and then the four bodyguards. The two generals are beaming.)

Wang: (Sitting at the table as do all the others.) There was just a little interruption, a very little interruption, but now again we can have our dinner which is excellence. (Hsiao appears with the ice cream) Ah, ice cream. General Tso and I are so fond of ice cream. By most Chinese it is thought to be the best invention to culture that is coming from the west. (They eat lavishly. Wang tells a joke to Tso. They both laugh uproariously. There follows a silence .)

Greene: (To break the silence.) It's a nice night. (All look at Greene dubiously. Tso speaks to Wnag in Chinese.) Well it was anyway.

Gen. Wang: General Tso wishes tio know what you like about the night.

Greene: Oh I don't know, there was something about it.

Kleibacker: If I may be so bold as to ask, I rather thought that you and General Tso here had had an -- er -- ah falling out.

Wang: It is not so at all. There was a little misunderstanding. General Wu had declared war on my troops andmmy good friend Tso thought me the traitor, not Wu.

so he joined himself together with Wu, and made war with me. Then Tso and I have come together with ourselves, and have seen that Wu is the real traitor so now we will march against him.

Mrs. Kleibacker: Mercy, Mercy what going on.

Wang: Wu will soon be defeated, it will not be a going on for long. Ha, ha, that's a joke. (Much strained laughter except on the part of Wang.) It has been a dinner very excellence. As the wise Tu-Fu has said, "If there is food to be eaten, one may store it away in bamboo fodder for the winter, or pickle it in sour lichee juice for the spring, or preserve it in brown sesame oil for the summer, but the best thing to do with it is to eat it." Wang the One Pounder (speaks in Chinese) He knows a small poem about food. Say it sweetly, or you will be beaten severely. (Speaks in Chinese.) He wrote it and I transgressed it into English.

Wang the One Pounder: Two bowls of rice,
You'll feel nice,
Ten bowls more,
You'll sink to the floor,
To that add four,
You'll look for the door.
If it's a score,
You'll burst in fifty pieces and the room will look messy.

Hsiao: Number one big boom boom man come quickly in big spirit wagon, big pushee pushee-no-pullee-but goee-like-hellee wagon. Now come very big boom boom, I die p'laps. Aiyah, aiyah, aiyah.(Dives under table. Shots comeffrom outside. Everyone rises.)

Wang: I'm afraid we will have to be going in the opposite direction. It has been so very nice; To chew the fat foods of foreign friends is a pleasure that I am happy to have all too seldom. Say your English words, Wang the One Pounder. (Speaks in Chinese)

Wang the One Pounder: Good-eh morning, how are you, good-eh -----

Wang: That's enough, stupid boy with a stomach ache, we must go with great quick. (They bow themselves out. There is a burst of quick firing from without and the others dive behind the table. When the firing ceases an orderly appears in the doorway)

Orderly: His excellency Marshal Wu, is without. He squats in his car waiting to be receptioned. (Greene goes out. There is a bugle fanfare. Two soldiers stand at attention. Wu enters, followed by Greene.)

Greene: Very good of you to come.(Wu is introduced all around. As he is introduced, he says "My name is Marshall Wu."

Wu: (Sitting at the table.) Ah, ice cream. Ever since I attended Oberlin where I got my Bachelor of Forestry degree, I have had a fondness for ice-cream. I am sorry I did not arrive sooner, but there was a little disturbance. I had to send Genereal Wang and General Tso to Shanghai for a little vacation. It will do them both good as they are in poor health.

Hsiao: (Who arose from the table as the others sat down) Coffee missie.

Mrs. Greene: How do you take your coffee, Marshall Wu, one lump or two?

Wu: Both. That is three you see. Ha, ha, ha.

Kleibacker: Ha, ha, Oh very good indeed.

Greene: Oh, a good joke, a very good joke. Ha, ha,

Wu: Now I must go. It has been a good dinner. Good bye. (Says good bye)

Mrs. Greene: Well, well.

Greene: Well.

Kleibacker; Well?

Mrs. Kleibacker: Well.

(Hsiao knocks plate off side board. All jump behind table, including Hsiao, who yells Aiyah, aiyah.)

Sunday, August 22nd
Wind Nw

The extra sleep was well slept through and much appreciated byall. Service as usual at ten o'clock, and just after it L.E.W. and L.E.W.2nd left, to return to Deer Isle. There was a great deal of hangingin the shop, and many new boats were seen to be launched upon the briney. Denny Volkmann's was among the first to appear, and he seems to have started the idea of having a clipper ship effect, with a gallant and a top gallant sail.

In the afternoon there was the Final Track and Field.

Final Track And Field

AUGUST TWENTY SECOND

OFFICIALS:

Clerk of the course	B.P.S.
100 yard dash	E.C.C.& F.G.J.& J.B.
Broad Jump	R.B.C. J.Y.G.W.jr.
High Jump	G.J. A.L.L.
Shot Put	G.H.H. J.R.W.
Spectator	Arnold.

100 Yard Dash:

Class A

1st heat:
Billings)
Chisholm)
1 Crane) Crane
Condon) 11.8
2 Garland, C.)

2nd Heat:
Danforth)
Garland, P.)
Garland, J) Garland, P
Henderson) 11.7

3rd Heat:
Woller)
Volkmann)
Wallace, H.) Wallace, H.
Zahner) 12

Finals:
3rd Crane)
2nd Garland, P.)
1st Wallace, H.) Wallace, H
4th Garland, C.) 11

100 Yard Dash:

Class B.

1st heat:

Everett, F.	Everett, F.
Gardner	13.4
Garfield	
Rogers	

2nd heat:

Peabody, F.	Toland
Rheault	13.4
Toland	
Walker, M	
Wallace, M.	

Finals:

1st	Everett, F	Everett 13
3rd	Peabody	
1st	Toland	Toland
4th	Gardner	

Class C.

1st heat:

Boring	Ingersoll
Bacon	14.6
Everett, L.	
Ingersoll	

2nd heat:

Peabody, G.	Snyder
Searle	14.8
Sears	
Snyder	

3rd heat:

Taft	Lynes
Turner	15
Wrenn	
Lynes	

Finals:

2nd	Ingersoll	Snyder
1st	Snyder	14.3
3rd	Everett, L.	
4th	Lynes	

BROAD JUMP

Class A winners only

1st	Garland, P.	17'2"
2nd	Wallace, M.	16'9"
3rd	Garland, J.	16'2"

Class B

1st	Toland	12'5 1/2"
2nd	Walker, M	12'4 1/2"
3rd	Everett, F.	12'1"

BROAD JUMP

ClassC winners only:

1st	Snyder	11'8"
2nd	Lynes	11'4"
3rd	Ingersoll	11'

SHOT PUT

Class A Winners Only:

1st	Garland, P.	30'10"
2nd	Wallace, H.	29'4"
3rd	Garland, C.	28'2"

Class B.

1st	Rogers	18'
2nd	Walker, M.	17'4"
3rd	Peabody, F.	17'2"

Class C

1st	Snyder	20'2"
2nd	Sears	19'8"
3rd	Ingersoll	17'6"

HIGH JUMP

Class A.

Garland, P	1st
Moller	
Garland, C	

Class B

Toland	1st	3'10"
Rogers	2nd	3'9"
Walker, M	3rd	3'8"

Class C

Snyder	1st
Ingersoll	2nd
Sears	2nd

440

Class A
1st Wallace, H.
2nd Garland, P.
3rd Garland, J.
4th Garland, C.

Time: 58

Class B
1st Peabody, F.
2nd Everett, F.
3rd Walker, M.
4th Gardner

Time: 72.5

Class C
1st Snyder
2nd Everett, L.
3rd Bacon
4th Ingersoll

Time: 80.5

During the afternoon, while Track and Field was going on Mr. Millet came, but could only stay for a short while.

Jack Millet

'So Tam Pearse 'e went up
to the top o' the 'ill —
All along, down along
out along lea —
And there 'e seed Wiggins
who'd not made 'is will —
And Ty Lines, Nancy
Richards, and a lot of others
too looked as though they
never intended to!

Aug. 22nd 1937

(Hurrah! for the Algonquins!)
(Sic!)

The evening was damp and cold so our picnic supper was in the big room instead of on the Point. We forgot to say that last night, before Fancy Dress we had suppwr on the Point, only it was not a picnic, but appeared all hot and steaming on a table set up out there.

Monday, August, 23rd
Wind, SW

The pictures were taken this morning, instead of yesterday, because of the weather. But those visiting firemen, such as L.E.W., C.H.C. and J.A.L. who had to return to their respective homes, were snapped yeterday just before they left. Pictures started to be taken, at about quarter of nine, and were finished within about an hour. They ran off smoothely enough, and now all we have to do is wait for the results.

In the afternoon there were soccer games, and the first one, though it started off with much fierceness and vigorous playing was never finished, because they got too tough with the ball and kicked a hole in it. However the people who played are as follows:

E.C.C.
F.G.J.
G.E.
L.C.F.
R.B.C.
G.H.
A.L.L.
Garland, P.
Wallace, H.
Crane
Volkmann

J.B.
B.P.S.
J.G.W.
B.L.H.
J.R.W.
G.H.H.
J.Y.G.W.jr.
Garland, C.
Garland, J.
Zahner
Moller

Even though they didn't finsh the game they did well in thelline of busting people up; R.B.C. came off the field with an ankle like a balloon, and G.H. with a knee that didn't hold him up, and collapsed in a most peculiat manner.

The next game came off at four thirty, when the ball was begining to feel a bit better.

Everett, F.	Snyder
Garfield	Gardner
Condon	Peabody, F.
Ingersoll	Loring
Everett, L.	Sears
Walker, M.	Wallace, M.
Wrenn	Taft
Toland	Bacon
Rogers	Rheault
Peabody, G.	Turner

In the first quarter Turner started off the scoring, but unfortuantely not for his own side. The ne t period was without any scoring but the teams seemed to find it rather fun to play on all fours. The third period was pepped up by a goal made by Condon, unassisted. There was much hard fighting, Peab.F, being tripped up and while lying flat, he did the same to others. In the last quarter Snyders team made a come back, but just a little too late. Loring made a goal unassisted. The final score was two to three for Everett, F's team.

In the evning, after supper, there was a grand game of spin the platter, then for the half past nineers there was more of "Hell's Loose"

Tuesday August 2th
Wind, SW

Another coolish morning, but the lake was perfect for the shell races, so for those who were in the races there were no squads.

Class A, Singles:

1st Heat:

Garland,C	1st	3:18
Wallace, H.		3:41
Henderson		3:41

2:Nd Heat:

Garland,, P.	1st	3:13
Lahner		3:40
Moller	capsized	

Class A FINALS:

Garland, C.	1st	3:09 4/5
Garland, P.	2nd	3:11 1/5
Henderson	3rd	3:22
Zahner	4th	3:21

This race was very close between the Garlands, Chris nosing Peter out in the very last minute, and thus passing the cup from one brother to another.

Class B

1st Heat:

Rogers	1st	3:41 2/5
Gardner	2nd	3:58
Peabody	3rd	3:59

2nd Heat:

Everett, F	1st	3:41
Walker, M.	2nd	3:46
Garfield	3rd	3:48

Finals:

Rogers	1st	3:38
Everett, F	2nd	3:48 2/5
Walker, M	3rd	Capsized

The third person for the finals was chosen by his time, and that was Mac Walker, however he capsized and so the race was between Rogers and Everett, F only.

ClassC

Toland	1st	4:19
Wallace, M.	2nd	4:29 4/5
Snyder	3rd	4:44

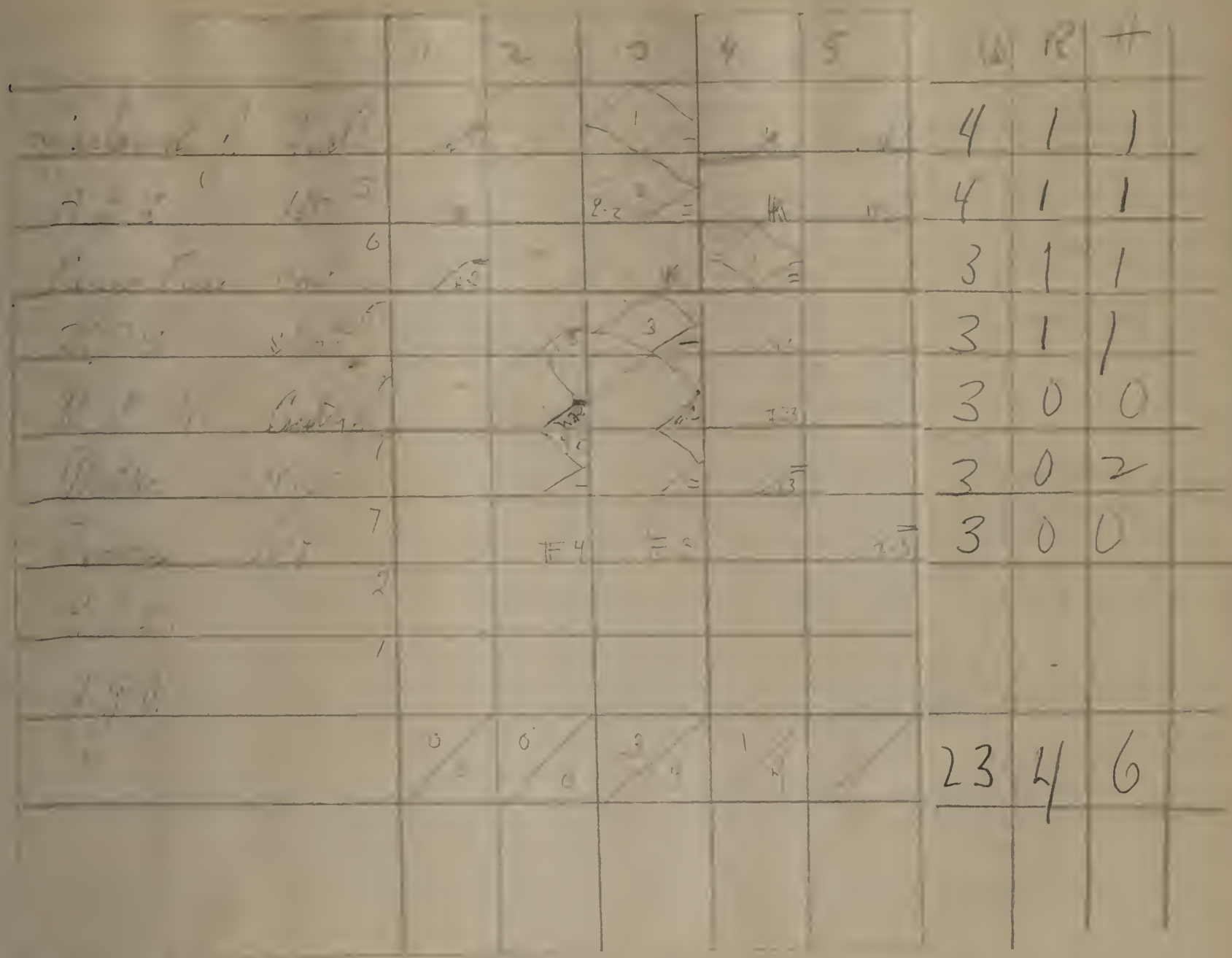
After the races there was a quick swim because it was very mearly lunch time. After lunch there was reading per usual, and the a base ball game. The games were cut short because of boat building, and the possibility of the race tomorrow. Both games had small eccentricities, such as J.Y.G.W.jr. catching for both the bug leagues, and E.C.C. catching and F.G.J. pitching for both the major leagues. The two game s were both very close, the big one was three to four and the bug league was six to eight: one of five innings, and one of three innings respectively.

		1	1	2
Walker, M.	1	1	f-3	
Loring	3	2		6
Everett, F.	4	3		7
Rogers	5	4		8
Condon	6	5		
Ingersoll	7			
Wrenn	8			g-4
Taft	9	1-3		g-4-3

[G. Y. catching for both teams.]

		1	2	3
Sears	4	1-3		
Toland	6	K	1-3	
Wallace, M.	5	K	4-3	
Peabody, F.	1			1-3
Snyder	3		1	5
Rheault	7		2	K
Everett, L.	8		3	6
Turner	9		4	K

	1	2	3	4	5	ab	R	H
7						4	1	2
6						3	0	0
4						3	0	1
5						3	0	1
7						2	0	0
3						3	1	1
8						3	1	0
2								
1								
						21	3	5



There was reading for the half past niners, and boat building in the shop before that. There were also frantic rehersings on the Point, and the actors had a tough fight with the wind to make themselves heard. After Faculty supper some shipbuilders retired to the heights and started to bang away to get a craft ready for the next day, and among the few were E.C.C. (who got through at somewhere around four o'clock in the morning) G.H.H. and F.G.J. The efforts of their labors were tried out in moabs around two .

Navigation this morning, and then the other necessary squads. There were frantic last minute last minute boat-builders who scuttled around with large hunks of paper and string stuck to them. In the afternoon the great day finally arrived and the Dustpan Regatta began at three o'clock sharp.

Wednesday , August, 25t
Wind SW,

PRELIMINARY ROUND

BOAT	Place	OWNER
1st heat:		
Maybe	1st	Moller
Whistling Canary	2nd	Searle
Great Expectations		Everett, F&Wallace, M
Bug Eye		Rogers

Moller's 'Maybe', a Southern Yatch Club boat came in first and the whistling canary was a close second.

2nd heat:		
Sour Grapes	1st	Everett, F. & Wallace, M.
Question Mark	2nd	Rheault
Sea Gull		Snyder
Chambered Nautilus		Garland, J.

Again a Southern Yatch Club Members boat brought home the bacon, the Sour Grapes, and second the Question Mark.

3rd heat:		
Tireme	1st	Volkmann
Lying Yankee	2nd	Zahner
Heavens Halo		E.C.C.
Chivalrous Shark		Van Ingen, L.

Dennies Trireme, the new three decker style came through with flyin g co

4th heat:		
Snicker Snee	1st	Henderson
Baby Shark	2nd	Bacon
Bull dog		Bacon

Another Southern Yatch Club boat comes in first.

5th Heat:		
Dickiebird Third	1st	Zahner
Swallow	2nd	Bacon
Flying Baracuda Third		Doctor Huntington
Comet		Sears

BOAT	PLACE	OWNER
6th Heat:		
If	1st	Danforth
Jakket	2nd	Hackett and Mr. Jackson
May		Volkmann
Yo Ho		Arnold
7th Heat:		
Golden Spray	1st	Bacon
Perhaps	2nd	Moller
Marblehead Moron		Chisholm
Puff of Orange		Mac Walker

SEMI DEMI FINALS

1st Heat:		
Maybe	1st	Moller
Sour Grapes	2nd	Everett, F. & Wallace.M.
Snicker Snee		Henderson
Trireme		Volmann
2nd Heat:		
Lying Yankee	1st	Zahner
Whistling Canary	2nd	Bacon
Question Mark		Rheault
Baby Shark		Bacon
3rd Heat:		
DickyBird Third	1st	Zahner
Golden Spray	2nd	Bacon
If		Danforth
4th Heat:		
Jakket	1st	Hackett and Mr. Jackson
Perhaps	2nd	Danforth
Swallow		Garfield

SEMI FINALS

1st Heat:		
Golden Spray	1st	Bacon
Sour Grapes	2nd	Everett, F. & Wallace, M.
Lying Yankee		Zahner
Jakkett		Hackett and Mr. Jackson
2nd Heat:		
Maybe	1st	Moller
Dicky Bird Third	2nd	Zahner
Swallow		Garfield
Whistling Canary		Bacon

FINALS

BOAT	PLACE	OWNER
Golden Spray	1ST	Bacon
Maybe	2nd	Moller
Dicky-Bird Third		Zahner
Sour Grapes	3rd	Everett, F & Wallace, M.

The Finals and Semi Finals were run off on Thursday morning because there wasn't time to finish the whole race today, About half way throught the third heat the wind shifted from Southwest to almost due west so that the course had to have a radical change made in it.

In the middle of the afternoon The Skipper and Captain John came out to Camp to see and Captain John, to act in the "Incident of '64". The play has been revised a little since it was given a few years ago, and so the script is being put in again. The cast is as follows:

Carter Sr.	B.P.S.
Reginald Carter	Crane
Scipio	J.B.
Grant(Later General)	J.R.
Sentry	E.C.C.
General Lee	R.B.C.
Lt. Tarleton	T.L.
General Seigal	J.G.W.
Sargeant O'Toole	Garland, J.
Private	Wallace, H.
Military Orders by	L.C.F.
Bugle Calls	Garland, J.

The play was done perfectly beautifully with almost all of the original cast. The addition off the sound effects was a great help and lent atmosphere.

Just as supper started Betsy Cabot, Miss Crawford and Miss Pickman arrived, just to look in. They stayed for the stunt, but left after that to find some bed and board, since we were filled up here, alas.

John W. Putnam | Susan Morse Putnam

AN INCIDENT OF 64.

(Revised and completed, August '37)

.....

(Dramatis personae)

Mr. Reginald Carter.....wealthy St. Louis lawyer.
Reginald Carter, jr.....aide to General Sigel.
Scipio.....slave of Reginald Carter.
General Ulysses S. Grant.....commanding Union Army.
General Sigel....commanding 3rd Corps of Union Army.
Sergeant O'Toole.sergeant of Infantry in Union Army.
General Robert E. Lee.....commanding Rebel Army.
Lieutenant Tarleton.....aide to General Lee..

.....

(Setting: Carter's summer home on the Mississippi: it is a warm morning, and Mr. Carter and his son are out on the lawn before the house. Carter, sr., is reading a copy of the "LIBERATOR" while Carter, jr., seated on the lawn, is mending a fishing rod: latter looks up and speaks.)

Reginald....Father, what does secession mean, anyway?

Carter, sr..Secession. Hum. Secession, my son, is the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from a union voluntarily entered upon, when that association becomes utterly repugnant.

Reginald....Would that mean getting out of the United States, and having a different president, and a different flag, and everything?

Carter, sr..Naturally, Reginald.

Reginald....And are there any States that will really go as far as that, Father?

Carter, sr..Those that have any self respect are in honor bound so to do. Certainly the Carolinas and Georgia are on the verge of it.

(Reginald looks puzzled and shakes his head. Scipio enters with a m nt julep that he puts on the table before Carter, sr.)

Scipio.....It's 'leven o'clock, sah, an' hyar's yo' mornin's mornin'.

Carter, sr..All right, Scipio. What's that infernal row outside?

Scipio.....Yas, suh; yas, suh. Ah reckon dat's Mr. Grant. He's a-pilin' up de code wood in de wood shed.

Carter, sr..That insolent drunkard, again. His wood is worthless, and I don't want him about the place any more. Send him here to me, Scipio.

Scipio.....Yas, suh; yas, suh. (Exit Scipio.)

Reginald....Father, Grant's all right. He's showed me the best fishing holes in the State of Missouri. And he fixed up my gun for me, too. He's powerful smart, and he's been a soldier, you know. Fought down in Mexico. Told Randoph Lee and me all about it.

Carter, sr..Keep your own counsel, young man. Don't be insolent.

(enter Grant, followed by Scipio.)

Grant, do you realize that the wood you brought me is worthless? It is green wood, and wet as water, and has no value. How do you suppose that we-all can keep warm through the winter with such worthless trash as you bringing in such worthless stuff as that?

Grant.....Why, Mr. Carter, that's seasoned wood. It's the best hickory, all of it, and it's been cut most a year and a half. Just been wet up a mite by the last shower. It'll dry out all right. I've just stacked up the last of them four cords you ordered. The bill comes to $12.50 and if it ain't inconvenient -----

Carter, sr..Inconvenient, sir? It's a swindle. Grant, you can't expect to get paid for stuff that's no good. You bring me good, dry wood, and I'll pay you what it's worth. But I'm not going to be dunned by such poor white trash as you are.

Reginald....Oh, Dad!

Carter, sr..Silence, Reginald Carter!

Grant.....Mr. Carter, President Tyler thought enough of me to give me a commission in the army of the United States, and as a general thing, trash, black or white, does not exist in the army. It doesn't matter what a nigger-beater thinks of me. I hope you'll accept them four cords of wood as a gift. (Exit Grant.) (Carter, sr, fumes.)

Scipio.....(aside) Oh, Lordy, Lordy, they's gwine ter be runctions in dis here fambly befo' long!

(Exeunt)

SCENE TWO

(Headquarters of the Northern Virginia Army; a tent stands in the fore-ground, before which a sentry walks his post; from the hill in the back-ground comes the sounds of troops at drill; commands and bugle-calls; enter General Lee and Lieutenant Tarleton from the direction of the drill-ground.)

Lee.....I've been thinking it over for the past two days, and I feel sure that we can make no effective move until we get some more definite information.

Tarleton..It certainly seems strange that our scouts have so little to report. The Yankees have kept their movements and the disposition of their troops thoroughly screened.

Lee.....Indeed they have. What surprises me is not that the reports of our scouts are meagre, but that all our secret information has thus far failed us. We've had four men working under cover among the Union forces. Not a word from any one of them. Have they been captured? And then, three days ago I sent Catherwood, the cleverest man we have, and yet we draw a blank there, too.

Tarleton..You've heard nothing at all from him, sir?

Lee.....Nothing. He has three possible means of communication, yet not a whisper from any one of them.

Tarleton..There must be plenty of men in our army who are familiar with this particular section now occupied by the Union forces.

Lee.....There are, but the difficulty of getting through the enemy lines has increased enormously of late. (Pause.) There is <u>one</u> man who <u>may</u> be able to solve our problem for us, but he must act quickly if we are to profit by his information. Perhaps you know him. I speak of Colonel Claiborne Reginald Carter.

Tarleton..Oh, yes; of course. But I thought he was a St. Louisian .

Lee.....Quite right. But he was born and brought up on the old Carter Plantation near Warrenton, owned by his brother, Reginald, who was kille in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. I've sent for the Colonel, having already outlined my scheme to him, by letter. He should be here any moment now.

Tarleton..He has had a most enviable record, sir. It must have been a terrible thing for him when his only son joined the North.

Lee.....Terrible, Tarleton, terrible! I sometimes think this is the most fearful war that has ever been fought; brother 'gainst brother, and father 'gainst son. Ah, there's the Colonel coming now.

(Enter Colonel Carter, followed by Scipio.)

Good evening, Colonel.

Carter, sr.. (saluting) Good evening, General. Good evening, Mr. Tarleton.

Lee.....Colonel, you understand that my letter to you was not to be taken as a command, but as a personal request on my part. If you feel disinclined to undertake this mission, you are at perfect liberty to ----

Carter sr.Never, General. Any request of yours to me is tantamount to a command. I fully recognize the vital need for accurate information. I am grateful for the privilege of serving the Stars and Bars.

Lee.....(clasping the other's hand) Colonel, I felt I could depend upon you. It is an unpleasant task, and one repugnant to a soldier. But the success of our arms may depend upon the information you bring.

Carter sr.Have no fear, General. I shall succeed, or perish in the attempt.

Lee.....I <u>knew</u> I could depend on you, Colonel. Have you thought of any way of getting through their lines?

Carter sr.Yes, General. (pulling papers from belt) Our pickets are in contact with the enemy along Alder Creek, here. It abutts the plantation on which I was born, and my servant, Scipio, knows every inch of the ground in this particular section.

Lee.....(looking at Scipio) You plan to take him with you?

Scipio....He suttinly does, Massa Robert. An' if any of dem low-down white trash Yankees touches hide or hair of de Colonel's haid I'll just nachully bust him wide open.

Lee.....(smiling) I believe you've chosen your companion well.

Carter, sr...You're right, General. I can depend on Scipio even more than on my own flesh and blood.

Lee.....(with his hand on the other's shoulder) You are speaking, Colonel, of your son? Be not hard on the boy; he fights according to his convictions, even as we. I have many friends among the enemy; McClelland, Grant, and Thomas.

Carter, sr...I must respectfully differ with you, General. I have none.

Lee.....Well, Colonel, you know the information wanted. If you succeed you serve the South; if you are caught you die a dastard's death. I can give you no help. When can you start?

Carter, sr...At once, General; I am ready now.

Lee.....Then (shaking hands) good luck and God speed you.

Tarleton.....May I wish you luck, too, Colonel? (shakes hands.)

Carter, sr...Thank you, Tarleton.

Lee.....(to Scipio) Don't you let those damn Yankees get hold of him, Scipio. Take care of your master.

Scipio.....Ah sho' will, Massa Robert. Ah sho' will.

(All salute. Scipio and Carter, sr. go off up the hill while the others regard them.)

Lee.....(to Tarleton) Now, Lieutenant, I want to inspect those guns captured from the Yankees last week.

Tarleton.....Oh, yes, General. Breckenbridge has finished overhauling them.

(Exit Lee and Tarleton towards southeast shore.)

(from the hill, bugle blows "Call to Quarters.")

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE

(Headquarters tent, 3rd Army Corps of Union forces, with General Sigel seated at the table; desultory firing without; enter the General's aide, Reginald Carter, with dispatches in his belt; he salutes and delivers the papers to the General.)

Sigel.....Sit down, Reginald. Vot haff you der?

Reginald....Last week's issue of the "Battle Cry of Freedom."

Sigel.....Vot's der news? Anyting habbened?

Reginald....(reading) W. H. Seward makes speech on Boston Common! "What we are Fighting for!"

Sigel.....Dose bolitīcians dey alvays mage dalkings, vot? Dey mage me sick. I'd lige to haff him here m t me in my breastvorks. I'd giff him some bad tobacco und veevilly biscuit.

Reginald....(reading) Captainn Scott, Lieutenant Joe Clark, and Major Herrick make thrilling escape from Andersonville. Seven days and nights in a negro hut while Rebel columns march by."

Sigel.....(slaps table) Hah! Major Herrick, he vas my adjutant at Bull Run! (Sigel shouts out a tyrade against Beauregard until a column passes by outside, singing a marching song.)
Vot troops are dose?

Reginald....(goes to door of tent) 23rd Massachusetts Volunteers. I believe that Colonel Perkins is in command.

Sigel.....Ach, dot old vindbag! Dose Boston peoples, zey are all schtuck up. Well, ve'll bush him into action right avay, und if he fall back ve shoot him in der pants. He's chust lige dot fool, Major Totten; alvays has his own pig ideas.

Voice offstage sings "Totten Totten had a fight m t Sigel, etc." and Sigel, enraged, delivers another tyrade, this one against bad discipline. Reginald is amused until Sigel discovers him so.)

Sigel.....Vot's der madder mit you, eh?

Reginald....A cold, sir, in my nose.

Sigel.....So? I'm not so sure dot iss all cold, eh? (He writes for a time and then hands the papers to his aide.)
Tage these dispatches to Colonel Pitt, with my compliments.

(exit Reginald. Sound of singing from outside. Strains of "Tenting Tonight")

Sigel.....Oh, my prafe poys!

(enter Sergeant O'Toole; he salutes.)

Sergeant....Oi have to reporrt the capture of a Confederate spy and his negro servant within our lines.

Sigel.....(waving his arms) Pring them in here!

(exit sergeant; he returns with prisoners.)

Search them!

(papers are found on the spy and handed to General Sigel.)

Sigel.....(reading papers) Aha! A map! Figures!

(turns on spy) So! You are a dirty rebel spy! You schweinhund, you mage ingeddings! You dink you ged pack? Oh, heiliger Himmel, bod you are nod schmard enough for der Herr General Sigel, yet! Vot?

Spy.....Yes, sir. I am what you would call a rebel, though it's one sort of thing that a gentleman would call a patriot. As for being a spy, this is hardly a Union uniform ---

Sigel.....Allewetter! Dot iss nod a uniform, at all! You haf been maging disguises off yourself, und you know it! Soch foolishness iss paid in blood. Already one off your friends, another dirty rebel schneak, has chust been shot only five minutes ago yet, against a stone wall.

Spy.....Good God! Catherwood caught?

Sigel.....(dryly) He didn't giff me his name. (to Sergeant) Haff diss feller shot at sunrise!

Scipio.....(kneeling) Aw, Mister General, have a little pity. Mr. Carter ain't done nuffin! (Sigel starts at name.) Why, dis is Mr. Carter's brother's land yo' is sittin' on right now, honey; I mean, Mr. General.

Sigel.....Carter? Carter? I haff a Lieutenant Carter.

Spy.....(sternly) And I, sir, have a renegade son in the Yankee army whose face I never want to see again.

Sigel.....(to Sergeant) Sergeant, remember dot vat you hear iss vot you musd forged. Diss spy may pee a relation off Lieutenant Carter. I do nod vant him troubled mit family gomblications. Vot you hear iss quite confidential. But(turning on the spy) Schweinhunde und schneags lige you must be put oud off der vay. Und even if you vas der fadder of mine aide I swear you would be shot tomorrow mit der sunrise.

(Telegraph instruments begins; he listens; silence.)

Ach! Dot iss in code! Vot's dot? Hard pressed at nortdeast angle? So! My men need me! Duty first!

(shouting through the door) Orderly, my horse!

(exit Sigel; his voice, from the outside, comes.)

Ach! Hold dot shtirrup tighter, you fool!

(Sound of gallopping hore recedes into the distance.)

Scipio.....Oh, Massa! Massa! What's gwine ter happen to you now? An' what's dis pore nigger ever gwine ter tell ter Mrs. Carter and Miss Jinny when I gits back ter St. Louis --- eff Ah ever does?

Sergeant....(roughly) Stow that stuff, you black spalpeen!

Spy.....Sergeant, I'm a dead man tomorrow. You wouldn't begrudge me a few minutes to say farewell to my only friend? For, slave, though he be, he remains my friend!

Sergeant....(gently) Wall, thin, talk aisy, prisoner, ear! If we have noise in headquarters I'll be losin' me shtripes!

Scipio.....Oh, Massa! Massa!

Spy.....(his hand on Scipio's shoulder) Scipio, pull yourself together; it's no disgrace, but an honor to die for the Stars and Bars. As soon as you are released, find your way back to Mrs. Carter, and tell her that I died as a Southern gentleman should. Would God I m ght say the same of my son!

(sound of firing outside, in the distance.)

I reckon those are the guns of the Rockbridge atillery a*firing now!

Scipio.....Oh, ain't dis war a terrible thing! An' all on account of us pore niggers!

(enter Reginald: Sergeant salutes.)

Reginald...Where's General Sigel?

Sergeant...Gone, sir! Northeast angle.

Scipio.....Lawd-a-massy! Do Ah see a hant? Or is it Massa Reginald?

Reginald...(wheeling about) Father!

Spy.....(aside) Reginald! (aloud) I have no son!

Scipio.....Aw, Massa!

Reginald...Father! Father! Your uniform ---

Spy.....Sir, I am on duty!

Reginald...A spy!

Spy.....Yes! A spy! To be shot tomorrow at sunrise! And proud to die for Robert E. Lee and the cause!

Reginald...Oh, it can't be! (aside) There must be some way out of this! Scipio is here --- we could strangle the guard --- (aloud) I could forge a pass ---

Spy.....Reginald Carter has sufficiently tarnished his name without recourse to forgery. Remember, sir, I have no son. I ask nothing from you --- except --- privacy.

Reginald...(pleading) Oh, Father!

Scipio.....Lawd-a-massy! Why was dis pore nigger ever born?

(enter Grant, who stands smoking in the doorway. Sergeant comes to attention; Reginald salutes.)

Scipio.....(aside) Ah sho' is seein' haunts ternight! If dat isn't Mister Grant! He's dee same, and yet he ain't de same. But his seegar looks natural. Yassir! Dat's Mister Grant, sho's I's born a black nigger! (aloud) Mister Grant, dis here Carter fambly's havin' terrible runctions. Ah seed it comin' four years ago! An' now she's done come!

(during above speech Reginald recognizes the General, and salutes. Spy starts slightly.)

Grant.....(slowly) Reggie Carter, I'm glad to see you. Sigel tells me you're the best aide he ever had. Your promotion to captaincy has just gone through. Who are your friends? Seems to me I've seen this rascally nigger before. And this other gentleman? What? Your father? What does this mean, Lieutenant?

Reginald.....General Sigel has ordered him to be shot at sunrise. He was caught within our lines this morning.

Grant.....Evidence found on him?

Reginald.....I don't know, sir.

Sergeant.....The ividence is there beyant the clicker. It's thim papers, sor.

Grant.....(striding to table) Hm! Plans! Roughly drawn, but accurate. This is serious. Hm. Father and son. Hm. It's hard on the boy, but war is war. We are but pawns in a great game of chess. (

(paces; pauses; wheels on the Spy)

Have you anything to say, Colonel Carter? Any plea? Any extenuating circumstances?

Spy.....Nothing, General. I am a spy, caught within your lines, and I know the fate that I must expect.

Grant.....(to Reginald) You know the price your father must pay?

Reginald.....Yes, sir.

Grant.....Have you no plea to make? Nothing to say in his behalf?

Reginald.....General, I am no longer a child, but a soldier! And though my life is ruined, I know that, as you have just said, "War is War, and Fate must play her Part." (voice breaks)

Grant.....(paces floor; sits at table; drums with fingers; examines papers:) There is nothing to be done; sentiment cannot enter into this; there must be no weakness here. (rises and paces floor until eye rests on portrait of President Lincoln.) Yet one strong man has shown clemency, and he's not generally considered weak. (laughs harshly.) Clemency's not in "Butcher" Grant's li But, by heaven, I'm commander of the Union forces, and whether it be a foolish whim or no, what I say goes! (strides to table and writes, repeating his words;) "Pass Colonel Carter of the Confederate Army, and his servant, through our lines. May 16, 1864." Gergeant, loose the prisoner!

Reginald....General! (voice breaks)

Grant.....(to Colonel Carter) This pass will take you through our lines. Please give my regards to General Lee.

Carter, sr..(takes pass) I cannot attempt to thank you!

Grant.....Colonel, no thanks are due. Make peace with your son!!

(Grant lays his hand on the shoulder of Reginald; then, as he goes out he turns at the door for a moment.)

And Colonel, I rather think you'll find that hickory dry by the time you get home again! (exit)

Reginald....Father!

Carter, sr..Reginald! (they clasp hands.)

Scipio.....Glory Halleluiah! Massa, yo' is free!

(distant rumble of cannon)

CURTAIN

Thursday, August, 20th
Wind, SW
Cloudy and warm

This morning the last of the Dustpan Races were run off, and the "Golden Spray", entered, owned and built by Bobby Bacon, came in first with colors flying. Peter Garland put the boat up on the rafters for him and then tied it up securely, to stay.

This being the last day of Camp, there was a great deal to do, such as the Graduation Excercises, pictures, and packing, but somehow they all seemed to fit in rather well, and leave ample time for a soccer game as well. When lunch was over there was an announcement made that The Graduation Excersises of the University of Belgrade would be held in the Big Room at two o'clock. As we gathered in the Hall There was the familiar clang of the Tutorium Bell heard outside, and then we saw coming up the steps the Bell Ringer, Moller, followed by Dean Schoyer and the President of the University, and after them the main body of the great college. The Dean and the President took their places behind the speaking desk, and the graduating class their places in the front rows. The President got up and introduced the Dean with a short and direct speach, with a small mention of the fact that the University would appreciate any gifts, since there were only two dollars and eleven cents in the treasury. The Dean then told us about the past year, and expressed his sorrow that the term should end so soon.(Their caps and gowns were just too lovely, bright turkey red with baby blue caps and hoods to match'. Edward Crane was the class valedictorian, and his little'say' was too touching, After the valedictory the degrees were given out, and we have a sample one here so that you can see how they look. Then there were honorary degrees given out to Mrs. Powell, Matronam Scientae Domesticae; R.B.C. Doctor Dramaticus, F.G.J. Maximum Natu, J.B.,Maior Natu. The two who received the last degrees were dressed in the most lovely delicate yellow with blue mortar board. Mrs. Powell's cap was just a bit different, a Beef Eaters hat with a glorious purple plume.

After the ceremony there were various Dormitory and Faculty pictures taken, and then at three fourty there was a final game of soccer.

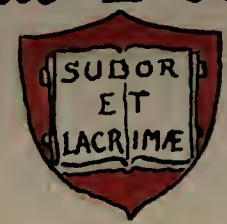
J.B.	E.C.C.
J.G.W.	F.G.J.
B.P.S.	R.B.C.
B.L.H.	L.C.F.
G.H.H.	A.L.L.
J.R.W.	G.E.
J.Y.G.W.	Chisholm
Garland, C.	Garland, P.
Garland, J.	Wallace
Zahner	Moller
Danforth	Crane.
Volkmann	

The scoring of the game was all done in the first quartere one by E.C.C. and then to even up the score, one by G.H.H. assisted by Zu. There was outstanding playing by lots of people, such as Garland, P. and J.B. In the second period there is not very much recorded because the press representative got too interested in a conversation with Mr. Lynes, in fact Big Ben forgot that the game was going on and let them have a tweny minute period instead of a fifteen minute one. The third period was unexciting, there was one near goal but that was all. The last qaurter was made brilliant by a loud collision between L.C.F. and J.R.W. and Wallace, H's elegant guarding.

The next game started at one minute past five.

Everett, F.	Snyder
Rogers	Danforth?
Gardner	Rheault
Lynes	Garfield
Searle	Peabody, F.
Bacon	Sears
Condon	Wrenn
Henderson	Wallace,H
Taft	Walker
Everett, L.	Turner
Ingersoll	Arnold
Peabody, G.	Loring.

Universitas Belgradiensis



Ad quos omnes hae litterae pervenerint

salutem

Notum sit his praesentibus praesidentem facultatem et
custodes praeclaros eruditimosque
honoris causa nominare et declarare

Magistrum Plumborum

et ad hoc manus nostras et sigilla affingimus

Praeses:

Decanus:

No scoring in the first or second quarters, and nothing much worthy of note, except for Mac Walker's kick-off, and Bendy stopping Condons forward line, Bendy as a fullback! In the third quarter one uncertain lad asked, "Am I a fullback sir?" an the reassuring reply came back, "No, you're a drawback!" Poor uncertain one! In the last period Gardner brought in a goal unassisted and Danny kicked in one assited by Arnold.

Swim, packing, and then at six there was a hurried supper for the New York boys, who had to leave before supper. Mr. Fairbank, the Iroquois Captain took the New York boys over to Waterville so B.L.H. took his place at supper. After we had finished our supper and the plates and things were taken away, J.B. as the Chieftan of the Algonquins got up and made a truly Ciceronian speech, congratulating his own tribe and at the same time saying very nice things indeed about the Iroquois; he then proposed a toast to the Iroquois, and then introduced B.L.H., who was speaking for L.C.F. The Doctor made a short oration, congratulating the Gonqs and at the same time encouraging the losers, and after proposing a toast he resumed his seat. The Scouting Cup was taken down from above the mantle piece, and then set back at the Algonquin end of the room. Mr. Wiggins then proposed the last toast of the evening, to the Skipper and Mrs. Richards, and then gave out the prizes for the summer. This year's prizes were very special, thanks to a wonderful gift by Mr. Walker, and were not only cups but a chronometer, two compasses and a stop watch. The prizes were as follows:

Dormitory prizes:

Peter Garland
Arthur Snyder
Francis Everett

Track and Field

Class A, Peter Garland (The stop watch)
Class B, Alexander Toland
Class C. Arthur Snyder

Shell Races:

Class A, Christopher Garland (The chronometer)
Class B, Sam Rogers (A compass)
Class C, Alexander Toland (A compass)

This year the canoe cup was given, to Peter Garland. This prize isn't often given and is a hard won and well won prize.

Soccer Cup:

Edward Crane.

After supper there were songs sung in the Big Room until half past eight, and then more of Hell's Loose for the half past Niners. The book couldn't be finished this year, unluckily, so that we leave the hero and heroine in a most dangerous position, we hope however that we will finish it next year!

Friday, August 27th
Wind, SW

We arose very sleepily at six-thirty this morning and then, oh woe, after breakfast bags were collected, store clothes put on, and people piled into cars to leave for the station. The various taxis started at about seven thirty or quarter of eight, taking B.L.H. and George Eyer with them as escorts for the train journey down. The departure seemed to run off without any slips, and everyone got onto the train safely. There were a few boys left at Camp; Ned Billings, Bobby Gardner, Zu, the Peabodys and Jim Turner. The Zahners came and collected Zu in the middle of the morning, and the Peabody Bros. left in the afternoon as did Jim Tutner.

In the middle of the morning there was a new record established in the four around Oak Island. It's a record because nobody has ever done it before. The crew consisted of the following: (Bob Gardner coxed the four around Oak - Time 16: 44.4

J.R.W. cox
L.T. (3) Who came up Thursday afternoon, and the press forgot to put it in! We the editors apologise)
A.L.L. (2)
R.B.C. (stroke)
J.G.W. (bow)

In the late afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Garland came up to collect Joe, and spent the night here. The afternoon was peaceful and lazy, various stock takings were done by energetic members of the crew. After supper Mr. Lynes played for us for a little while, and then there was a long discussion about the Faculty mountain trip. Old Spec was finally decided on, and we retired early even at the mere thought of it.

Saturday, August 28th
Wind SW

Early in the morning, just after breakfast the Garlands left and a little later, Ned Billings and Bob Gardner. The Faculty trip started off at about quarter past nine, and we have a special to the Press by one of the mountaineers, R.B.C.

In the cold light blue of the period of the day that is worst (4 a.m.) two shivering beings were able to extricate themselves from their downy couches and embark for the sunny southland. J.Y.G.W. to New Jersey, that pearl of all states for rolling hills and green fields, and L.C.F. to Washington D.C. where he intends to help the powers that be keep us unmolested.

Two hours later the pad-pad of the Directors feet was clearly audible to certain sleepy members of bachelors row as he rounded up his fishing party of T.L. and J.R.W.

As a result Camp was awakened by the soft bird-like call of B.P.S., who we regret to say, was not quite as punctual as his boss. However after breakfast he proved that his nickname of 'Dirty Fritz' was not erroneously applied and proceeded to put the punch in a quick efficient yard squad that finished everything up in short order.

Three wandering additions to the faculty trip, tripped casually down the path from Fourway at nine twelve and by quarter after the hour, Diana 2nd, Geraldine and one Shaw car were loaded and sent scorching towards Old Spec.

Navigator R.B.C. piloted Diana 2nd safely around the pond along route two to Newry and then turned off for the mountain showing the way to Miss Eustis, one of our foremost female racing drivers, and J.D.S. into the Groton Flash.

After a short snappy meal of sandwiches, R.Twinkletoes W. having refused victuals started out at a good quick dog trot just to show that females are good climbers. Kit Carson Schoyer (hat for atmosphere) and Daniel Boone Bradley (unshorn for nigh on three moons) sagely shook their shaggy heads and held their own dogged pace. The sun beat down unmercifully and managed to penetrate the raven locks of the leader who all but succumbed under the pressure and the steepness of the trail. While stopping a moment in an effort to clear her whizzing brain the main body of the expedition passed her by as she lay panting in the underbrush. Waiting for a few who had started off at a more normal pace she gathered her forces and from then on proceeded in orderly fashion wearing out her dizziness and reaching the top in fine style.

The advance guard whipped itself into a fury and dashed at the trail. The Warden atop his tower told the stragglers when they reached that pinnacle that He 'Had called up the woman' at the hut some twenty minutes ordinary climbing below the summit 'and she said "Man just gawn by" and Gawd I looked down andthere he was.' This proved to be D.Boone himself who corrected elapsed approximated time was one hour quite flat. The main body of the army straggled in at well spaced intervals until all but one gentleman and one lady reached the top to find the view which was successfully hazed out. The gentleman had difficulty in leading his (Charley)horse up the steep path and the lady was intrigued by the log chute and hence enjoyed her stay at the base camp by making it uncomfortable to sit down by impaling herself with splinters.

The various brands of ale brought forth all manner of song and those who later quenched their thirsts with coca-cola and other equally vicious drinks allowed that volume was the only commendable quality of the fete champetre. The ride home was broken by a feverish game of Skowhegan blended with ice cream cone munching to the complete mystification of a few customers in the gas station at which we were forced to halt. Even though the party numbered an exact thirteen there were no accidents and we returned with eight and a quarter minutes to spare.

T.L. being absent, an exponent of the hunt and poke system ru rushed in where angels feared to tread and we continued our song fest. Finally a more able accompanist manoeuvred her way onto the ivories and the quality of the singing increased in no uncertain manner.

Members of the cast in order of their appearance on top.

D.Boone J.B.
K.Carson B.P.S.
E.C.C.
A.L.L.
G.H.H.
Miss L.Eustis
R.W.
R.B.C.
Miss Helen Nowell
J.D.S.

Off stage effects by:
J.H.
G.J.

When we got back from the mountain we found that The Skipper and Mrs. Richards and Miss Rosalind had come to Camp at last ! Hurrah! Now it's the way it should always be. Singing after supper, and then a rather early bed for most of us. The fishing people didn't get back until very late.

Sunday, August, 29th
Wind, SW
Hot and muggy.

The extra half hour was much apreciated by all hands, and we snored happily through it. There were mild doings in the morning, such as accounting stock and fixing up. The four went out again, in hopes of breaking yesterday's record, but the wind came up too much, so that they only went down the pond a bit. The crew was:

R.W. cox
R.B.C. stroke
L.T.
A.L.L.
J.G.W.

After lunch, L.T. left for Deer Isle where he is going to be for the next few days. More stock taking in the afternoon, interspersed with naps and snoozes and swims. In the evening Mrs. Richards read aloud to us, and then with Mr. Lynes accompanying us we sang her her "Prayer of The Naturalist." There was a bit more singing, and then we sleepily retired for the night.

Monday, August 30th
Wind, light and shifting,
Temp. 88

Today was a day of departures, and started off with G.J. being taken over to Waterville right after breakfast, to catch the train. At quarter past nine F.G.J., A.L.L. and G.H.H. left for Bean Town and then a little later T.L. and J.R. left for the great North Woods to catch fish. We wish people wouldn't go, it leaves the table very small indeed. More stock in the morning, and vast amounts were accomplished. J.G.W. and R.B.C. took out the double and went down to the South end of the pond, just to see what it looked like, and in the meantime E.C.C. and J.R.W. made a tour of the pond in the Abagadassett and went around all the islands. time: 1hr. 59m

In the afternoon the eggs were taken in, costumes were fixed up and Bendy took his life in his hands and jumped off the end of the spring board, and swam in from the float! Mrs. Shaw came down to Camp for supper, and shortly after supper Mr. Abbot turned up. Mrs. Richards read aloud to us again a perfectly

delightful Kipling, 'My Lord The Elephant'. There was a short sleepy sitting around and then the table was set, and then those who were sleepy retired.

BATTING AVERAGES

Rank		Games	At Bat	Hits	Runs	Ave
		Full Season Players				
1	E.G.J.	11	40	27	26	.675
5	J.R.W.	10	51	24	18	.470
14	A.L.L.jr.	10	44	12	18	.273
11	B.P.S.	8	37	13	11	.351
6	E.C.C.	11	42	19	18	.452
16	B.L.H.	5	23	6	3	.261
3	J.B.	10	46	27	19	.612
4	G.H.H.	11	53	27	20	.509
10	L.C.F.	10	48	17	13	.354
10	Garland,P.	7	31	11	12	.354
17	Garland,C.	10	49	12	13	.245
9	Garland,J.	10	50	20	11	.400
7	Crane	9	40	18	11	.450
5	Wallace,H.	10	51	24	20	.470
13	Zahner,R.	11	50	15	14	.300
8	Moller	5	17	7	2	.423
19	Snyder	6	32	5	3	.156
18	Peabody,F.	1	5	1	1	.200
2	Wallace,M.	1	6	4	2	.667
12	Garfield	1	6	2	2	.333
16	Volkmann	1	4	1	1	.250
14	Walker,M.	3	11	3	5	.273
15	Everett,F.	5	19	5	6	.263
		July Season Players				
1	Williams	6	21	3	5	.143
2	Emmet	1	4	0	0	.000
		August Season Players				
1	Rogers	1	5	2	1	.400
2	Billings	2	9	2	0	.222
3	Rheault	1	3	0	1	.000
3	Gardner	1	6	0	0	.000
		Visitors				
1	King	1	5	3	1	.600
2	G.E.A.	1	7	4	3	.571
3	J.A.L.	3	11	5	5	.454
4	Mr. Arnold	1	5	2	2	.400
4	Mr. Snyder	1	5	2	0	.400
4	C.W.[illegible]	1	5	2	1	.400
5	R.B.C.	1	5	1	0	.200
6	G.Eyer(Junior)	2	8	1	1	.125
7	P.N.M.	1	1	0	0	.000
7	T.B.P.	3	13	0	3	.000

Departures:

Tuesday, August 31:
After breakfast:

John Gregory Wiggins
Jane Hamlin

After luncheon:

Posy Wiggins
Bob Cutler
Eric Cutler

Wednesday, Sept. 1st:
During the morning:

Mr. Dick
Joe Bradley
Jimmie Walker

In the afternoon:

Arrived: Mr. Stephen Stackpole

Thursday, Sept. 2nd: departed:
After luncheon:

Fritz Schoyer
Stephen Stackpole

Temperatures at 11 A.M., before sun struck piazza floor:

September	2	-	88°
"	3	-	88
"	4	-	92

September 5, at 7:15 A.M. - 86°

This hot week was distressing to almost everybody. On September 4th came a thunderstorm, and after that the great heat broke up. September 6th and 7th were positively cold.

Arrived Thursday, Sept. 2nd: J.W.S., J.D.S., R.H.S. They had been at Fourway for a week, but now came down to make us a visit.

Arrived Saturday, Sept. 4th, R. G. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, Gregory and Martha Henderson.

Also on Saturday arrived W. D. Ticknor, Jr., and Elizabeth Shaw Ticknor.

On Sunday the 5th came from Ram Island, for a picnic supper, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Zahner and children; and Mr. and Mrs. George Abbot and children; a very delightful gathering, with Ghost Story, Hymns, and other long-time doings.

Monday night, the 6th, R.G.H. departed, and E.T.P. came.

Tuesday noon Mrs. Henderson and the children left.

On Wednesday, the 8th, departed Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Staud, and Benjamin Staud.

Thursday, 9th
Bright and fair
Temp. 45°

Early calm, followed by south wind, temperature rising rapidly.

Mrs. Ames to call.

Friday, 10th
Wind south,
Cloudy to clearing.
Temp. 55°

Departures: J.W.S., R.H.S.

Arrivals: C.W., 2nd, L.E.W., Laura W., Rosalind W.

Monday, 13th
Wind east.
Rain all day.
Temp 58°

Departures: C.W., L.W., R.W.

Arrived: T. W. Nazro.

Downpour all night.

Tuesday, 14th
Showers.
Temp. 62°

Morning shower-bath. Calm, foggy, clearing in afternoon. Bushwhacking in P.M. by J.R. and T.W.N. Cozy evening by big fire, with "Nothing Venture". Beautiful moonlight. Call in the afternoon from Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Strong.

Wednesday, 15th
Fair but hazy.
Heavy south wind.
Temp. 46°

One of the Rangeleys broke loose, and was rescued by J.R. and Ernest Cook. Bushwhacking by J.R. and Bert.

Departures: L.E.W., T.W.N.

To call in the afternoon: Miss Ruth Richards, Miss Flora Jarvis, Mr. Chase Mellen; also Mr. Cornish Bassett, otherwise known as Bill, the first time he has been here since he was a boy. He is now a Senior at Harvard.

Thursday, 16th
Clear; airs from the south.
Temp. 60°

Morning bushwhacking by J.R. and Bert.

Saturday, 18th
Clear, west wind.

"Time for us to go." H.R., L.E.R., R.R. and J.R. close up and depart for Gardiner.

6897 5

3-42-1X